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# TO-DAY:

The Monthly Magazine of Scientific Socialism.

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VOL. III.

(NEW SERIES.)

JANUARY—JUNE, 1885.

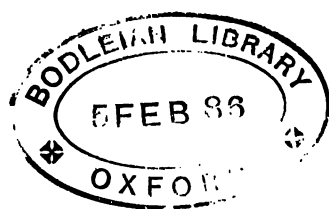
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# TO-DAY.

No. 13.—JANUARY, 1885.

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## The Meaning of Socialism.

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### FELLOW CITIZENS,

We come before you as Revolutionists, that is, as men and women who wish to see the basis of society changed.

Why is this?

Because in the society which now exists the majority of the people is miserable and oppressed. Often as it has been done, sickening as the task of doing it again is, we must, in order to make our meaning clear, lay before you a statement of the condition of those who live by labour in the present state of society.

In these Islands, as generally throughout civilized countries, a vast part of the workers, the "labourers," including all those who are engaged in the necessary work of producing food for the community, are scarcely raised above starvation, or are punished for the crime of being born poor, by being compelled to accept the cruel relief of the workhouse.

A step above these come the artisans, the inheritors of the hoarded skill of so many generations, who earn a poor livelihood, a pleasureless existence, by hard and constant toil at dull, mechanical work which is but a burden to them. The surroundings of their life are miserable and squalid; for if they live amidst the excitement of great cities, they have to pay for this by being forced to lodge in mere hovels and hutches in the midst of such sordidness and disorder, that it would almost seem as if it had been the aim of men to make the workmen's quarters of such cities as loathsome as possible: and this livelihood, such as it is, is at the best but precarious, because a shift of the markets, a change in machinery, a hard winter—or a soft one, some accident in short over which the workman neither singly nor collectively has any control, may throw him out of work and, after months of anxiety and wearing

trouble, may land him among the crowd of unskilled labourers, as a competitor for their wretched pittance.

Then there is the class of small tradesmen, whose lives are harassed by desperate anxiety and overwork; these are driven into despicable shifts for the earning of their narrow incomes, since the aggregation of capital into great masses makes it harder every day for the small distributor to live, driven as he is to make his prices square with those of the great capitalist with his huge transactions. There is also the army of men and women employed in direct slavery to commerce, wholesale and retail, as clerks and shop assistants, also most miserably paid and living most precariously, many of them shamefully overworked; absolute slaves' although they are compelled to keep up a decent appearance.

In short, we assert without fear of contradiction that the mass of the people have to work hard day by day to earn for themselves a hard life full of anxiety, without leisure, without the bodily pleasure which it is in the nature of all animals to desire, without the mental pleasure which it is the glory of all human beings to desire, and finally without hope of escaping from this slavery.

Think of a person coming to England from some place where all lived in decent equality, and seeing nothing but such people and their homes; would he not think that he had got into an exceedingly poor country, where at the best people lived a dull, careworn life, and at the worst were below the lowest savages? What would be his astonishment when he was told that he was in the richest country in the world?

Strange to say that would be nothing but the truth. Street after street you may go through in London where there are no houses but those of the rich, even of the very rich: here dwell those who do no work at all, or who work excitedly, if not for very long hours, at fleecing their fellow-citizens; while in houses more modest, yet still supplied with every desirable luxury and many undesirable ones, live the professional men, or hangers-on of the rich, who minister to their caprices. Hardly any of these well-housed people, even those of the latter group of this rich class, produce any real wealth for the service of the community.

Why is this then? How does it happen that in *rich* England the majority of the people is poor?

The word *class* we have used above is the key to the riddle. Those poor persons we have been mentioning are not so many accidental individuals scattered amidst the population; they are a *class*, necessary, with all its poverty and misery, to the existence, as a class, of that other *class* of rich men: for all society is based upon labour and could not exist without it; and those of its members who *do not* produce wealth must necessarily live on the labours of those who *do* produce it. Those poor people we have been mentioning do, we repeat, form a class which amidst all its multifarious occupations has one interest common to all its members, the enjoyment of the fruits of its labour, and one enemy in common, namely the *class* of rich men who produce nothing, and if they work, work only at fleecing the poor class.

So then there are two *classes*; one producing and governed, the other non-producing and governing; one the means of wealth, the other the consumers of wealth: one *Rich*, the other *Poor*.

As to the division between these two classes of the wealth produced by one of them, it must be said that the poor class possesses nothing but the power of labour inherent in the bodies of poor men, and the inherited skill in handicraft which former generations of men have acquired; nothing in short but that which cannot be taken away from it. On the other hand the rich class is in possession of the land, on the surface and below it, of the machinery, which is the result of centuries of the toil and invention of the poor class, of the capital, or hoarded labour of past generations of the poor, and consequently of the credit and the means of transit: that is to say *the rich class possesses all the means of using the power of labour which is the sole possession of the poor.*

No member of the poor class can even put a spade into the ground without the leave of the rich class: the smith, the potter, the weaver, though they have at their fingers' ends the gathered skill of thousands of years, must sit idle until some rich man grants them leave to work.

What then are the men of the poor class to do in order to make their possession, the power of labour, useful to them, in order to go on living?

The rich class needs them, since its members' aim is to live without working, which they cannot do without a poor class to work for them, in other words, without slaves: it allows the workers therefore to work and live, on condition that after they have produced as much as they can live on, the balance of their production shall be the property of their masters; which balance of value produced by the workers, the masters, or capitalists, call their profit; and when they can no longer gain this profit out of the workman, they cease to allow him to work: as the working-class has learned by many and bitter experiences.

As to the livelihood earned by the worker before he begins to produce profit for his master, it is, as we have seen, wretchedly poor, and, if the master had his own way fully, would be only just enough to support life in tolerable health, and to allow the worker to beget children, to be in their turn used as machines for the production of profit. But although the workers of modern society have been everywhere and always compelled to compete against each other for subsistence on these hard terms, they have in these latter days felt some sense of their common interest and common antagonism to the rich. This antagonism has given rise to openly expressed discontent, which has driven the rich classes, afraid of rebellion, into granting concessions to the workers. Thus in England the workers have forced the right of combination from the rich, and so gained a legalized position for the Trades' Unions, and by that means and others have gained a standard of life, for the skilled workers at least, somewhat above that mere subsistence which would have been imposed upon them if they had not striven bitterly enough with their masters, the capitalists. This standard of life, however, as long as the present capitalist system lasts, can never rise above a certain point, that namely at which there would be a risk of wages eating up the profit of the master, who will only employ the workman as long as he can fleece him for his own individual profit; and as combination among

the workers, until it has for its aim the abolition of the class of masters, must always be weaker than competition for wages among them, the masters have it in their power to overwhelm this feeble opposition in various ways ; as by using new labour-saving machines, by the introduction of workers from countries whose standard of life is lower than ours, or by investing their money in countries where the workers offer no resistance to capitalist fleeing.

Thus do the nobility and middle-class, now combined into one class, use the workers against the workers, as the middle-class formerly used them against the nobility. Thus they have the whole of the poor class in their power, and will have them so long as the latter is contented to try to palliate the evils of that subjection instead of determining to make an end of it.

Therefore it is clear there is no hope of permanently amending the condition of the workers as long as the present system of capital and labour exists. As long as it lasts the majority of the people must always be poor and degraded ; sometimes brutally servile, sometimes brutally rebellious, but always slaves, always miserable in the midst of the plenty which they have created. We say *slaves*, for although the persons, the bodies of the workers are no longer obviously owned by the rich, as in times gone by, yet their lives, as we have seen, are utterly in their power ; that is to say, that though they are not slaves to certain individuals, they are slaves to a class.

#### FELLOW WORKERS,

Is it necessary that this miserable state of things should last for ever ? Is it doomed to be eternal and irremediable ?

There are plenty of people who will say " Yes " to this question. The politicians who rule you, and the professors who are paid to teach your rulers, often spend time and pains in telling you that this state of things is the only one possible, while at the same time they contradict themselves by bidding you note the gradual amelioration of your class which is taking place, and which will, they vaguely hint, finally almost destroy poverty, or at least make it an accident of life avoidable by all but the vicious and incapable.

Do not be deceived by them : the end they aim at is vague and worthless, and the means to the end futile. At the rate at which they would have things move, we and our children and our children's children will be dead and forgotten, while the workers will be still a class of inferior beings living only such lives as their masters allow them to live. These men cannot even conceive of the existence of a Society which is not founded on a miserable class.

But poor as their ideal is, their means for realizing it are useless. They bid you look to the gradual attainment of political rights ; to the effects of the spread of education ; to your acquiring habits of thrift, sobriety, and industry. But consider this ; the poor, whose lives are in the power of the rich, who depend on their assent for leave to work for their livelihood, until they understand that they should be and can be their own masters, will never dare to use their political rights against them lest they should be starved by them.

As to education, that which the anti-Socialists mean to offer to

you is class education : that is, enough education to make you good machines for profit-grinding ; nor can you as long as you are the slaves of profit get more than this as a rule, for the long hours of your dull daily work will deprive you of leisure and inclination for the education fit for *men* not for machines.

Again, if the poor classes by means of thrift, sobriety, and industry get to make 3d. go as far in sustenance for their lives as a shilling does now, you may be sure that the capitalists will take care that it goes as far in paying them wages ; this they can ensure, because they hold in their hands the land, machinery, and capital by which alone your labour can be made productive. By means of competition among the workers, and competition in the markets of the world, you will be driven into making cheap wares only meant for the use of poor people, so that your labour also may be cheapened for the production of profit for your masters.

Fellow-workers, do not be deceived by these false hopes of a scarcely perceptible gain. We hold out to you another and a brighter one, which you yourselves when you once come to understand it will realise, and with you also it rests whether you will realise it early or late.

We bid you hope and hope confidently for the establishment of a new order of things, the Social Order, in which there will be no poor and, therefore, no rich ; in which there will be no *classes*.

Understand that there is enough wealth created in civilised countries for all to live happily if the waste bred of oppression were once at an end ; for every man working in a civilised community helped by machinery and the co-operation of his fellows produces more than enough to sustain himself ; *of this overplus the greater part is at present confiscated for the gain of individuals by the privileged class, that is to say the landlords and capitalists, who, as we have said before, will only allow the workers to exercise the power of labour which is inherent in their bodies on these terms.*

In a state of social order this robbery would be impossible ; work, enduring and even pleasant would be found for all, would lie ready to their hands, and not only would every worker enjoy the whole fruits of his labour, but, as it would be employed collectively, it would be so organised and directed that none of it would be wasted ; whatever work a man did would benefit the whole community as well as himself.

Furthermore as there would be no classes, as they would all have melted into one great living society in which no one member would be sacrificed for the benefit of another, everyone would have equal opportunities of education, refinement, and leisure, nor would a people so circumstanced endure over-toil for insufficient reasons ; life would be easy among them.

In this Society, the State, which at present is something outside ourselves and our lives, and is mostly, and not without reason looked upon by us as an enemy, or at best as a necessary evil—an interference with the true business of life—would then be ourselves ; it would be the whole community in its corporate capacity united and organized to gain for itself, that is for each and all of its members, the greatest amount of good that could be wrung out of material nature by the co-operative efforts of man.

In such a State the means of production, transit and exchange would belong to all alike and be organised for the good of all.

The land would be common property to be cultivated or built on as organised Society should determine; the machinery, the gradual invention of hundreds of generations, carried out by millions of toilers, would be used by all without their being taxed for its use for the benefit of individuals; there would be an end of usury of money which means the forcing of living labour to pay a tax to dead labour for the sake of individual gain. Commerce would lose its gambling nature, and would mean a distribution of products which would not involve the making of profits.

Thus being freed from slavery to profit-grinding, labour could be easily organised so as to put an end to waste; for machinery could really be used for saving labour and not as now for multiplying it for the sake of profit; while in the markets foresight and wise regulation would take the place of recklessness and haphazard, so that the loss and confusion of gluts and stagnation would be avoided. This organization of labour by and for the whole of society is by no means what is often understood by "State Socialism," which would not abolish class rule at all, but intends more or less paternally to force the workers into such an organisation as some class, group, or autocrat, might arbitrarily conceive was for their good.

Furthermore, in such a Society as this which we propose to you, while all men would live untormented by anxiety for their livelihood, while no one could advance himself by pushing back his neighbour, there would still be plenty of room for emulation; for those who had any special capacity would have leisure and opportunity to develop it, instead of being, as they now are, crushed into uniformity and stupidity by the necessity for haste and ceaseless dull work; the scientist, the artist, the man of letters would no longer have to sell himself at Dutch auction for the pleasure of the idle and incapable, but sure of his livelihood, not driven to earn special profits by the exercise of his talents, would be able to devote himself deliberately to science and the arts, and satisfy all the requirements of his genius; nor can we doubt that under these happier conditions the number of people able and willing to exercise special talents for the good of the community would much increase; so that the destruction of the so-called individualist system would result in a prodigious development of individuality.

FELLOW WORKERS,

this is the hope we hold out to you; we bid you put in the place of the present life of mingled poverty, luxury, and confusion, a Social Order under which the wealth created by all should be shared by all, in which all alike should partake in the refinement, ease, and elevation of life which all would work together for heartily and without grudging. This, fellow-workers, is what we mean by SOCIALISM; is it not worth your striving for? And if you but knew it, it lies within your grasp.

What are the means, then, you will say, by which we may attain this happy order of things?

It is necessary for you to understand first, that this hope and effort towards a Social Order is no scheme devised by a few

sanguine men within the last few years, no dream of what might be, born in the brains of philosophers sitting in their studies, but that on the contrary it is a necessary outcome of the changes that have gone on in society for many hundreds of years. Labour has from the first been in subjection to brute force wielded by cunning greed in various forms; it has now known three periods of servitude: the first was the personal slavery of the ancient world, under which the worker had no more rights than a horse or an ox; the second was the serfdom or villeinage of the Middle Ages, wherein the worker was bound to give a certain *definite* amount of labour to his lord; the third is the wage-earning or economical slavery of modern times under which, as we have seen, the worker is forced to give an *indefinite* amount of labour to his master, the dominant class.

From this last slavery labour is as certain to emerge as from the other two; and there are abundant signs that the new revolution is at hand. On the one side society has been compelled, in the teeth of the maxims of its holy books, the works of the middle-class economists, to palliate the disastrous effects of Capitalism by such enactments as the Factory and Employers' Liability Acts, and to give elementary education to the whole people, though the workers are still forced to pay for education which should be as free to them as the air they breathe; on the other, the commercial system, which has created the middle-class, and given all power to them, has also brought the working-class together into great cities, has socialised labour by means of the factory system, and has enabled the workers to claim and obtain a certain amount of political power one day to be used as an instrument for the freeing of labour.

Thus the way has been paved towards the first practical step of the new Social Order, since the organised society of which we have spoken can without making any break in the conduct of life at once step into the place of the capitalists by taking over all the means of production and distribution, and administering them for the public good instead of private gain without destroying the forms which they have taken.

The business, therefore, of such organisations as the Social Democratic Federation is not to create revolution, for that is impossible, but to help to regulate and thereby hasten it; and this has to be accomplished by a three-fold method. First, by showing sympathy with all popular revolutionary movements, by spreading and deepening the vague discontent which is now simmering all through civilised countries. Secondly, by turning that discontent into an assured hope by teaching the people what are the real causes of their misery; what the material facts of the development of society; what they can claim with a certainty of ultimate success; in short, by teaching the people to be wiser than those who have usurped the place of rulers over them. Thirdly, by organising the workers into bodies with the definite single aim of realising SOCIALISM or the freedom of labour, those bodies to form an obvious visible brotherhood instinct with devotion to the cause and the sacrifice of self, and determined to attain their end in spite of any obstacles that may be thrown in their way.

Fellow-workers, thus we have laid before you the aims of the



Social-Democratic Federation and the means it proposes to take towards those ends. We have still a few words of appeal and encouragement to say.

First, we especially address ourselves towards those who in these latter times of the supremacy of so-called Liberalism have been in the fore-front of political progress. We call on the *Radicals* to beware lest by keeping their eyes too much fixed on what at the best can be but an instrument of progress, they lose sight of progress itself. To perfect the political machinery in the democratic sense, and to leave the power of manipulating it in the hands of the only class possessed of executive power, would result either in the forging of fresh fetters for the oppressed workers, or would be the preparation for a terrible period of confusion and violence. The middle-classes have now gained all that they want; they have all political power, they have nothing left to strive for, and are growing conscious of the fact that Democracy is entering into a new phase and is turning into Socialism, the necessary result of this will be that before long the Liberals and Tories must coalesce, and form a determined repressive Toryism, a party of reaction, between which and Socialism all Radicals must decide. This is no prophecy; the coalition is even now taking place, and already the two factions differ only in name.

Working-men Radicals, you have only two choices before you; you must either go backward or forward, become either Tories or Socialists.

A word or two to the men of the middle-class. We well know that this class, as a class, cannot be converted or persuaded; it cannot yield to anything save force, however that may be applied; it would no longer be a class if it did not struggle against its approaching dissolution. But we also know that there are men among it of insight and generous instincts, who see and loathe the misery and injustice of the system on which their position rests, and who are more or less conscious that the only possible way out is in the direction of Socialism. To them we now appeal, urging them to renounce their class, and throw in their lot with the workers, using what influence, wealth, or educated intelligence they may have to bring about the inevitable change as speedily and as peacefully as possible. This is a solemn duty for them, for with them, it may be, it rests to determine the manner of the Revolution which is advancing upon us. Their defection from the class of greed and robbery will inspire doubts in the timid, shake the faith of the bigots of middle-class economy, and strip the veil from the hypocrisy of the sham middle-class morality, so that when the final "must be" has been spoken by the oppressed class, the oppressing class will not dare to light up the flame of war and violence, as it will not fail to do if it is strong and coherent, but will smoulder out in the ignominious end which its dull tyranny so well deserves.

Finally to Socialists of all classes we have one thing, and, a most necessary one, to say: Unite, combine under one common discipline; it is not enough to feel and know together, we must also act together.

We call on you to join the Social-Democratic Federation,

which with its affiliated bodies forms the only Socialist organization in this country.

The consciousness of belonging to a definite brotherhood working for the cause will give you a confidence which will be contagious to those who are inclined to agree with you, and will confound those who differ from you.

If you hold the principles of Socialism, you are bound to do what you can to make those principles active.

Join us, therefore, if you understand those principles; teach what you have learned, or you will be doing nothing when you ought to be doing everything.

Or, if you have but an uninformed instinct that our cause is right, join us still, that you may be educated in various ways, and so turn your just instinct into a certainty, founded on the knowledge of facts.

If you are full of hope for the freedom of the world, join us, and give us that encouragement which those who are working in matters of detail often so sorely need. If you are discouraged and hopeless, join us, that we may encourage you by pointing out to you the signs of the times and the hope which they bear with them.

For these things are not being done in a corner; this Socialism, this Party of the People, is not merely a national movement but an international one. The civilised world is shaken by the advance of the coming Revolution.

If it were otherwise our hope would be small indeed: for remember, that however it may be with labour, capital knows no country, but is international indeed, and with a hideous instinct for disorder uses the national jealousies bred from centuries of misrule to enslave the people in all countries; we therefore must be thoroughly international. To a Socialist the word *foreigner* means but a friend who lives in another country, and speaks, it maybe, another language, but has no opposing or different interests.

In this universality of our cause then lies our hope, and the hope is no longer doubtful. Look around at the civilized countries of the world. In Germany the rise and spread of Socialism has been extraordinarily speedy and steady. Of all the figures which might be quoted to show this, it may be sufficient to mention that in 1871 only 1135 socialist votes were cast for the Reichstag election in Berlin, whereas in 1884 they amounted to 68,275. The total gain in Germany, on the elections of 1881, has been this year (1884), 200,000. And this in the teeth of the bitterest, and most determined legal repression. In France the whole of the artizan class is touched by Socialism; for instance the socialist vote cast for the Municipal Elections in Paris was in 1881 17,895, in 1884 it was 38,729. Intelligent Holland, intelligent Scandinavia have widely accepted the doctrines of Socialism. The world rings with the fame of Russian men and women who have dared in the face of torture and death to resist the grossest tyranny that ever existed. Across the Atlantic America with her many workmen combining for social purposes and expressing their discontent in no doubtful voice, is proving to demonstration the impossibility of progress resting on mere Radicalism.

English fellow-workmen ! consider the encouragement you will give to your foreign brethren by attacking commercialism in this country, its stronghold above all places, and do not hang back from joining us. Decent and happy life for all lies ahead of us, while all around is mere squalor, disorder, discontent, and the failure of all the hopes of civilization. Come out from these dreary ruins of decaying systems, and march with us toward the new Social Order of the World.

*(Signed) The Executive Council of the Social-Democratic Federation.*

EDWARD AVELING.	H. M. HYNDMAN.	
ELEANOR AVELING.	J. LANE.	
ROBERT BANNER.	J. L. MAHON.	
E. BELFORT BAX.	S. MAINWARING.	
JOHN BURNS.	WILLIAM MORRIS.	
HERBERT BURROWS.		<i>(Treasurer.)</i>
H. H. CHAMPION.	J. F. MURRAY.	
	H. QUELCH.	
R. P. B. FROST.	J. E. WILLIAMS.	
AMIE HICKS.		



## Experiences of a Visit to Skye.

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THE agitation which the Crofters of Skye are carrying on in order that they may get their grievances redressed is not an affair of yesterday. It is now some four years since Messrs. McHugh and Murdoch were sent down to Skye and the other Hebridean islands as delegates of the Irish Land League. Up till that time the Crofters had borne without murmuring every insult which the tyranny of the factor had heaped upon them and every deprivation which the greed of absentee landlords had demanded. The good news brought by the delegates of the Land League from Ireland aroused the Highlanders to a sense of their position. The almost divine mystery which had enveloped the person of the laird was dispelled, and landlords and factors were found to be "men of like passions" with the Crofters, whose oppression was no more to be endured than that of any other man. Thus the seed of the present agitation was sown. At first the Crofters were somewhat timid, but they encouraged one another and the first fruits of the agitation was what is now historically known as the Battle of the Braes which was fought on 18th April, 1882. The Crofters on Lord Macdonald's estate refused to pay rent till their grievances were attended to, and when summonses of eviction were served, they were publicly burnt and the civil officers politely told to return at speed from whence they came. On this the island of Skye was invaded by the civil authorities with a force of 50 police, and after a sharp tussle with sticks and stones, in which the Crofter women led the attack on the police, five of the ring-leaders were arrested and taken off to Inverness. After a long trial the prisoners were released on payment of a small fine, and no better evidence could be adduced of the hardships of the Crofters' case than the fact that only a nominal penalty was inflicted for what "our governing classes" would ordinarily consider so serious an offence.

For the last two years the work of agitation and organisation has been actively carried on, but the attention of the authorities has not been required till some three months ago when the London newspapers were full of the "Revolt in Skye." There were the usual reports of outrages and intimidations which the press kindly furnishes for the Government on such occasions, and at length Sir

W. Harcourt, yielding to the pressure of the Inverness County Officials, despatched a force consisting of two gunboats, the *Forester* and *Banterer*, together with the troopship *Assistance* with three hundred marines on board. The steamship *Lochiel* was also chartered at the rate of £200 a week to convey the civil officers and a force of 50 police. Owing to the garbled stories of newspaper correspondents and the system of police espionage which controls our post office, it is difficult in matters like the agitation in Skye to get a true idea of the situation except by a personal visit. It was accordingly determined that a delegate should be sent down by the Social-Democratic Federation to take a message promising support and sympathy, and to express the desire of the Federation to co-operate with the Crofters in working for a complete revolution of the social system which robs alike workers in town and country. Accordingly on Thursday, 13th November, I started off by the night mail from Euston in a double capacity as a correspondent of a London newspaper and a delegate from the Social-Democratic Federation. No idea could be formed of what was to be the issue of things in Skye. All sorts of conflicting rumours were flying about. The Crofters were determined to resist the soldiers; the rest of the Highlanders were prepared to rise at once on the firing of the first shot in Skye was the opinion of some. There was no revolt at all and the whole affair was a "plant" to put down constitutional agitation, said others, but nothing was really known so there was a certain amount of excitement in starting for Skye.

The next day I spent in Glasgow in order that I might interview Messrs. McHugh and Murdoch, who had started the agitation four years ago, and get all particulars of the men and the districts from those who knew the country best. Leaving Glasgow (where terrible tales of distress were told me and where I found 70,000 men out of work) I reached Inverness at eight on Saturday morning. Here fortune smiled on me, for I found that the Sheriff, Procurator Fiscal, and their force of police were leaving by the next train for Ströme Ferry, the harbour from whence the steamers start for Portree, the principal town in Skye. The police were all in plain clothes and as they got on board the train they did not present a very imposing spectacle, but after all it was the redcoats on whom the Sheriff depended for striking awe into the hearts of the rebellious Crofters. It was a lovely morning when we started. A sharp white frost had covered the fir trees and grass with rime which was sparkling and dancing in the sun, while the air was so crisp and exhilarating that one was hardly conscious of possessing a body. The train steamed slowly along, and gave me every opportunity of admiring the scenery as there passed in review lochs, glens, and towering hills. It also gave time to remark that hardly anywhere could there be seen signs of human beings, at the stations there were crowds of two or three people who had congregated to see the passing of the police, but the whole Highland question was put in a nutshell by an English lady who was travelling with me and who innocently remarked "But where are the people?"—a question which may be asked some day in somewhat sterner tones of the Dukes of Sutherland and Argyll, the

Macleods and Macdonalds and other noble lords. On arriving at Strome Ferry, I found that there was no steamer sailing for Portree, except the steamship *Lochiel* which had been chartered for the Sheriff and his posse of police. The story of the *Lochiel* is now well known. When she was chartered by the Government Captain Humphreys, and half the crew resigned their positions rather than go on such service against the unfortunate Crofters. It was a noble act on their part for of course they are now marked as rebellious men to be scouted by all true friends of the lairds and the upper classes. Unfortunately there was not much difficulty in finding another crew, and as the train arrived in Strome Ferry we saw the *Lochiel* lying off the little jetty with steam up ready to start for Portree. As no other steamer was going till the following Monday and as the only other alternative was a forty-five mile drive by land, there was nothing to be done but to petition the Sheriff to take us with him, so in conjunction with two other London correspondents I received permission to go on the *Lochiel*. I need hardly say that I obtained leave to go with the Sheriff not as a Socialist delegate, but as a London correspondent. During the three hours sail to Portree, the Sheriff regaled us with accounts of the difficulty which he had in getting the Home Secretary to place a military force at his disposal, and his language was far from being complimentary to Sir W. Harcourt of whose character and abilities he evidently had a very low opinion. It is impossible to move anywhere in the Highlands without seeing the cause of the Crofters' ruin; even in sailing from Strome to Portree, you see all along the sides of the hills crofts, from which the men have been evicted, now given up to sheep, while the first sight you get of Skye is a large deer forest belonging to The Macleod. On reaching Portree we were dismissed with the Sheriff's benediction and promises of early information as to the movements of the expedition. We landed and got accommodation at the Portree Hotel, which is kept by Mr. D. MacInnes a good friend to the Crofters, the hotel in fact being looked upon as the head quarters of the agitation. A meeting we heard had been held that day at Uig about fifteen miles off to deliberate on what course should be adopted by the Crofters in view of the arrival of the expedition. After much talking it had been resolved to offer no resistance; they knew that they could overwhelm the small force which had been sent against them, but it was useless to attempt to withstand the whole force of the British Empire. So a deputation consisting of John Macpherson of Glendale and Duncan Cameron of the *Oban Times* was sent on board the *Lochiel* to inform the Sheriff of the resolution. At the same time they told him that they were still determined to carry on a legal agitation.

The first thing I discovered in Skye was that without exception the reports of outrages and intimidations were false. They had been furnished to the Sheriff by one man, an expelled police officer and now ground factor to the most tyrannical landlord in Skye, of whom I shall have something to say presently. The true facts about outrage had been given in Scotch newspapers before the expedition was sent down and Sir W. Harcourt ought to have seen these, and at any rate set fresh

enquiries on foot. The people said to have been outraged denied it, and tales of destruction of property were without foundation. However the Crofters have gained everything by the expedition so it is not for them to complain. It is for the nation at large to say whether they approve of £20,000 to £30,000 being spent in backing up a tyrannical landlord and pandering to the vanity of an incompetent official.

On Sunday morning, 16th November the troopship *Assistance* arrived in Portree Bay, so the expedition was now complete with the exception of one gunboat the *Banterer* which was to meet them in Uig Bay. Accordingly on Monday morning the expedition set sail and arrived in Uig Bay in the course of the afternoon.

Uig was chosen as the first spot for the display of force, because it is the most disaffected district, and the conduct of the crofters there was watched with great anxiety by their friends because the men are particularly indignant there owing to the great wrongs they have suffered. The landlord of the district, the Kilmuir Estate, which embraces Uig, Stenscholl, Staffin, Valtos, and many other townships, is the tyrannical landlord to whom I referred above. He bought the estate some twenty odd years ago as a commercial speculation. He openly boasts that the more heavily an estate is rackrented the better it will be cultivated. Therefore during his occupation of the estate he has raised the rents three times and is receiving 11 per cent on his purchase money. When it is considered that most agricultural landlords are content with two per cent on their purchase money it will not be wondered at that the men of the Kilmuir estate are the most active in the present agitation. The condition of his Crofters is much more deplorable than that of the other Crofters in the island. Evicted from all the crofts which are in any sense capable of cultivation, deprived of their rights of pasturage and of gathering seaweed for manure, most of the men on the estate have nothing left to enable themselves or their families to endure the severities of the winter season. A few sacks are the most they have in the way of bedding, while they have nothing left to buy even their usual miserable food of thin oatmeal and sour milk. All is gone to the landlord—the fruits of the earth and the fruits of the sea for they have to sell the fish they risk their lives in catching—to pay rent. To enforce the tyranny of a man like this who openly acknowledges his anxiety to get rid of the Crofters and to get the land for sheep farmers, the powers of Government have been invoked! It is no wonder the Crofters despair of getting attention at Westminster and are taking matters into their own hands. Some little time back an incident happened on this estate which the Crofters, who are “in all things too superstitious,” attributed to a judgment of God on Major Fraser. After some very heavy rains the burn which runs down Glen Uig was swollen to a mountain torrent carrying everything before it. Never had it been so strong before; swerving from its regular course it swept away the churchyard from the hillside and carrying with it this dreadful freight rushed down towards the bay. Straight in the course it had forced for itself lay the doctor’s house, and it seemed as if nothing could save it, but strange to say the trees, stones, and débris which it had washed

down, formed themselves into an embankment and the doctor's house was safe. Turned to one side, the torrent dashed off to the right, and descended on Major Fraser's house which had lain right out of the course. The house was carried away down to its foundations, the caretaker who alone was in the house was drowned, and when the flood had abated there in the very spot where the house had stood were left stranded the corpses of men who but a few months previously had been evicted by order of Major Fraser. "The dead have risen up in judgment against him" said the Crofters, and the impression made on them by that scene has never been removed.

The house has never been rebuilt; but it was close to this spot, which is also memorable as being within two miles of the tomb of Flora Macdonald, that the first display of military force was made. On Tuesday morning the whole force of 300 marines and 50 police landed. After some delay a charger, in the shape of a shaggy Highland pony of the proportions of a large mastiff, was obtained for Colonel Monroe, and off we started to march to Staffin Bay about 10 miles distant. The bugle band played bravely whenever an old woman came in sight with a view to striking awe into her heart, but so well had the Crofters obeyed the instructions of their leaders that hardly twenty people were seen during the whole ten miles. It was a brilliant day, so as a morning walk our march was splendid, but as a military demonstration it was a most lamentable failure. On arriving at Staffin 50 marines were left as a guard to half a dozen police, the remainder being embarked on the *Forester* which had steamed round to meet them. We sailed back to Uig Bay. The Sheriff, like the Duke of York, had marched his men to the top of the hill and marched them down again.

Our first march was exactly repeated on all subsequent occasions and nothing more ridiculous can be imagined. The marines, officers and men, were disgusted with their work, disgusted with the Sheriff, and never failed to show that their sympathies were with the Crofters. Meanwhile the Sheriff had continued his favours to the London correspondents, myself amongst them, and had gone so far as occasionally to doff his official dignity and shew himself in a more genial humour. He was soon to have a rude awakening.

So quiet had been the attitude of the crofters that it was resolved by the leaders to continue the meetings and agitation as if nothing had happened. Accordingly when it was known that the troops would land in Glendale, on Friday 21st November, it was decided to hold a meeting on the side of a hill at the foot of which the troops would pass. The horns, by which meetings in Skye are summoned, were sounded and some seven hundred Crofters shortly appeared.

And every tuft of broom gives life  
To plaided warriors arm'd for strife.

We set to work at once and passed an unanimous vote that the agitation should be continued. I then delivered my message of sympathy from London which was received with loud cheers. These had hardly ceased when the main body of the troops came into sight, and the sheriff was horrified by seeing "his own familiar



friend " inciting the Crofters to adopt a No-Rent Manifesto, and to boycott the landlords and factors. The Crofters, though many of them could never have seen a soldier before, paid not the slightest attention to the troops, and to the chagrin of the officials did not experience any feeling of awe. The sheriff that evening called to him the Scotch reporters and denounced me as a treacherous knave who under the guise of a London correspondent had crept into his confidence and as he pathetically observed "he did not know what he might have told me." The Scotchmen whom he had treated very curtly and rudely hitherto, were delighted to find that his pet correspondent had turned out to be an agitating viper, so he got but scant consolation from them.

He determined however to take the other reporters on board with him to the next station and to leave me behind, but alas! I had already made arrangements to stay behind the expedition to agitate, so he was denied the last pleasure of refusing to take me, I waved my hand as he departed, and he went off with the comforting conviction that he had left behind him a lighted match in a barrel of gunpowder.

Fate was unkind to the Sheriff for when I returned to the inn at Dunvegan with another correspondent who had stayed behind, a waggonette drove up from which alighted two ladies and a gentleman. This arrival in such an out of the way place caused some excitement, and it was reported that this was the English lady who had sent John Macpherson a sword "for Defence and not Defiance." This was not true, however, for it was a lady, Mrs. Gordon Baillie who had come up to collect materials for a novel she was about to write on the Crofter Question. As Dunvegan only possessed one conveyance we were all obliged to go together to the various meetings, and to visit the Crofters and the like, and as at all meetings at which I spoke I made a special point or appealing to the Crofter women to join in the agitation, it was reported that this lady had come from London to assist me in the work of agitating. In one paper it was said that "the Republican *bonnet rouge* was fearlessly laying his mines under the very eye of the military, and was being assisted in his operations by a political *pétroleuse* in the person of a lady."

It is due to Mrs. Baillie to say that, though her sympathies were largely on the side of the Crofters, she by no means approved of the extreme courses which as a Socialist I advised the Crofters to adopt. The Sheriff however knew nothing of all this; he only knew that a lady from London was accompanying me, and for aught he knew the whole Democratic Federation might be about to alight in Skye. He at least was very glad when we left Skye and returned to London. If it were not that the condition of the Crofters is so sad and their necessities so great, the whole expedition would have been the most ridiculous and delightful exposé imaginable of the incompetence of our governing classes. It was an absolute farce. The Crofters are now getting up a petition asking the Home Secretary to allow the troops to remain, as they prefer their presence to that of landlords and factors whose houses they occupy. The troops spend money while the landlords and factors only take it away, says the petition. The only people who have come well out

of the affair are the Crofters. Their attitude has been dignified; they have yielded where it was inevitable, but they have given up no essential of their agitation. Whilst the military force is still in possession of the island they have been carrying out a determined No Rent policy. On many estates the Martinmas rents due in November last have been refused, while it is certain that next Whitsuntide their organisation will be sufficiently complete to ensure non-payment of rent throughout the island. They have thus adopted a course of passive resistance. Active and open resistance they feel would be useless at present, and only in one case will they use force. Some eighty summonses of eviction have been issued from the Sheriff's Court for non-payment of rent. If it is attempted to carry out these evictions the Crofters will resist to the death. "It is better to die fighting than to die evicted" say the Crofters, and as they are men who abide by their word, the Government had better take warning in time. These two determinations, to pay no rent and to resist eviction, are the chief features of the Crofters' policy. Hitherto they have been kept back by politicians who told them that they would lose the support of public sympathy if they were too extreme. But now they have grown tired of waiting for public sympathy. No landlord has a right to take rent and give nothing in exchange for it, is the doctrine which is now being preached, and the social revolution is advancing rapidly in the Highlands. Something more revolutionary than an Irish Land Act will be required before the Crofters are satisfied.

The men in Skye are fully aware that it is not only their own battle they are fighting, but the battle of the workers in towns. It is most important that this feeling of sympathy should be maintained and spread throughout the whole of agricultural Great Britain. Socialists in towns should be sent down to any disaffected district, so that the two sections of the one movement may keep touch with each other. The messages of sympathy from Socialist and Radical organizations have greatly strengthened the hands of the Crofters in the present struggle, and if the expedition to Skye has been a ridiculous failure from the middle-class point of view, Socialists at least owe a debt of gratitude to Sir W. Harcourt and the Sheriff of Inverness-shire for having drawn the workers of town and country into bonds of closer union.

R. P. B. FROST.



## The Elections in Germany.

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**I**N correction of a statement in my article of last month I may remark that the number of votes cast for Social-Democratic candidates was not about 550,000 but nearly 700,000. Herren Hasenclever and Blos have each been returned for two districts; Hasenclever for Berlin VI. and Breslau, and Blos for Greiz and Brunswick. The Social-Democrats have nominated as new candidates Herr Pfaunkuch of Cassel, a joiner, for Berlin, and Herr Weimer, a merchant from Nürnberg, for Greiz, who was formerly a member of the Reichstag. Both will no doubt be elected when this article is before the reader, so that the Social-Democratic party will have increased the number of their representatives from twelve to twenty-four.

It may be interesting to the readers of *TO-DAY* to know the trades practised by the Social-Democratic members: Auer is by trade a harness-maker; Bebel, a turner; Blos, journalist; Bock, shoemaker; Dietz, compositor; Frohme, mechanist; Geiser, journalist; Grillenberger, locksmith; Harms, silkweaver; Hasenclever, tanner; Heine, hatter; Kayser, merchant; Kräcker, saddler; Liebknecht, journalist; Ueister, cigar-maker; Rödiger, carver and cabinet-maker; Schuhmacher, tanner; Sabor, teacher; Singer, manufacturer; Stolle, gardener; Viereck, editor; Vollmar, journalist, formerly an officer in the Bavarian army.

The Social-Democratic parliamentary party, therefore, numbers, inclusive of Pfaunkuch, who is sure to be elected, fifteen working-men in the literal sense of the word.

It is a well-known and old-standing complaint of the reactionist parties in Germany, which are under the influence of the large feudal landowners, that agriculture is insufficiently represented in the Reichstag. On looking at the official return of the members (the German "Dod") we find that 133, more than one third of the total number, are landowners and agriculturists, amongst whom there is not a single small farmer, most of them being country squires of the conservative type, ignorant and narrow-minded. This class of "representatives" of the people Privy Councillor Hermann Wagener described in one sentence:—"Some are

blockheads by nature, others on principle." There are further twenty-five Landräthe (under prefects) who also represent, in the main, agrarian interests, nine half-pay officers, twenty-one Regierungsräthe (prefects), ex-ministers, &c., &c., who are all more or less connected with the landowning classes. Thus almost one half of the new Reichstag directly represents agricultural interests.

"In the name of Heaven" sixteen clergymen and priests, among them the Protestant Jesuit Stöcker, render assistance to this group while seven chamberlains of the Pope give it their blessing.

Thus there is a compact working majority for the landed interest, which in most cases is directly opposed to the interests of the people. This will become evident when the motion for raising the duty on corn is made. If the Government for some reason of their own do not oppose that, we shall soon have the duty trebled or quadrupled, and as a consequence the price of bread will rise. One would be at a loss to understand how the country party can in view of such facts keep on complaining of insufficient representation, if one failed to recognise their extraordinary impudence. The squires indeed try to make people believe that the land interest ought to be paramount. In a petition to the Reichstag the following occurs: "Germany's chief branch of industry is agriculture and cattle-breeding. It is therefore for the inhabitants of Germany a pressing necessity, if they intend to retain their abode in the country, to provide for the highest possible prices for corn and wool." Whether the mass of working men, mostly living in very needy circumstances, can pay "the highest possible" prices without being brought down to utter destitution, does not concern the noble patriots.

Side by side with the agitation for increased duty on corn we have a virulent opposition against any tax on the distilleries, which are monopolized by the squires, and are a source of great revenue to them, especially in Prussia. This shows what power the landed interest really has obtained in the legislature. These very same gentlemen will in the most touching terms deplore the drunken habits of the people, take part in crusades against the "Branntweinteufel," and yet they drive a roaring trade by making and selling abominable stuff to enrich themselves.

Next to the landed interest in point of numbers and influence is the legal interest. Not less than 53 lawyers have seats in the present Reichstag, where, in spite of belonging to different parties, they form a regular guild or trades-union. They delight in stretching every Act on the Procrustean bed of worm-eaten jurisprudence. Personal and class-interest keep them in the old grooves, though many of them pride themselves on their economical science, which with them consists in familiarity with the forms of private property and its uses and mis-uses. Altogether the lawyers' trades-union proves once more that knowledge of "law" does not necessarily imply devotion to justice.

Bureaucracy is represented by forty-nine members, who with very few exceptions are to all intents and purposes the tools of the allied governments. Their personal and class-interest is so closely

bound up with that of the Government that they may be said to represent it alone.

The educational interest is represented by sixteen members, a figure which would seem sufficient, were it not for the fact that among the sixteen there are ten university professors and only one elementary school teacher. The teachers ought at all events to have the same number as the professors, to adequately represent the importance of their class.

Manufacture and commerce cannot well be separated, as most manufacturers are also merchants. They are represented by forty-six members. As against agriculture even this class is considerably under-represented.

Twenty-two members are municipal officials, mostly mayors and town councillors, a number quite sufficient to take care of communal interests. There are six medical men, and fifteen gentlemen connected with literature and the press, belonging to different parties and representing different interests.

The working and artisan classes are represented as already mentioned by fifteen members, all Social-Democrats, none of the other parties containing a working man or artisan. This, even with the addition of the other nine Social-Democratic members, who may be taken to specially represent working-class interests, is far below the proportion of this class in the population.

There are nineteen gentlemen of independent means, and eleven pensioned officials to represent the idle classes. These gentlemen bear their responsibilities with the greatest ease, and in many cases with an indifference bordering on stupidity. More than one hundred and forty-three members, one-third of the total number, belong to the nobility, chiefly to the Prussian nobility. This reveals the ugly fact that to a great many of the German people a man with a handle to his name is still a person who claims and obtains special respect and privileges. Though these 143 noblemen belong to different parties, yet with a few exceptions, they come together when class-interests and class-privileges are at stake, and combine against the interests of the people.

To return to the group of clergymen in the Reichstag. It would be a mistake to suppose that this group is concerned with the representation of church interests alone. It presumes to take the lead in general social reforms, to indicate to the powers of the State how to act. Whether Catholic or Protestant they pretend to be the representatives of "true social reform." With the greatest effrontery they demand that the State should assist the Church with its power in order to win over the minds of the people to favour reforms in the "spirit of Christianity." *After this is done* the State may put forward all its forces to effect these reforms! The old arrogance, the old presumption, the old conceit! This would be less serious were it not that the clerical group is supported in the Reichstag with fanatical zeal by 180 lay members. To effect social reforms in the spirit of Christianity means with these men to persuade the destitute masses of the people to look upon their miserable condition as "divinely ordained." For "spirit of Christianity" read "supreme power of nobility and clergy" to whom freedom, equality, human rights are abominable heresies.

Fortunately however the authorities of the Church have long since given ample evidence that they are entirely unfit to have anything to do with social reforms. What was Christianity originally but a religion of equality? Priestly influence has disfigured and degraded the gospel and made it nothing but a bulwark for the privileges of the wealthy classes. Human liberty, the true love of mankind have never found a place within Christian churches. For centuries simpletons and hypocrites have been preaching at all seasons "love," when they were approving of the oppression of millions of men or even being themselves actually engaged in that work. Up to now so-called "Christian charity" has been nothing but the secret enemy of the rights of men, when it should have been their open friend.

Under the rule of Christian dogma, the great majority of men have been deprived of their rights and of the means of working out their own happiness, oppressed, exploited, cheated of their own and prevented from taking part in intellectual progress. The authorities of the church have invested some individuals with more than earthly honours and in doing so have deprived the majority of all human dignity. They strenuously opposed all endeavours to make human happiness the object of human endeavour. Of their own accord they have never consented to social reforms; they retained to the very last the system of serfdom; they protected, encouraged and defended slavery; they have ruled the masses and deprived them of self-respect; they have endeavoured to command men's life and freedom, blood and treasure. On every page of history we find these facts recorded. But, alas, to the great mass of mankind history does not yet teach the truth. Priestcraft can still rely upon the ignorance of the people and at this hour is supported in Germany by nearly 200 so-called representatives of the people.

In spite of the influence of the clerical party in the new Reichstag, it will not be able to make political capital by any pretence of instituting social reform. It will have to meet the spirit of independent thought now so powerful an influence among the people, teaching them that political freedom is not the final duty of the State, and that economical equality must also be brought about. This brings up the social question, that terrible problem which modern society has to solve, if it is not to perish like ancient civilizations. The antagonism between the interests of the rich and the poor must be ended by the abolition of all privilege and the transformation of the capitalist system of production.

This great act of social justice is the end for which the twenty-four social-democratic members of the new Reichstag have to strive. In their struggle they have the most powerful of all allies—the stern logic of events—and against this the parties of reaction and corruption, the military, priestly, and capitalist influence will be powerless in the long run. Social-Democracy in the German Reichstag is one more warning of the downfall of the existing system of society.

KARL FROHME.

## The Jevonian Criticism of Marx.

(A COMMENT ON THE REV. P. H. WICKSTEED'S ARTICLE).

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THE October number of To-DAY is memorable for containing an attack by a Socialist on the theory of value held by the late Carl Marx. A Roman Catholic impugning the infallibility of the Pope could have created no greater scandal. Sentence of excommunication was pronounced by *Justice: the Inquirer* and other papers well affected to the cause demanded impatiently, as the months passed, why the heretic remained unanswered. That he can easily be answered, refuted, exposed, smashed, pulverized, and economically annihilated, appears to be patent to many able Socialists. Without adding such an atrocious comment as that I am glad to hear it, I do not mind admitting that a certain weight will be removed from my mind when the attack is repulsed, and the formerly pellucid stream of the Ricardian labour value theory has deposited the mud which the late Stanley Jevons stirred up in quantities which, though expressed by differentials, were anything but infinitely small. Mr. P. H. Wicksteed, the assailant of Marx, has adopted the Jevonian theory. He is known as an accomplished Scriptural critic, and was perhaps in search of fresh Bibles to criticise when "Das Kapital," the Bible of Socialism, came under his notice and struck him as being vulnerable to Jevonian equations of utility. Socialists often dogmatize intolerably on the subject of what Marx taught, or what they suppose him to have taught, on the subject of value; and Mr. Wicksteed, being a sworn enemy of dogma, has in my opinion acted wisely as well as written ably in leading the assault which must have been made sooner or later upon the economic citadel of Collectivism. An odd effect of this assault is the appearance of Marx, for the first time since he defended Ricardo against Proudhon nearly forty years ago, in the ranks of the orthodox economists. As against Cournot, Jevons, Walras, Professor Marshall, and Mr. J. Y. Edgeworth, Marx is undoubtedly on the side of the standard English school of Adam Smith, Ricardo, Mill, and Cairnes. His disciples are still a little bewildered at being no longer scouted as the dupes of a revolutionist and incendiary, but patronized as the old-fashioned followers of an excellent writer of the past generation, whose ideas, all very well in their day, are now quite obsolete.

I have not the slightest intention here of defending Carl Marx against Mr. Wicksteed. It is impossible, in the face of the "Misère de la Philosophie," and several passages in "Capital," to suspect Marx of having lost sight of the supply-and-demand phenomena which make the actual world so different from the sphere of "catallactic atoms" with which he deals in the opening chapters of his great work. On the other hand it is equally impossible without access to the unpublished volumes of that work to answer for the way in which so subtle a reasoner may have reconciled these contradictions, or even to feel sure that Mr. Jevons might not, had he lived, have found himself anticipated in the very quarter from which he expected the most determined opposition. I write partly to draw further attention to a controversy which seems to me of great interest because it is one on which Socialists, without at all ceasing to be Socialists, are sure to divide very soon; and partly because I wish to have a word with Mr. Wicksteed as to my own perplexities concerning "final utility" before some more competent hand deals him the *coup de grâce* to which I have already alluded. Even were I economist enough to do that myself, I am not mathematician enough to confute Mr. Wicksteed by the Jevonian method. I somewhat mistrust mathematical symbols. I remember at school a plausible boy who used to prove to me by algebra that one equals two. He always began by saying, "Let  $x$  equal  $a$ ." I saw no great harm in admitting that; and the proof followed with rigorous exactness. The effect was not to make me proceed habitually on the assumption that one equals two, but to impress upon me that there was a screw loose somewhere in the algebraic art, and a chance for me to set it right someday when I had time to look into the subject. And I feel bound to make the perhaps puerile confession that when I read Mr. Jevons's Theory of Political Economy, I no sooner glanced at the words "let  $x$  signify the quantity of commodity," than I thought of the plausible boy, and prepared myself for a theory of value based on algebraic proof that two and two make five. But as it turned out, Mr. Jevons, less ingenious or more ingenious than my schoolfellow, arrived at no more remarkable conclusion than that if  $x$  equalled  $y$ ,  $y$  equalled  $x$ , which I should have granted freely without any formulæ at all. And I was much relieved subsequently to find that the late Professor Cairnes regarded these formulæ as identical propositions.

Says Mr. Wicksteed: "The clue to the investigation we are now to enter on is furnished by the combined effects of the 'law of indifference' and 'the law of the variation of utility.'" Let us take an example of the law of the variation of utility. To a hungry man the utility of beef is high. The first few mouthfuls, which save him from actual starvation, are of very great utility to him indeed. But as he gets his fill, every successive mouthful has less and less utility, until finally he can eat no more, and the remainder of the beef is useless to him. Here the utility has varied constantly. Now by the law of indifference, which is that there cannot be two prices for like commodities at one time in one market, the last mouthful of beef costs just as much as the first. Consequently the man has not to



pay more for the first mouthful than for the twentieth, though it is infinitely more useful to him, nor, when he has eaten so much that he can eat no more, could he buy another mouthful more cheaply than the first, useless as the beef has become to him. The value has not varied at all, whilst the direct utility has varied from infinity to zero. But the beef which is thus bereft of its direct utility may possess acquired utility; that is, its satiated possessor may have a hungry neighbour willing to pay him for it. Suppose, however, the man to be a member of a wholly improvident community, every member of which has just, like himself, had a sufficient dinner. The utility of his beef will then be at zero; the choicest undercut will be as valueless as it is in heaven, no matter how much labour its production may have cost. Utility, then, is evidently a condition of value. But let six hours elapse. In that space Nature produces "negative utilities" in the form of appetite—the universal discommodity. The utility of beef, useless and valueless six hours before, will rise to the utility of human life itself—from nothing to everything. Will the exchange value rise equally? By no means: it will rise to the cost of catching, killing, and cooking a cow: not a farthing higher. If a man demand a greater price from another, obviously that other will, in the last resort, catch, kill, and cook for himself, and so save the excess demanded from him. If the labour necessary to produce the beef be halved or doubled, neither the mass nor the final degree of utility in the beef will be altered one jot; and yet the value will be halved or doubled. Evidently then, the utility does not determine the value. The utility of water to a thirsty man is exactly the same at Aldgate Pump as in the middle of the Sahara, yet he will give nothing at Aldgate for a gallon, whereas in the Sahara he may give all he possesses for a thimbleful. Even in the latter extreme instance of a monopolist demanding an outrageous bribe for a share of the means of subsistence, the price of the water would vary without the least regard to the utility. To half-a-dozen travellers dying of thirst, but having unequal possessions, half-a-dozen draughts of water would possess equal utility; yet a Jevonian sheikh with command of the water would receive different quantities of commodity for each draught. And if the parties were in the same position a few hours later, the desperate necessity of the travellers would recur; the sheikh would still have command of the water, the final utility of which would again be infinite; yet the price of the water would be a mortgage on their future labour as slaves; the travellers having nothing else to give. I use this illustration because it shows that even a monopoly value is not determined by the final utility any more than a market value (such as that of beef), and because it directly illustrates the ordinary economist's habit of regarding the value of a thing as the maximum of black mail which its possessor can extort from the person who desires to consume it. To the end of time a monopolist who cannot be expropriated by force will be able to force other men to do more labour for him than he does for them in return. If he be at once base and acute enough to extort the utmost his victims will give, then, in a community of infinitely rich men, the prices obtained by him might be said to be determined

by the final utility of his commodity to the purchasers; but each of them would pay a different price, and would therefore have to be presupposed incapable of exchanging the commodity one with another after purchasing. Otherwise they would defeat the operation of final utility, precisely as rich people defeat it now when they borrow their servants' clothes and obtain gratuitous medical advice at hospitals.

"If I am willing," says Mr. Wicksteed, "to give the same sum of money for a family Bible and for a dozen of brandy, it is because I have reduced the respective satisfactions their possession will afford me to a common measure, and have found them equivalent." This may be so; but it does not at all follow that Mr. Wicksteed will find Bibles and brandy exchanging in that ratio. The price of neither would be raised or lowered by one farthing if Mr. Wicksteed suddenly got tired of the Bible and became a dipsomaniac. Apart from that, his nearest teetotal neighbour would probably give more money for a Bible than for a dozen hogsheads of brandy; whilst the nearest drunkard would eagerly offer a dozen Bibles for a single bottle of brandy, if the ratio of exchange were determined by the utility of the commodities. But as the rain falls alike on the just and the unjust, so is the price of Bibles and brandy the same to Mr. Wicksteed and his neighbours, though the utility differs in each of their cases. And even were it possible to determine an average ratio of utility between brandy and Bibles, the fact that this would remain the same although the ratio of the labour necessary to produce them should vary, and that the ratio of exchange would nevertheless immediately alter, shows that the ratio of exchange does not depend on utility. Mr. Wicksteed insists on "abstract" utility; but what he has really abstracted is not utility but value. He has accused Marx of having leaped from one category to another because, as it seems to me, he has mistaken the category to which his own abstraction belongs.

Every appreciative reader of Mr. Wicksteed's article will at once conclude that these considerations are as obvious to him as they are to me, and that his theory must in some way explain them. "For example," he says, "a watch of a certain quality is *worth* £15 to me, *i.e.*, it would have as great a utility to me as anything else which I have not got, and which I could obtain for £15." But again it does not follow that the watch will therefore cost Mr. Wicksteed £15. It may only cost him £5. All that does follow from the conditions laid down is that, if necessary, he will go as high as £15 for the watch, but that if the price rises to fifteen guineas he will go without a watch. That does not mean that the utility of the watch to him will fall to zero the moment the odd shillings are added to the price. It simply means that though the utility remains the same, he will not be able to afford the price, or will think that he might spend fifteen guineas to better advantage on a writing-table than on a watch. The comparison of utility which he has made between them does not change the value of either. The order in which desires arise does not effect the cost of satisfying them, which is always ultimately a cost of labour. On the contrary, the labour cost of satisfying our desires generally determines the order of them. A child sometimes

quarrels with its bread-and-milk and cries for the moon ; but eventually it succumbs to economic conditions and puts off thinking about the moon until its bread-and-butter is secured.

Mr. Wicksteed maintains that if 25 per cent. of the labour necessary to make a watch be saved by an improvement in manufacture, the value of watches will fall "not because they contain less labour, but because the recent increments have been less useful." By this he appears to mean, not that a watch is less useful to a workman with a pound a-week than to a lord with a hundred pounds a-day, which is obviously not the case ; but that the workman can now afford to buy a watch whereas he could not do so before. Now as the determination of the ratio of exchange (or the measure of exchange value) by duration of labour is founded on the fact that if two "catallactic atoms," A and B produce and exchange commodities, A cannot afford to give more than the product of an hour of his labour to B in exchange for the product of an hour of B's labour, and that B cannot afford to take less, it is not clear to me that Mr. Wicksteed advances the matter by calling exchange value "utility at the margin of supply." He certainly does not simplify it to the Socialist proletariat who, face to face with the monopolist, does not achieve quite so fair a bargain as a couple of "catallactic atoms" might strike on Marx's principles.

I regret that the utility of space at the margin of supply ; the obscurity of the Jevonese language ; and the extreme unpopularity of our subject, have compelled me to put forward a counterblast to Mr. Wicksteed rather than a thorough analysis and discussion of his interesting contribution. Some considerations which arise from his paper are important from a domestic point of view. At present a middle-class man, when his immediate needs are satisfied, furnishes himself with commodities in a certain order, as, for instance, wife, house, furniture, pianoforte, horse and trap. The satisfaction of each desire leaves the mind free to entertain the next, so that you actually make a man feel the want of a horse by giving him a pianoforte. Let the cost of a pianoforte suddenly rise to a figure exceeding that of a horse and trap ; and the conventional order of furnishing will be altered : the horse and trap will be bought before the family venture on the extravagance of a pianoforte. A collectivist administration, bound to preserve the catallactic atomicity of the markets by adjusting supply to demand, may yet find themselves compelled by the operation of purely subjective notions of utility to admit that Jevons was on the right track when he broke away from economics into psychology, and that the comparative utilities of things are of far greater moment to the community than their ratio of exchange, to which our social system has given a factitious importance. Marx saw this when, many years ago, he compared the utility of the capitalist commodities, potatoes and cotton stuffs, with that of the pre-capitalist commodities, wheat and woollens. My own hopes centre in a Socialist state in which Mr. Wicksteed and I, as perfect and regenerate catallactic atoms, shall dispute about utilities alone, forgetful of the very existence of a ratio of exchange.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.—Some persons do not feel at liberty to enjoy this powerful drama because they consider that enjoyment implies approval of its philosophy, and this they deem pessimistic, and too sad to do anyone any good. The more comfortable view for such readers would seem to be that they are not expected to consider that any one of the characters is intended to be the voice of final truth. Each mind utters what that mind has already arrived at under certain conditions of education, daily life, and the current opinions of the time. For brief sketch of Ibsen's literary career see preface to his *Nora*, translated by Frances Lord.

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## GHOSTS:

(*Gengangere*, 1881)

*A DRAMA by HENRIK IBSEN.*

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TRANSLATED FROM THE NORWEGIAN BY FRANCES LORD.

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### PERSONS.

MRS. ALVING (HELEN) - Widow of Captain Alving, late Chamberlain  
of the Royal Household.

OSWALD ALVING - - - their son, a painter.

MR. MANDERS - - - - the Rector of the parish.

JACOB ENGSTRAND - - a Carpenter.

REGINA ENGSTRAND - - Mrs. Alving's maid (Jacob's daughter).

*The action takes place on Mrs. Alving's estate, situated on a large bay (fjord)  
in Western Norway.*

## Ghosts.

### ACT I.

*A spacious room looking on to a garden, with a door on the left side wall, and two doors on the right side wall. In the middle of the room a round table, with chairs around it. On the table lie books, periodicals, and newspapers. In the foreground to the left a window, and by it a small sofa, with a work-table in front of it. In the background, the room is continued into a conservatory for flowers, rather smaller, which is closed to the outer air by glass walls and large panes. In the right side wall of the conservatory is a door leading down into the garden. Through the glass walls shines a gloomy view of the sea, veiled by steady rain.*

ENGSTRAND, the carpenter, stands by the garden door. His left leg is rather crooked; he has a clump of wood under the sole of his boot.

REGINA, with an empty flower basket in her hand, hinders him from coming nearer.

REGINA (*in a suppressed voice*). What is it you want? Stand still where you are. You are positively dripping.

ENGSTRAND. The Almighty sends us the rain, my dear child.

REGINA. The Devil sends it, I should say.

ENGSTRAND. Lord! how you do chatter, Regina. (*Limps a few steps forward into the room.*) But what I wanted to say was this—

REGINA. Don't stump about with your foot, you stupid thing! The young gentleman is upstairs asleep in bed.

ENGSTRAND. Asleep in bed now? At noon-day?

REGINA. It's no concern of yours.

ENGSTRAND. I got into a drinking bout last night.

REGINA. I can quite believe it.

ENGSTRAND. Yes, for we human beings are weak creatures, my dear child—

REGINA. Yes; no doubt about that.

ENGSTRAND. — and temptations are manifold in this world, you see; but nevertheless, there I was, the Lord knows, at my work this morning, by half-past five.

REGINA. Very well; only be off now; I won't stop here having *rendez-vous* with you.

ENGSTRAND. What is it you won't have?

REGINA. I won't have anyone find you here. Just understand that, and go about your business.

ENGSTRAND (*a few steps nearer*). Blest if I go before I've had a

bit of talk with you. This afternoon I shall have finished the work down there in the school-house, and then I shall take the steamer to-night and go home to the town.

REGINA (*mutters*). A pleasant journey to you.

ENGSTRAND. Thank you, my dear child. To-morrow the Asylum is to be opened, and then I've no doubt we shall have fine goings on and plenty of intoxicating drink, you know. And then nobody shall say of Jacob Engstrand that he can't control himself when temptation comes.

REGINA. Oh!

ENGSTRAND. Yes; for so many of the gentry are to meet here to-morrow. The Reverend Mr. Manders is certainly expected from the town, too.

REGINA. He is coming here to-day, too.

ENGSTRAND. There! you see. And damn it if I let him find anything about me to remark on, you may be sure.

REGINA. Oh! is that your little game?

ENGSTRAND. Is what my little game?

REGINA (*looking hard at him*). What sort of a thing is it you want to take Mr. Manders in again about, now?

ENGSTRAND. Hush! hush! Are you mad? Do I want to take Mr. Manders in about anything? Oh! no. He is far too nice a gentleman towards me for that. But it's the very matter I wanted to talk to you about, you know; I mean that to-night I am going back home again.

REGINA. The sooner the better for my part.

ENGSTRAND. Yes. But I want to take you with me, Regina.

REGINA (*open-mouthed*). You want me? What are you talking about?

ENGSTRAND. I want to take you home, I say.

REGINA (*scornfully*). You will never, never have me home.

ENGSTRAND. Well, we shall see about that.

REGINA. Yes, you may be sure we shall see about it. I, who have grown up in the house of a lady like Mrs. Alving? I, who am treated almost like a child here? Could I be expected to go back to your home? A house like that! For shame!

ENGSTRAND. What the Devil do you mean? Do you set yourself against your father, girl?

REGINA (*mutters without looking at him*). You have said times enough I was not to come with you.

ENGSTRAND. Stuff! Why do you trouble about that?

REGINA. Haven't you many and many a time scolded me and called me a — ? *Fi donc!*

ENGSTRAND. No. Blest if I ever used such an ugly word, anyhow.

REGINA. Oh! I am quite clear what word you used.

ENGSTRAND. Well, but that was only when I was driven into a corner—H'm! The temptations of this world are many, Regina.

REGINA. Eugh!

ENGSTRAND. And that was when your mother rode her high horse; I was obliged to hit upon something to twit her with. She was always setting up for a fine lady on the strength of it. (*Mimics.*) "Let me go, Engstrand; let me be. I have been in service three

years in Chamberlain Alving's family at Rosedene, I have." (*Laughs*) Mercy on us! She never could forget that the Captain became Chamberlain while she was in service here.

REGINA. Poor mother! you led her a wretched life often enough.

ENGSTRAND (*turns on his heel*). Oh! of course. I am to be blamed for everything.

REGINA (*turns away; half aloud*). Eugh! and that leg too!

ENGSTRAND. What do you say, my dear child?

REGINA. *Pied de mouton!*

ENGSTRAND. Is that English, eh?

REGINA. Yes.

ENGSTRAND. Oh, ah; learning you *have* got out here; and that may come in useful now, Regina.

REGINA (*after a short silence*). And what were you wanting with me down in the town?

ENGSTRAND. Can you ask what a father wants with his only child? Ain't I a lonely and forsaken widower?

REGINA. Oh! don't come to me with nonsense like that! What do you want me down there for?

ENGSTRAND. Well, I'll tell you. I have been thinking I would start on a new line of business.

REGINA (*whistles*). You've tried that often, and you've never done any good with it.

ENGSTRAND. Yes, but this time you shall just see, Regina! The devil take me——

REGINA (*stamps*). Don't swear!

ENGSTRAND. Gently, gently; you are always so right about that, darling child. This was the only thing I wanted to say. I have laid by a very tidy little sum of money from the work I've done for the Orphanage here.

REGINA. Have you? That is a very good thing for you.

ENGSTRAND. What can a man spend his shillings on out here in the country?

REGINA. Nothing. Well, and so?

ENGSTRAND. Well, look you, then. I'd thought of putting the money out in something that would pay me. It should be a sort of tavern for the sea-faring people.

REGINA. Horrid!

ENGSTRAND. A thoroughly genteel eating-house, of course; not anything of a mere pigstye for common sailors. No! damn it! it would be for ships' captains and pilots, and—and—quite gentle-folks, you know.

REGINA. And I should——?

ENGSTRAND. You should help in it, to be sure. Only for the appearance sake, you may trust me. You shan't have a stroke of damned hard work to do, darling child. You can do exactly what you like about it.

REGINA. Well, and then?

ENGSTRAND. But there must be some women folk in the house. That's as clear as daylight. For I want it to be a little merry in the evenings, with singing and dancing and the like. You may be certain there are plenty of fine men at sea, all the world over. (*nearer*). Now don't be stupid and stand in your own light, Regina.

What is likely to become of you out here? Can it be any use to you if your lady has given you a lot of learning? You're to attend to the children at the new Orphanage, I hear. Is that to your advantage, eh? Are you so very hot upon going and wearing yourself out for the sake of the dirty brats?

REGINA. No; if all went as I could wish, then——. Well, it may, after all,—after all.

ENGSTRAND. What is it that may happen after all?

REGINA. Never you mind. Is it a great deal of money that you've saved up here?

ENGSTRAND. What with one thing and another, it may be a matter of forty—fifty pounds.

REGINA. That's not so bad.

ENGSTRAND. It's enough to make a start with, darling child.

REGINA. Weren't you thinking of giving me any of that money?

ENGSTRAND. No, damn it if I was! No.

REGINA. Weren't you thinking of sending me so much as one miserable piece of stuff for a new dress, once in a way?

ENGSTRAND. If you'll come down to the town with me, you shall have dress enough.

REGINA. Oh! Rubbish! I can get all that for myself if I want to.

ENGSTRAND. No, but under a father's guiding hand it is far better, Regina. Now I can have a neat house in Little Harbour Street. It won't need much ready money, and it could be a sort of seaman's home, you know.

REGINA. But I will not come and live you. I have nothing whatever to do with you. Be off!

ENGSTRAND. You wouldn't be long in my house, darling child. I couldn't look to be so happy as all that. If you knew how to manage—a fine girl like you've grown in the last couple of years,—

REGINA. Well?

ENGSTRAND. It wouldn't be long before some mate came along, or it might even be a captain.

REGINA. I will not marry any man of that sort. Men in the sea-faring line have no *savoir vivre*.

ENGSTRAND. What is it they have not got?

REGINA. I know what sailors are, I tell you. They are not the style of men for one to marry.

ENGSTRAND. Then never mind about marrying them. You can do just as well for yourself without (*more confidentially*). He—the Englishman, the one with the yacht—he gave £100, he did, and she was not a bit handsomer than you are.

REGINA (*going towards him*). Get away with you.

ENGSTRAND (*falling back*). Nay, nay; you won't really strike me, I know.

REGINA. Yes, if you begin to talk about mother I shall strike. Get away with you, I say (*drives him up against the garden door*). And don't make the door bang. Young Mr. Alving—

ENGSTRAND. He's asleep. Yes, I know. It's curious how you do trouble yourself about young Mr. Alving (*more softly*). Oh! oh! it never could be that he—

REGINA. Be off, and that quickly; you're losing your head, you



wretched creature. No, don't go that way. Mr. Manders is coming. Go down the kitchen stairs with you.

ENGSTRAND (*towards the right*). Yes, yes, I shall go that way. But just you talk to him who is coming up yonder. He is the man to tell you what a child owes to its father. For I am your father, anyhow, you know. I can prove it from the church register. (*He goes out through the other door, which REGINA has opened, and fastens again after him*).

REGINA (*glances hastily at herself in the mirror, dusts herself with her pocket handkerchief, and settles her collar; then she busies herself attending to the flowers*).

MR. MANDERS (*in an overcoat, with an umbrella, and a small travelling bag on a strap over his shoulder, comes through the garden door into the conservatory*). Good morning Regina.

REGINA (*turning round, pleased and surprised*). No, really! Good morning, Mr. Manders. Is the steamer in?

MR. MANDERS. She is just in (*goes into the sitting-room*). We've really been having dismal rainy weather lately.

REGINA (*follows him*). It is such fortunate weather for the farmers, Sir.

MR. MANDERS. Well you're right there. We townspeople think so little about that. (*He begins to take his overcoat off*).

REGINA. Oh! mayn't I help you? There, that's right. Why! how wet it is! Now I shall just hang it up in the hall. And your umbrella, too. I will open it so that it can dry. (*She goes out with the things through the second door on the right*). MR. MANDERS takes his travelling bag off and lays it and his hat on a chair. Meanwhile REGINA comes in again.)

MR. MANDERS. Ah! it was a comfort to get safe into the house. Well, and is all going on well here?

REGINA. Yes, thank you, Sir.

MR. MANDERS. But you're all excessively busy, I expect, in preparation for to-morrow?

REGINA. Yes, there's plenty to do, of course.

MR. MANDERS. And Mrs. Alving is at home, I trust?

REGINA. Oh, dear, yes. She's only upstairs taking chocolate to the young gentleman.

MR. MANDERS. Yes, just tell me. I heard down at the pier that Oswald was come.

REGINA. Yes, he came the day before yesterday. We did not expect him before to-day.

MR. MANDERS. Quite strong and well, I hope.

REGINA. Yes, thank you, he is; but dreadfully tired with the journey. He has come in one go all the way from Paris. I mean he came the whole route in one and the same train. I believe he is sleeping a little now; so perhaps we had better be just a little bit quiet in talking.

MR. MANDERS. Hush! We will be ever so quiet.

REGINA (*as she moves an arm chair straight beside the table*). Now do be so kind as to sit down, dear Mr. Manders; and makes yourself comfortable. (*He sits down; she puts a footstool under his feet*). There! are you comfortable now, Sir?

MR. MANDERS. Thank you, thank you, I am most comfortable

*looks at her*). I say, Regina, do you know, I positively think you have grown since I last saw you.

REGINA. Do you really, Sir. Mrs. Alving thinks I've grown stouter, too.

MR. MANDERS. Grown stouter? No,—well, perhaps a little; just enough (*short pause*).

REGINA. Shall I tell Mrs. Alving you are here?

MR. MANDERS. Thanks, thanks, there's no hurry, my dear child. But, by-the-bye, Regina, my dear, just tell me, how is your father getting on out here?

REGINA. Oh, thank you, he is getting on well enough.

MR. MANDERS. He looked in at my house last time he came to the town.

REGINA. No; did he really? He is always so glad when he gets a chance of talking to you.

MR. MANDERS. And you look after him very carefully every day I daresay?

REGINA. I? Oh! to be sure I do when I get a moment —

MR. MANDERS. Your father is by no means a strong-minded person, Regina. He yearns so intensely for a guiding hand.

REGINA. Oh, yes; that is very likely,—very.

MR. MANDERS. He longs to have some one near him whom he can care for, and on whose judgment he can lay weight. He recognised that so frankly when he last came up to see me.

REGINA. Yes, he has talked to me something like that. But I don't know whether Mrs. Alving will spare me; especially now, just as we have got the Orphanage to manage. And then I should be so terribly grieved to go away from Mrs. Alving; for she has always been so kind to me.

MR. MANDERS. But a daughter's duty, my dear girl—. Naturally we must first secure the consent of Mrs. Alving.

REGINA. But I don't know whether it would be a suitable thing for me, at my age, to keep house for a single man.

MR. MANDERS. What! my dear Regina! It is your own father who is the man in question.

REGINA. Yes, that may be, but all the same—. Well, if it were in a good house and with a gentleman who was really well off —.

MR. MANDERS. But, my dear Regina —.

REGINA. — one towards whom I could feel devotion, and whom I could look up to, and stand to in a daughter's place. . .

MR. MANDERS. Yes, but, my dear, good child —.

REGINA. —I should be glad enough to go into the town. Out here it is dreadfully lonely; and you know very well, Sir, what it means to be alone in the world. And this I ought to say for myself, that I am both quick and obliging. Don't you know any place likely to suit me, Sir?

MR. MANDERS. I? No. You may rely upon me if I did know.

REGINA. But, dear, dear Sir, do just think of me, when I —

MR. MANDERS (*rising*). Yes, I certainly will, Regina.

REGINA. Yes, for if I. . .

MR. MANDERS. Will you be so good as to fetch your mistress?

REGINA. She will come at once, Sir, now. (*She goes to the left*).

Vol. III. No. 1. New Series.

MR. MANDERS (*goes a few steps up and down the room, stands a moment in the background with his hands behind his back, and looks out over the garden. Then he returns close to the table, takes a book and looks at the title page; starts and looks at several*). *Hm— indeed!*

MRS. ALVING (*comes in through the door on the left; she is followed by Regina who immediately goes out through the first door on the right. Offering her hand*). I am glad to see you, Mr. Manders.

MR. MANDERS. How do you do, Mrs. Alving? Here I am as I promised.

MRS. ALVING. Always punctual to the minute.

MR. MANDERS. But you may imagine it was a tight fit for me to get away. All the innumerable Boards and Committees I sit on —

MRS. ALVING. That makes it all the kinder of you to come so early. Now we can get all our arrangements made before dinner. But where is your luggage?

MR. MANDERS (*quickly*). I left it down at the general shop. I stay there to-night.

MRS. ALVING (*suppressing a smile*). Are you really not to be persuaded this time, either, to spend the night under my roof?

MR. MANDERS. No, no, thank you, Mrs. Alving; you are always so kind. I shall stay down there as usual. It is so convenient for getting on board the steamer again.

MRS. ALVING. Well, you must have your own way. But otherwise, I really should have thought that we two old people —

MR. MANDERS. Oh, dear Mrs. Alving, you're joking I see. Ah! to be sure! you are exceedingly happy to-day: first, to have the Festival to-morrow and then to have got Oswald home again.

MRS. ALVING. Yes, thank you; what a delight it is to me! It is now more than two years since he was last home. And now he has promised to stay with me all through the winter.

MR. MANDERS. No, has he really? That was indeed right of him, and what a good son should do. For I can well believe there is far more attraction in living at Rome and Paris.

MRS. ALVING. True. But here at home he has his mother, you see. Oh! my dear, darling boy, he has still some heart left for his mother; bless him!

MR. MANDERS. It would indeed be too grievous if absence and being busy with such things as Art were to blunt his natural feeling.

MRS. ALVING. Yes, you may well say so. But there is nothing of that sort to fear in him. Oh! I shall really be quite amused to see if you can recognise him again. He will come down presently. Just now he is lying down upstairs, resting a little on the sofa. But, do sit down, dear Mr. Manders.

MR. MANDERS. Thank you. Then it really suits you? . . .

MRS. ALVING. Most certainly it does. (*She sits by the table*).

MR. MANDERS. Very well. Then you shall see. . . (*he goes to the chair where the travelling bag lies, takes out a packet of papers, sits down on the opposite side of the table and tries to find a clear space for the papers*). Now, to begin with, here is . . . (*breaking off*)—Tell me, Mrs. Alving, how do these books come here?

MRS. ALVING. The books? They are books I read.

MR. MANDERS. Do you read writings of that sort?

MRS. ALVING. Yes, certainly I do.

MR. MANDERS. Do you feel that you are better or happier for reading of that kind?

MRS. ALVING. I think I seem to get surer for it.

MR. MANDERS. That is strange. How is it?

MRS. ALVING. Well, I seem to get clearness and strength about many and many a thing I myself have been thinking. Yes, for that is the wonderful part of it, Mr. Manders; there is really nothing new in these books. There is nothing in them but what most people think and believe. The only point is that most people do not account for it in themselves, or will not keep to it.

MR. MANDERS. You do surprise me! Do you seriously believe that most people . . .

MRS. ALVING. Yes, I do indeed.

MR. MANDERS. Yes, but not actually here in this country? Not here, in our part?

MRS. ALVING. Yes, to be sure! In our part, too.

MR. MANDERS. Well, then, I really must say—

MRS. ALVING. But what besides have you really got to bring against the books?

MR. MANDERS. Bring against them? You really don't suppose that I occupy myself with examining such productions?

MRS. ALVING. That is to say you know nothing of what you are condemning.

MR. MANDERS. I have read enough *about* these writings to disapprove of them.

MRS. ALVING. Yes; but your own opinion . . .

MR. MANDERS. Dear Mrs. Alving, there are many occasions in life where one must rely upon others. Once for all, it is so, in this world; and it is a good thing. How could societies of men get on otherwise?

MRS. ALVING. No, no; I daresay you are right there.

MR. MANDERS. On the other hand, I do not of course deny that there may be something attractive in such writings. Nor can I think ill of you for wishing to make yourself acquainted with the spiritual currents that, by what I hear, are to be found out there in the great world, where you have let your son travel for so long, you know. But—

MRS. ALVING. But?

MR. MANDERS (*lowering his voice*). But one doesn't talk about that, Mrs. Alving. One is certainly not bound to account to everybody for what one reads and thinks within one's own four walls.

MRS. ALVING. No, naturally; I quite think so.

MR. MANDERS. Only think, now, what consideration you owe to that Orphanage which you decided on founding at a time when your opinions on spiritual matters were strikingly different from what they are now—so far as I can guess.

MRS. ALVING. Oh, yes; I quite admit that. But it was about the Orphanage. . . .

MR. MANDERS. It was about the Orphanage we were to speak; yes. Then—prudence, dear Madam. And now we will pass on to our business. (*Opens the case and takes out a number of papers*). Do you see these?

MRS. ALVING. The documents?

MR. MANDERS. All. And all complete. You can understand it was hard work to get them in time. I had to put a good deal of pressure on. The authorities really are almost painfully conscientious when they are asked for a final settlement. But now we've got them all at last (*looks through the pile*). See! here is the legal gift of the parcel of ground known as Sunnyside on the Manor of Rosedene, with all the newly constructed domestic buildings, school-rooms, master's house and chapel. And here is the legal authority for your gift and for the Regulations of the Institution. Will you just see? (*reads*) "Regulations for the Children's Home to be known as 'Captain Alving's foundation.'"

MRS. ALVING (*looks long at the paper*). So there it is.

MR. MANDERS. I have chosen the name "Captain" and not "Chamberlain." "Captain" looks less pretentious.

MRS. ALVING. Oh, yes; just as you think best.

MR. MANDERS. And here you have the Banking Account of the capital lying at interest which is set aside to cover the current expenses of the Orphanage.

MRS. ALVING. Thank you. But please be so kind as to keep it for convenience sake.

MR. MANDERS. Very gladly. I think we will leave the money in the Bank just at first. The interest on it is certainly not very enticing—four per cent. and six months notice of withdrawal. If a good mortgage could be found later on—of course it must be a first mortgage and offer undoubted security—then we could talk it over together.

MRS. ALVING. Yes, to be sure, dear Mr. Manders. But you will judge best about all that.

MR. MANDERS. I will keep my eyes open, at any rate. But now there is one thing more which I have been intending to ask you about several times.

MRS. ALVING. And what is that?

MR. MANDERS. Shall the Orphanage buildings be insured or not?

MRS. ALVING. Yes, of course they must be insured.

MR. MANDERS. Well, stop a minute, Mrs. Alving. Let us look into the matter a little more closely.

MRS. ALVING. I have everything insured; buildings and moveables and stock and crops.

MR. MANDERS. Of course you have—on your own estate. And so have I—of course. But here, you see, it is quite another matter. The Orphanage is to be consecrated, as it were, for the purpose of a higher life.

MRS. ALVING. Yes, but even if—

MR. MANDERS. For my own part, I really should not see the smallest impropriety in making secure against all contingencies.

MRS. ALVING. No. That is precisely what I think, too.

MR. MANDERS. But how will that suit the general feeling of the people just out round here? You know it better than I.

MRS. ALVING. H'm—the general feeling of the people?

MR. MANDERS. Have you any sufficient number of people whose

opinions deserve consideration—really deserve it—who might be scandalised at that?

Mrs. ALVING. Well, what do you actually mean by “really deserving consideration?”

Mr. MANDERS. Well, I am thinking chiefly of men in positions so independent and influential that one cannot help giving some weight to their opinions.

Mrs. ALVING. There are some such here, who would very likely be shocked, in case——

Mr. MANDERS. There now! you see! In the town we have many of that kind. Think only of all the adherents of my brothers in office. It would be so terribly easy for them to conclude that neither you nor I had the right trust in a Higher Guidance.

Mrs. ALVING. But so far as concerns yourself, dear Mr. Manders; you know, in any case, that you, yourself——

Mr. MANDERS. Yes, I know,—I know; I have the fullest conviction; that is true enough. But nevertheless we should not be able to prevent a distorted, disadvantageous construction being put upon the Insurance. And such a construction might, in its turn, act as a hindrance to the Orphanage itself.

Mrs. ALVING. Well, if that were to be case, then——

Mr. MANDERS. Nor can I quite lose sight of the difficult, and I may frankly say, painful position I might perhaps get into. In the chief circles of the town there is a good deal of talk going on about this Orphanage affair. The Orphanage is certainly founded to some extent as a gain to the town, too; and it is to be hoped it will, in no inconsiderable degree, result in lightening our Poor Rates. But as I have been your adviser and have managed the business connected with it, I may well dread lest I should be the first person for the jealous to fasten upon——

Mrs. ALVING. Oh! you ought not to expose yourself to that.

Mr. MANDERS. To say nothing of the attacks that would be sure to be made upon me in certain papers and periodicals, which——

Mrs. ALVING. It is quite enough, dear Mr. Manders. That consideration is quite decisive.

Mr. MANDERS. Then you do not wish the Orphanage insured?

Mrs. ALVING. No. We will let it be.

Mr. MANDERS (*leaning back in his chair*). But if misfortune were to befall it, now—one can never tell. Would you be able to make good the damage?

Mrs. ALVING. No; I tell you plainly. I never would do anything of the kind.

Mr. MANDERS. Well, but I tell you what, Mrs. Alving, it is after all a considerable responsibility we are taking upon ourselves.

Mrs. ALVING. But does it seem to you we can do anything else?

Mr. MANDERS. No, that is just the thing; we really cannot do anything else. We must not expose ourselves to an absurd prejudice; and we have no kind of right to arouse scandal in public opinion.

Mrs. ALVING. You, as a clergyman, in no case should.

Mr. MANDERS. And I really think, too, we may rely upon an

Institution of the kind having good fortune on its side ; in fact, that it stands under Special Protection.

MRS. ALVING. Let us hope so, Mr. Manders.

MR. MANDERS. Then we will let the matter alone for the present ?

MRS. ALVING. Yes, certainly.

MR. MANDERS. Very well. Just as you think best. (*Makes notes.*) Then—no Insurance.

MRS. ALVING. It was really rather curious that you should come to speak about it to-day, of all days——

MR. MANDERS. I have often thought of asking you about it——

MRS. ALVING. —— for we nearly had a fire down there yesterday.

MR. MANDERS. You don't say so !

MRS. ALVING. Oh ! after all there was nothing in it. A heap of shavings had caught fire in the carpenter's workshop.

MR. MANDERS. Where Engstrand works ?

MRS. ALVING. Yes. They say he is often very careless with matches.

MR. MANDERS. He has so many things in his head, that man. His mind seems so beset. Thank God, he is now preparing himself to lead a decent life, I hear.

MRS. ALVING. Indeed ? who says so ?

MR. MANDERS. He himself assures me that he means to. And he certainly is a capital workman.

MRS. ALVING. Ah ! yes ; so long as he is not intoxicated——

MR. MANDERS. Yes, that painful weakness. But he often needs that for the sake of his suffering leg, he says. Last time he was in the town I was really touched by him. He came up to me and thanked me so warmly for having got him work here, so that he might be where Regina was.

MRS. ALVING. He doesn't look after her much.

MR. MANDERS. Oh ! yes. He has some talk with her every day. He said so himself and told me about it.

MRS. ALVING. Ah ! well ; it may be so.

MR. MANDERS. He feels so strongly that he is yearning for something that can hold him back when temptation comes. That is the loveable part of Jacob Engstrand : his coming completely helpless to you, and complaining of himself and acknowledging his own weakness. Lately he was up in the town talking to me—look here, Mrs. Alving, supposing it were a heartfelt need with him to have Regina home with him once more——

MRS. ALVING (*rising hastily*) Regina !

MR. MANDERS—you should not set yourself against it.

MRS. ALVING. Indeed I certainly shall set myself against it. And besides, Regina is to have a position at the Orphanage.

MR. MANDERS. But, consider, he really is her father——

MRS. ALVING. Oh ! I know best what sort of a father he has been to her. No ! to him she shall never go with my good will.

MR. MANDERS (*rising*). My dear lady, don't take the matter so impetuously. It is quite grievous to see how you do misjudge poor Engstrand. It really is as though you were downright terrified——

MRS. ALVING (*more quietly*). It doesn't matter. I have taken

Regina into my house and there she shall stay (*listens*). Hush, dear Mr. Manders; don't talk any more about it (*happiness lights up her face*). Listen! there is Oswald on the stairs. Now we will think of no one but him.

OSWALD ALVING (*in a light overcoat, hat in hand and smoking a large meerschauum, comes in through the left door; standing in the door way*) Oh! I beg your pardon; I thought you were sitting in the office (*comes nearer*). Good morning, Sir.

MR. MANDERS (*staring*). Ah! it was remarkable—

MRS. ALVING. Well, now what do you say to this young man, Mr. Manders?

MR. MANDERS. I say—I say—why! is that really?—

OSWALD. Yes, it is really the Prodigal Son, Sir.

MR. MANDERS. But, my dear young friend—

OSWALD. Well, then, the Son come home.

MRS. ALVING. Oswald is thinking of the time when you were so much opposed to his being a painter.

MR. MANDERS. To our human gaze many a step looks inadvisable that later on nevertheless—(*wrings his hand*). Anyhow, welcome home. Why, my dear Oswald—By-the-bye I suppose I may call you by your Christian name, still?

OSWALD. Yes; what else should you call me?

MR. MANDERS. Very good. This is what I wanted to say to you, my dear Oswald—you must not believe it of me that I unreservedly condemn an artist's profession. There are many persons who can, I admit, preserve their inner life uninjured in that profession, as in any other.

OSWALD. Let us hope so.

MRS. ALVING (*beaming with delight*). I know one who has preserved both his inner and his outer life uninjured. Only look at him, Mr. Manders.

OSWALD (*Walking about the room*). Yes, yes, Mother dear; let's say no more about it.

MR. MANDERS. No; most assuredly—it cannot be denied. And you have begun to make a name for yourself already. The newspapers have often spoken of you, and most favourably. Well, that is to say—just lately they have not said so much about it, I fancy.

OSWALD. (*up among the flowers*). I have not been able to paint so much just lately.

MRS. ALVING. A painter, too, needs a little rest between whiles.

MR. MANDERS. I can quite believe it. And by that means he gathers up his forces and prepares himself for some great work.

OSWALD. Yes.—Mother, are we going to dine soon?

MRS. ALVING. In less than half an hour. He has plenty of appetite, thank God.

MR. MANDERS. And a taste for tobacco, too.

OSWALD. I found my father's pipe in my room, and so—

MR. MANDERS. Ah! ha! then that accounts for it.

MRS. ALVING. For what?

MR. MANDERS. When Oswald came in at the door with the pipe in his mouth, it seemed as though it were his father, large as life.



OSWALD. No, really?

MRS. ALVING. Oh! how can you say so? Oswald takes after my family.

MR. MANDERS. Yes, but there is an expression about the corners of the mouth—something in the lips, which reminds me so exactly of Alving;—now he is smoking, any how.

MRS. ALVING. Not in the least. Oswald has far more something about his mouth that is like a clergyman's, I think.

MR. MANDERS. Oh, ah! Oh, ah! Some of my brethren in office have a look very like it.

MRS. ALVING. But put your pipe away, my dear lad; I will not have smoking in here.

OSWALD. (*does so*). Gladly. I only wanted to try it; for I once smoked it when I was a child.

MRS. ALVING. You?

OSWALD. Yes. I was quite small at the time. And I recollect, too, I came up into the room to Father one evening, and he was so happy and merry.

MRS. ALVING. Oh! you don't recollect anything of those years.

OSWALD. Yes. I recollect distinctly. He took me up on his knee, and let me smoke from the pipe. "Smoke, boy" he said; "Smoke away, boy." And I smoked as much as I wanted to, until I felt I was growing quite pale, and the perspiration stood in great drops on my forehead. Then he burst out laughing so heartily—

MR. MANDERS. That was most extraordinary.

MRS. ALVING. My dear friend, it is only something Oswald has dreamt.

OSWALD. No, Mother, I have not dreamt it, most positively. For—can't you recollect that?—then you came in and carried me out into the nursery. Then I was sick and I saw that you were crying;—did Father often play such tricks?

MR. MANDERS. In his youth he was a remarkably gay, merry man—

OSWALD. And nevertheless he got so much done in this world; so much that was good and useful; and he died so young, too.

MR. MANDERS. Yes, you have indeed an active and worthy man's name as an inheritance, my dear Oswald Alving. Well, it will act as a spur to you, let us hope.

OSWALD. It ought to be so, indeed.

MR. MANDERS. Your coming home for the day that is to commemorate him certainly shewed very proper feeling.

OSWALD. Less than that I could not do for my father.

MRS. ALVING. And that I am to keep him so long! that shews the most proper feeling of all in him.

MR. MANDERS. Yes; you are to stay at home through the winter, I hear.

OSWALD. My stay at home is for an indefinite period, Sir.—Oh! but it really is very charming to be at home again.

MRS. ALVING. (*beaming*). Yes, now isn't it, dear?

MR. MANDERS. (*looking sympathetically at him*). You have gone out into the world early, my dear Oswald.

OSWALD. I have. At times I wonder whether it was not too early.

MRS. ALVING. Oh! not at all. A sharp boy is all the better for it; and especially when he is an only child. A child like that ought not to stay at home with Mother and Father and get spoilt.

MR. MANDERS. It is a very vexed question, Mrs. Alving. A child's proper place is, and must be, in his father's home.

OSWALD. I can't help agreeing with Mr. Manders in that.

MR. MANDERS. Only look at your own son;—yes, we can speak just as freely in his presence—what has the consequence been for him? He is six or seven and twenty and has never once had the opportunity of learning to know what a real home is.

OSWALD. I beg your pardon, Sir; you are quite mistaken there.

MR. MANDERS. Indeed? I thought you had been roaming about almost exclusively among artistic people.

OSWALD. And so I have.

MR. MANDERS. And chiefly among the younger artists.

OSWALD. Oh! certainly.

MR. MANDERS. But I thought that most people of that sort could not afford to found a family and build up a home.

OSWALD. There are some among them who cannot afford to marry, Sir.

MR. MANDERS. Yes, that's just what I'm saying.

OSWALD. But in spite of that they can have a home. And that is just what they have, one and another of them; and a very nice, orderly home, too.

MRS. ALVING. (*follows with breathless interest; nods, but says nothing*).

MR. MANDERS. But I am not talking of a bachelor's home. By a "home" I understand a family home, where a man lives with his wife and children.

OSWALD. Yes; or with his children and his children's mother.

MR. MANDERS. (*Starts; claps his hands together*). But merciful—

OSWALD. Well?

MR. MANDERS. Lives with—his children's mother!

OSWALD. Yes. Would you prefer his turning his children's mother out of doors?

MR. MANDERS. Then it is about illicit relations you are talking! About these irregular marriages, as people call them!

OSWALD. I have never noticed anything especially irregular about the life these people lead together.

MR. MANDERS. But how is it possible that a—a young man who has been properly brought up, no matter where, or a young woman either, can accommodate themselves to living in that way?—before everybody's eyes!

OSWALD. But what are they to do? A poor young artist—a poor young girl. It costs a good deal of money to get married. What are they to do?

MR. MANDERS. What are they to do? Ah! Mr. Alving, I will tell you what they ought to do. They should avoid one another from the very beginning; that's what they should do.

OSWALD. If you talked in that style you wouldn't make much way among young, warm-hearted people, desperately in love with each other.

MRS. ALVING. No. You wouldn't make any way at all with them.

MR. MANDERS (*continuing*). And that the authorities should put up with such things! That they can be allowed to go on in the light of day! (*to MRS. ALVING*). Had I not good cause to be intensely concerned about your son? In circles where unconcealed immorality prevails, and has even some prestige—!

OSWALD. I will tell you something, Sir; I have been a constant Sunday visitor in a few such irregular homes—

MR. MANDERS. And on Sunday, too!

OSWALD. Yes, that is just when people want to amuse themselves. But never have I heard an offensive word there, and still less have I ever witnessed anything which could be called immoral. No. Do you know when and where I have found immorality in artistic circles?

MR. MANDERS. No! God be praised!

OSWALD. Well, then, allow me to inform you. I have found immorality when one or other of your pattern husbands and fathers came down amongst us to look about a little for himself; and so did the artists the honour of visiting them in their poor little clubs. Then we were able to obtain accurate information. Those gentlemen knew how to tell us about places and things we had never dreamt of.

MR. MANDERS. What! Do you intend to say that honourable men from this country, here, would—?

OSWALD. Have you never heard these honourable men talking when they got home again? Have you never heard them express themselves about the way in which immorality was getting the upper hand abroad?

MR. MANDERS. Yes, to be sure.

MRS. ALVING. I have heard that, too.

OSWALD. Yes, you may well believe what they say. There are men among them who know all about it (*grasps his head with both hands*). Oh! that the beautiful, glorious life of liberty abroad—that it should be soiled in that way!

MRS. ALVING. You must not get angry, Oswald. It does you no good.

OSWALD. No: you are quite right, mother. It is by no means good for me. It is that wretched over-fatigue, you see. Well, now I think I'll go for a little turn before dinner. Excuse me, Sir, you can scarcely realise it yourself, but it came over me so powerfully. (*He goes through the second door to the right*).

MRS. ALVING. My poor boy!

MR. MANDERS. Ah! you may well say so. Then it has gone so far as all that with him!

MRS. ALVING (*looks at him and is silent*).

MR. MANDERS (*walking up and down*). He called himself the Prodigal Son. Yes! alas! alas!

MRS. ALVING (*continues looking at him*).

MR. MANDERS. And what do you say to all that?

MRS. ALVING. I say that Oswald was right in every word he spoke.

MR. MANDERS (*stands still*). Right? Right in such principles!

MRS. ALVING. Here, in my loneliness, I have come to think the same things, Mr. Manders. But I have never dared to stir up the matter. Well! now my boy shall speak for me.

MR. MANDERS. You are a pitiable woman, Mrs. Alving. But now I will speak a few serious words to you. And now it is no longer your business manager and adviser, the early friend of yourself and your late husband, who is standing before you. It is the clergyman, just as he stood before you in the wildest moment of your life.

MRS. ALVING. And what is it that the clergyman has to say to me?

MR. MANDERS. I will first revive your recollections a little. The time is well-chosen. To-morrow it will be ten years since your husband died. To-morrow the monument will be opened that is to commemorate him who is gone. To-morrow I shall be addressing the whole assembled congregation. But to-day I will speak to you alone.

MRS. ALVING. Very well, Mr. Manders. Speak.

MR. MANDERS. Do you remember that after scarcely a year of married life you stood on the very verge of the precipice? That you forsook your house and home? That you fled from your husband? Yes, Mrs. Alving—fled, fled, and refused to return to him, however much he begged and prayed of you?

MRS. ALVING. Have you forgotten how boundlessly wretched I felt in that first year?

MR. MANDERS. That craving for happiness in this life is just due to the spirit of rebellion. What right have we human beings to happiness? No, we are to do our duty. And your duty was to hold firmly to the man you had once chosen and to whom you were bound by a holy tie.

MRS. ALVING. You know very well what sort of a life Mr. Alving led at that time; what excesses he was guilty of.

MR. MANDERS. I know sadly well what reports there were about him, and I am one who least of all approves the life he led in his young days, if rumour described them truly. But a wife is not to be her husband's judge. It would have been your duty to bear with humility the cross which a Higher Power had thought suitable for you. But instead of that you cast away the cross in rebellion, left the stumbling man whom you should have supported, went and risked your good name and reputation and—were nearly ruining other people's reputation into the bargain.

MRS. ALVING. Other people's? One other person's, you mean.

MR. MANDERS. It was to the last degree inconsiderate of you to seek refuge with me.

MRS. ALVING. At our clergyman's? At our intimate friend's?

MR. MANDERS. Most of all on that account. Yes, you may thank your God that I possessed the necessary firmness; that I dissuaded you from carrying out your extraordinary intention, and that it was granted me to lead you back on the path of duty and home to your lawful husband.

MRS. ALVING. Yes, Mr. Manders, it was certainly your work.

MR. MANDERS. I was but a poor instrument in a Higher Hand. And what a blessing has it not been for you all the days of your

life that I did get you to submit to duty and loyalty ! Did it not all happen as I foretold you ? Did not Alving turn his back on his wild ways, as a man should ? Did he not live, from that time, lovingly and blamelessly with you all his days ? Did he not become a benefactor to the whole district ? And did he not raise you up to him so that you afterwards became a partner in all his undertakings—and a first-rate partner, too. Ah ! I know it, Mrs. Alving ; that praise I must give you. But this brings me to the next great false step in your life.

MRS. ALVING. What do you mean ?

MR. MANDERS. Just as you once disowned a wife's duty, so you have since disowned a mother's.

MRS. ALVING. Ah !

MR. MANDERS. You have been all your life under the dominion of a spirit of Self-will that was fraught with unhappiness. All your efforts have been bent towards what was unconstrained and lawless. You have never been willing to endure any bond. Everything that has burdened you in life you have cast away madly, and unconscientiously, like a burden you had control over. You were not pleased to be a wife any longer and you went away from your husband. You found it troublesome to be a mother and you place your child out among strangers.

MRS. ALVING. Yes. That is true. I did so.

MR. MANDERS. And thus you have become a stranger to him.

MRS. ALVING. No ! no ! I am not.

MR. MANDERS. Yes, you are ; you may well be. And how have you got him back again ? Think it well over, Mrs. Alving. You have sinned greatly against your husband ;—that you recognise by raising that Foundation yonder to his memory. Recognise now, also, in what you have sinned against your son. There may yet be time to lead him back from the paths of error. Turn back yourself, and raise up what may yet be in him that can be raised up. For (*with a fore-finger raised*) verily, Mrs. Alving, you are a mother whose guilt is heavy. This much I have considered it my duty to say to you. (*Silence*).

MRS. ALVING. (*Slowly and with self-control*). And now you have spoken, Mr. Manders ; and to-morrow you will speak publicly in memory of my husband. I shall not speak to-morrow. But now I will speak to you a little, just as you have spoken to me.

MR. MANDERS. To be sure. You want to bring forward excuses for your conduct.

MRS. ALVING. No. I will only tell you the story.

MR. MANDERS. Now ?

MRS. ALVING. All that you have just said here, about me and my husband and our life together after you had brought me back to the path of duty—as you called it—, all that is a matter about which you know nothing from your own observation. From that moment, you who had been our intimate friend, day after day, never set foot in our house again.

MR. MANDERS. Why ! You and your husband left the town soon after.

MRS. ALVING. Yes. And in my husband's life-time you never

came out to us here. It was business that obliged you to visit me when you had to do with the affairs of the Orphanage.

MR. MANDERS. (*Gently and uncertainly*). Helen, if that is meant as a reproach, I would beg you to bear in mind—

MRS. ALVING.—the regard you owed to your position; yes. And that I was a runaway wife. One can never hold aloof too carefully from such reckless women.

MR. MANDERS. Dear—Mrs. Alving, that is such a dreadful exaggeration—

MRS. ALVING. There, there, there, never mind! The only thing I wanted to say was that when you judge about my married life, you simply rely upon current public opinion, without any further evidence.

MR. MANDERS. Well; certainly. And what then?

MRS. ALVING. Now, Mr. Manders—I will tell you the truth. I have sworn to myself that some day you should know it, you alone!

MR. MANDERS. And what is the truth, then?

MRS. ALVING. The truth is that my husband died as profligate as he had lived all his days.

MR. MANDERS. (*Feeling after a chair*). What did you say?

MRS. ALVING. After nineteen years of marriage as profligate in his pleasures at any rate—as he was before you married us.

MR. MANDERS. And those—those wild oats, those irregularities, those excesses if you like, you call “a profligate life”?

MRS. ALVING. Our doctor used the expression.

MR. MANDERS. I don't understand you.

MRS. ALVING. Nor need you.

MR. MANDERS. It almost makes me giddy. All your marriage, all that life with your husband for so many years was nothing more than a hidden abyss.

MRS. ALVING. Not a particle of difference between the two things. Now you know.

MR. MANDERS. That . . . It takes me a long while to master that. I can't grasp it. I can't get hold of it. But how, then, was it possible . . . How could such a state of things be kept concealed?

MRS. ALVING. That is precisely what my ceaseless struggle consisted in, day after day. After Oswald's birth, I thought Mr. Alving seemed to go on a little better. But it did not last long. And then I had to struggle twice as hard, fight as for life and death, so that nobody should get to know what sort of a man my child's father was. And you know what power Mr. Alving had of winning people's hearts. Nobody seemed able to believe anything but good of him. He was one of those people whose life does not pick holes in their reputation. But at last, Mr. Manders—and you must know this too—the most horrible thing of all happened.

MR. MANDERS. More horrible than those?

MRS. ALVING. I had gone on bearing with him, although I knew so well what went on out of doors in secret. But when the insult came within our own four walls . . .

MR. MANDERS. You don't say so! Here!

MRS. ALVING. Yes; here in our own home. It was in there,

(*pointing towards the first door to the right*) in the dining room, that I first got to know of it. I had something I was busy about in there, and the door stood a-jar. Then I heard our housemaid come up from the garden, with water for the flowers in the conservatory yonder.

MR. MANDERS. Well, and then?

MRS. ALVING. A little while after I heard that Mr Alving had come also. I could hear that he was saying something softly to her. And then I heard—(*with a short laugh*) oh! it still sounds in my ears as though it was tearing me to pieces and yet so laughable—I heard my own servant maid whisper “Let me go, Sir. Let me be.”

MR. MANDERS. What unbecoming levity on his part! Oh! but more than levity it never was, Mrs. Alving; you may believe me there.

MRS. ALVING. I soon got to know what it was I had to believe. Mr. Alving got his way with the girl; and that connection had consequences, Mr. Manders.

MR. MANDERS. (*As though petrified*). And all that happened in this house! in this house!

MRS. ALVING. I had suffered a great deal in this house. To keep him at home in the evenings and at night, I had to make myself his companion in his secret orgies up in his room. There I have had to sit and hob-a-nob with him, to chink glasses and drink with him, and listen to his ribald, silly talk. I have had to fight hand to hand with him to get him to tumble into bed—

MR. MANDERS (*distressed*). And you were able to bear all that!

MRS. ALVING. I had my little son to bear it for. But when the last insult was added; when my own servant maid. . . then I said to myself: this shall come to an end. And so I took the upper hand in the house,—the whole power both over him and over all the rest. For now I had a weapon against him, you see; he dared not grumble. That was the time when I placed Oswald out among strangers. He was entering his seventh year, and was beginning to observe and ask questions as children do. All that I could not bear. It seemed to me the child might get poisoned by merely breathing the air in that dishonoured home. That was why I placed him out. And now you can see, also, why he never was allowed to set his foot inside his home, here, as long as his father lived. There is no one who knows what that has cost me.

MR. MANDERS. You have indeed had a life of trial.

MRS. ALVING. I could never have held out so long unless I had had my work. Yes; for I may well say that I have worked. All these additions to the estate; all the improvements; all the useful machinery that won Mr. Alving praise and celebrity—do you suppose *he* ever carried out such things?—He who lay all day on the sofa and read an old almanack and “Who’s who?” No; indeed. Now I will tell you that as well. It was I who urged him onwards when he had his lucid intervals; it was I who had to drag the whole team when he began his bad ways again or relapsed into querulous wretchedness.

MR. MANDERS. And it is over that man you raise a monument?

MRS. ALVING. There! you see what power a bad conscience has.

MR. MANDERS. A bad . . . ? What do you mean?

MRS. ALVING. It was always before my eyes that it was impossible but that the truth must come out and be believed. So the Asylum was to destroy all evil rumours and banish all doubts for ever.

MR. MANDERS. In that you have certainly not missed your mark, Mrs. Alving.

MRS. ALVING. And besides, I had one more reason. I did not wish that Oswald, my own boy, should inherit anything whatever from his father.

MR. MANDERS. Then it is Alving's fortune that . . . ?

MRS. ALVING. Yes. The sums which I have laid by for the Orphanage, year by year, make up the sum—I have reckoned it up precisely—the sum which made Lieutenant Alving a good match in his day.

MR. MANDERS. I don't quite understand . . .

MRS. ALVING. It was the purchase-money. I do not choose that money to pass into Oswald's hands. My son shall have everything from me;—everything. (*Oswald Alving comes through the second door to the right; he has taken off his hat and overcoat in the hall. Mrs. Alving goes towards him.*) Is it you come back again? my dear, dear boy!

OSWALD. Yes. What can a fellow do out of doors in this eternal rain? But I hear we are to have dinner. That's capital!

REGINA (*with a parcel from the dining room*). A parcel has come for you, Mrs. Alving (*hands it to her*).

MRS. ALVING (*with a glance at Mr. Manders.*) Probably from the printer's; the poem that has been written for to-morrow's festivity.

MR. MANDERS. Hm. . . .

REGINA. And now dinner is ready.

MRS. ALVING. Very well. We will come presently. I will just . . . (*begins to open the parcel*).

REGINA (*to Oswald*). Would Mr. Alving like red or white wine?

OSWALD. Both, if you please.

REGINA. *Bien*. Very well, Sir. (*She goes into the dining room*).

OSWALD. I may as well help uncork it. (*He goes into the dining room whose door swings half to behind him*).

MRS. ALVING (*who has opened the parcel*). Yes. I am quite right. Here are the songs for to-morrow's festivity, Mr. Manders.

MR. MANDERS (*with folded hands*). How can I possibly deliver my discourse to-morrow with a free mind, that —.

MRS. ALVING. Oh! you will find plenty to say.

MR. MANDERS (*softly, so as not to be heard in the dining room*). Yes; it would not do to provoke scandal.

MRS. ALVING (*under her breath but firmly*). No. But then this long, hateful comedy will be at an end for ever. From the day after to-morrow it shall be for me as though the dead man had never lived in this house. No one else shall be here but my boy and his mother. (*From within the dining room comes the noise of a chair overturned, and at the same moment is heard*)

REGINA (*choked but whispering*). Oswald! I say! are you mad? Let me go!



MRS. ALVING (*starts in terror*). AH! (*She stares wildly towards the half opened door. Oswald is heard coughing and humming inside. A bottle is uncorked*).

MR. MANDERS (*excited*). But what in the world is happening? What is it, Mrs. Alving?

MRS. ALVING (*hoarsely*). GHOSTS! The couple from the conservatory is walking about again.

MR. MANDERS. What! Is it possible? Regina? Is she —?

MRS. ALVING. Yes. Come. Not another word! (*She seizes Mr. Manders by the arm and walks unsteadily towards the dining room.*)

END OF ACT I.



# TO-DAY.

No. 14.—FEBRUARY, 1885.

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## Social Progress and Individual Effort.

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THE Progress of Society is a subject which occupies much attention now-a-days. We hear the shouts and cries of reformers, and are inclined sometimes to be vexed at their noisy insistence and brandishing of panaceas; but when we come to look into the evils to which they draw our attention—under our very noses as it were—and see how serious they are; when we see the misery, the suffering all around us, and see too how directly in some cases this appears to be traceable to certain institutions, we can hardly be human if we do not make some effort to alter these institutions, and the state of society which goes with them; indeed at times we feel that it is our highest duty to agitate with the noisiest, and insist at all costs that justice should be done, the iniquity swept away.

And yet, on the other hand, when retiring from the heat and noise of conflict, we mount a little in thought and look out over the world, when we realise what indeed every day is becoming more abundantly clear—that Society is the gigantic growth of centuries, moving on in an irresistible and ordered march of its own, with the precision and fatality of an astronomic orb—how absurd seem all our demonstrations! what an idle beating of the air! The huge beast comes on with elephantine tread. The Liberal sits on his head, and the Conservative sits on his tail; but both are borne along whether they will or no, and both are shaken off before long, inevitably, into the dust. One reformer shouts, "This way," and another shouts "That," but the great foot comes down and crushes them both, indifferent, crushes the one who thought he was right and the one who found he was wrong, crushes him who would facilitate its progress and him who would stop it, alike.

I confess that I am continually borne about between these two

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opposing views. On the one hand is Justice, here and now, which must and *shall* be done. On the other hand is Destiny, indifferent, coming down from eternity, which cannot be altered.

Where does the truth lie? Is there any attainable truth in the matter? Perhaps not. The more I think of it, the more am I persuaded that the true explanations, theories, of the social changes which we see around us, that the forces which produce them, that the purposes which they fulfil, lie deep deep down, unsuspected; that the profoundest hitherto Science (Buckle, Comte, Marx, Spencer, Morgan, and the rest) has hardly done more than touch the skirt of this great subject. The surface indications, currents, are elusive; the apparent purposes very different from the real ones; individuals, institutions, nations, more or less like puppets or pieces in a game;—the hand that moves them altogether unseen, screening itself effectually from observation.

Let me take an illustration. You see a young plant springing out of the ground. You are struck by the eager vital growth of it. What elasticity, energy! how it snatches contributions from the winds and sunlight, and the earth beneath, and rays itself out with hourly fresh adornment! You become interested to know what is the meaning of all this activity. You watch the plant. It unfolds. The leaf-bud breaks and discloses leaves. These, then, are what it has been aiming at.

But in the axils of the leaves are other leaf-buds, and from these more leaves! The young shoot branches and becomes a little tree or bush. The branching and budding go on, a repetition apparently of one formula. Presently, however, a flower-bud appears. Now we see the real object!

Have you then ever carefully examined a flower-bud? Take a rosebud for instance, or better still perhaps, a dahlia. When quite young the buds of these latter are mere green knobs. Cut one across with your pen-knife: you will see a green or whitish mass, apparently without organisation. Cut another open which is more advanced, and you will see traces of structural arrangement, even markings and lines faintly pencilled on its surface, like the markings that shoot thro' freezing water—sketches and outlines of what is to follow. Later, and your bud will disclose a distinct formation; beneath an outer husk or film—transparent in the case of the dahlia—the petals can already be distinguished, marked, though not actually separated from each other. Here they lie in block as it were, conceived yet not shapen, like the statue in the stone, or the thought in the brain of the sculptor. But they are growing momentarily and expanding. The outermost, or sepals, cohering form a husk, which for a time protects the young bud. But it also confines it. A struggle ensues, a strangulation, and then the husk gives way, falls off or passes into a secondary place, and the bud opens.

And now the petals uncurl and free themselves like living things to the light. But the process is not finished. Each petal expanding shows another beneath, and these younger ones as they open push the older ones outwards, and while these latter are fading there are still new ones appearing in the centre. Envelope after envelope exfoliated—such is the law of life.

At last however within the most intimate petals appears the central galaxy—the group of the sexual organs! And now the flower (the petal-flower) which just before in all its glory of form colour and fragrance seemed to be the culminating expression and purpose of the plant's life, appears as only a means, an introduction, a secondary thing—a mere advertisement and lure to wandering insects. Within it lies the golden circle of the stamens, the magic staff of the pistil, and the precious ark or *seed-vessel*.

Now then we know what it has all been for! But the appearance of the seed-vessel is not the end, it is only a beginning. The flower, the petals, now drop off withered and useless; their work is done. But the seed-vessel begins to swell, to take on structure and form—just as the formless bud did before—there is something at work within. And now it bursts, opens, and falls away. It too is a husk, and no longer of any importance—for within it appear the *seeds*, the objects of all this long toil!

Is the investigation finished? is the process at an end?—No.

Here within this tiny seed lies the promise, the purpose, the vital principle, the law, the inspiration—whatever you like to call it—of this plant's life. Can we find it?

The seed falls to the ground. It swells and takes on form and structure—just as the seed-vessel which enclosed it took on form and structure before—and as the flower-bud (which enclosed the seed-vessel) did before that—and as the leaf-bud (which enclosed the flower-bud) did before that. The seed falls to the ground; it throws off a *husk* (always husks thrown off!)—and discloses an embryo plant—radicle, plumule and cotyledons—root-shoot, stem-shoot and seed leaves—complete. And the circle begins again.\*

We are baffled after all! We have followed this extraordinary process, we have seen each stage of the plant-growth appearing first as final, and then only as the envelope of a later stage. We have stripped off, so to speak, husk after husk, in our search for the inner secret of the plant-life—we have got down to the tiny seed. But the seed we have found turns out (like every other stage) to be itself only an envelope—to be thrown away in its turn—what we want lies still deeper down. The plant-life begins again—or rather it never ends—but it does not repeat itself. The young plant is not the same as the parent, and the next generation varies again from this. When the envelopes have been thrown off a thousand and a hundred thousand times more, a *new form will appear*; will this be a nearer and more perfect expression than before of that within-lying secret—or otherwise?

To return to Society: I began by noting the contrast, often drawn, between the stern inexorable march of this as a whole, and the equally imperious determination of the individual to interfere with its march—a determination excited by the contemplation of what is called evil, and shapen by an ideal of something better arising within him. Think what a commotion there must be within the bud when the petals of a rose are forming! Think what arguments, what divisions, what recriminations, even among the atoms. An organization has to be constructed and completed.

\* Though not really a circle—any more than the paths of the planets are really ellipses

It is finished at last, and a petal is formed. It rays itself out in the sun, is beautiful and unimpeachable for a day; then it fades, is pushed off, its work is done—and another from within takes its place.

One social movement succeeds another, the completion of one is the signal for the commencement of the next. Hence there can be no stereotyping: *not* to change is to die—this is the rule of Life; because (and the reason is simple enough) *one* form is not enough to express the secret of life. To express *that* requires an infinite series of forms.

Even a crab cannot get on without changing its shell. It outgrows it. It feels very uncomfortable—pent, sullen and irritable (much as the bud did before the bursting of the husk, or as society does when dead forms and institutions—generally represented by a class in power—confine its growth)—anxious, too, and oppressed with fears. It—the crab—retires under a rock, out of harm's way, and presently crack! the shell scales off, and with quietude and patience from within another more suited to it forms. Yet this latter is not final. It is merely the prelude to another.

The Conservative may be wrong, but the Liberal is just as wrong who considers his reform as ultimate, both are right in so far as they look upon measures as transitory. Beware above all things of utopianism in *measures*! Beware, that is, of regarding any system or scheme of society whatever as final or permanent, whether it be the present, or one to come. The feudal arrangement of society succeeded the clannish and patriarchal, the commercial or competitive system succeeds the feudal, the socialistic succeeds the commercial, and the socialistic is succeeded in its turn by other stages; and each of these includes numerous minor developments. The politician or reformer who regards any of these stages or steps as containing the whole secret and redemption of society commits just the same mistake as the theologian who looks upon any one doctrine as necessary to salvation. He is betrayed into the most frightful harshness, narrow-mindedness, and intolerance—and if he has power will become a tyrant. Just the same danger has to be guarded against by every one of us in daily life. Who is there who (though his reason may contend against it) does not drop into the habit of regarding some one change in his life and surroundings as containing finally the secret of his happiness, and excited by this immense prospect does not do things which he afterwards regrets, and which end in disappointment? There is a millennium, but it does not belong to any system of society that can be named, nor to any doctrine, belief, circumstance or surrounding of individual life. The secret of the plant-life does not tarry in any one phase of its growth; it eludes from one phase to another, still lying within and within the latest. It is within the grain of mustard seed; it is so small. Yet it rules and is the purpose of every stage, and is like the little leaven which, invisible in three measures of meal, yet leavened the whole lump.

Of the tendency, of which I have spoken, of social forms to stereotype themselves, Law is the most important and in some sense the most pernicious instance. Social progress is a continual

fight against it. Popular customs get hardened into laws. Even thus they soon constitute evils. But in the more complex stages of society, when classes arise, the law-making is generally in the hands of a class, and the laws are hardened (often very hardened) class-practices. These shells have to be thrown off and got rid of at all costs—or rather they *will* inevitably be thrown off when the growing life of the people underneath forces this liberation. It is a bad sign when a patient 'law-abiding' people submit like sheep to old forms which are really long out-worn. "Where the men and women think lightly of the laws. . . . there the great city stands," says Walt Whitman.

I remember once meeting with a pamphlet written by an Italian, whose name I have forgotten, member of a Secularist society, to prove that the Devil was the author of all human progress. Of course that, in his sense, is true. The spirit of opposition to established order, the war against the continuance (as a finality) of any institution or order, however good it may be for the time, is a necessary element of social progress, is a condition of the very life of society. Without this it would die.

Law is a strangulation. Yet while it figures constantly as an evil in social life, it must not therefore be imagined to be bad or without use. On the contrary, its very appearance as an evil is part of its use. It is the husk which protects and strengthens the bud while it confines it. Possibly the very confinement and forcible repression which it exercises is one element in the more rapid organization of the bud within. It is the crab's shell which gives form and stability to the body of the creature, but which has to give way when a more extended form is wanted.

In the present day in modern society the strangulation of the growth of the people is effected by the capitalist class. This class together with its laws and institutions constitutes the husk which has to be thrown off just as itself threw off the husk of the feudal aristocracy in its time. The commercial and capitalist envelope has undoubtedly served to protect and give form to (and even nourish) the growing life of the people. But now its function in that respect is virtually at an end. It appears merely as an obstacle and an evil—and will inevitably be removed, either by a violent disruption or possibly by a gradual absorption into the socialised proletariat beneath.

At all times, and from whatever points of view, it should be borne in mind that laws are made by the people, not the people by the laws. Modern European Society is cumbered by such a huge and complicated overgrowth of law, that the notion actually gets abroad that such machinery is necessary to keep the people in order—that without it the mass of the people would not live an orderly life; whereas all observation of the habits of primitive and savage tribes, destitute of laws and almost destitute of any authoritative institutions—and all observation of the habits of civilised people when freed from law (as in gold-mining and other backwood communities)—show just the reverse. The instinct of man is to an orderly life, the law is but the result and expression of this. As well attribute the organization of a crab to the influence of its shell, as attribute the orderly life of a nation to the action of its

laws. Law *has* a purpose and an influence—but the idea that is to preserve order is elusive. All its machinery of police and prisons do not, cannot, do this. At best in this sense it only preserves an order advantageous to a certain class; it is the weapon of a slow and deliberate warfare. It springs from hatred and rouses opposition, and so has a healthy influence.

Fichte said: "The object of all government is to render government superfluous." And certainly if external authority of any kind has a final purpose it must be to establish and consolidate an internal authority. Whitman adds to his description of "the great city," that it stands "Where outside authority enters always after the precedence of inside authority." When this process is complete, government in the ordinary sense is already "rendered superfluous." Anyhow this external governmental power is obviously self-destructive. It has no permanence or finality about it, but in every period of history appears as a husk or shell preparing the force within which is to reject it.

Thus I have in a very fragmentary and imperfect way called attention to some general conditions of social progress, conditions by which the growth of Society is probably comparable with the growth of a plant or an animal or an astronomic organism, subject to laws and an order of its own, in face of which the individual would at first sight appear to count as nothing. But there is, as usual, a counter-truth which must not be overlooked. If Society moves by an ordered and irresistible march of its own, so also—as a part of Society, and beyond that as a part of Nature—does the individual. In his right place the individual is also irresistible.

Now then, when you have seized your life-inspiration, your absolute determination, *you* also are irresistible, the whole weight of this vast force is behind you. Huge as the institutions of Society are, vast as is the sweep of its traditions and customs, yet in face of it all, the word "I will" is not out of place.

Let us take the law of the competitive struggle for existence—which has been looked upon by political economists (perhaps with some justice) as the base of social life. It is often pointed out that this law of competition rules throughout the animal and vegetable kingdoms as well as through the region of human society, and therefore, it is said, being evidently a universal law of Nature, it is useless and hopeless to expect that society can ever be founded on any other basis. Yet I say that granting this assumption—and in reality the same illusion underlies the application of the word "law" here, as we saw before in its social application—granting I say that competition has hitherto been the universal law, the last word, of Nature, still if only one man should stand up and say, "It shall be so no more,"—if he should say, "It is not the last word of *my* nature, and my acts and life declare that it is not,"—then that so-called law would be at an end. He being a part of Nature has as much right to speak as any other part, and as in the elementary law of hydrostatics a slender column of water can balance (being at the same height) against an ocean—so his Will (if he understand it aright) can balance all that can be arrayed against him. If only one man—with regard to social matters—speaking from the bottom of his heart says "This shall not be:

behold something better ; " his word is stronger than all institutions, all traditions. And why ?—because the bottom of his heart is also that of Society, of Man. Within himself, in quiet, he has beheld the secret, he has seen a fresh crown of petals, a golden circle of stamens, folded and slumbering in the bud. Man forms society, its laws and institutions, and Man can re-form them. Somewhere within yourself be assured, the secret of that authority lies.

The fatal words spoken by individuals—the words of progress—are provoked by what is called *evil*. Every human institution is good in its time, and then becomes evil—yet it may be doubted whether it is really evil in itself, but rather because if it remained it would hinder the next step. Each petal is pushed out by the next one. A new growth of the moral sense takes place first within the individual—and this gives birth to a new ideal, something to love better than anything seen before. Then in the light of this new love, this more perfect desire, what has gone before and the actually existing things appear wizened and *false* (i.e., ready to *fall*—like the petals). They become something to hate, they are evil ; and the perception of evil is already the promise of something better.

Do not be misled so as to suppose that science and the intellect are or can be the sources of social progress or change. It is the moral births and outgrowths that originate, science and the intellect only give form to these. It is a common notion and one apparently gaining ground that science may as it were take Society by the hand and become its high priest and guide to a glorious kingdom. And this to a certain extent is true. Science may become high-priest, but the result of its priestly offices will entirely depend on what kind of deity it represents—what kind of god Society worships. Science will doubtless become its guide, but whither it leads Society will entirely depend on whither Society desires to be led. If Society worships a god of selfish curiosity the holy rites and priesthood of science will consist in vivisection and the torture of the loving animals ; if society believes above all things in material results, and desires material gains, science will before long provide these things — it will surround men with machinery and machine-made products, it will whirl them about (behind steam-kettles as Mr. Ruskin says) from one end of the world to the other, it will lap them in every luxury and debility, and give them fifty thousand toys to play with where before they had only one—but through all the whistling of the kettles and the rattling of the toys it will not make the still small voice of God sound any nearer. If Society, in short, worships the devil, science will lead it to the devil ; and if Society worships God science will open up, and clear away much that encumbered the path to God. (And here I use these terms as lawyers say "without prejudice"). No mere scientific adjustments will bring about the millennium. Granted that the problem is Happiness, there must be certain moral elements in the mass of mankind before they will even *desire* that kind of happiness which is attainable, let alone their capacity of reaching it—when these moral elements are present the intellectual or scientific solution of the problem will be soon found, without them there will not really be any serious



attempt made to find it. That is—as I said at the head of this paragraph—science and the intellect are not, and never can be, the sources of social progress and change. It is the moral births and outgrowths that originate; the intellect stands in a secondary place as the tool and instrument of the moral faculty.

The commercial and competitive state of society indicates to my mind an upheaval from the feudal of a new (and perhaps grander) sentiment of human right and dignity. Arising simultaneously with Protestantism it meant—they both meant—individualism, the assertion of man's worth and dignity as man, and as against any feudal lordship or priestly hierarchy. It was an outburst of feeling first. It was the sense of equality spreading. It took the form of individualism—the equality of rights—protestantism in religion, competition in commerce. It resulted in the social emancipation of a large class, the *bourgeoisie*. Feudalism, now dwindled to a husk, was thrown off; and for a time the glory, the life of society was in the new order.

But to-day a wider morality, or at least a fresh impulse, asserts itself. Competition in setting itself up as the symbol of human equality, was (like all earthly representations of what is divine) only an imperfect symbol. It had the elements of mortality and dissolution in it. For while it destroyed the privilege of rank and emancipated a huge class, it ended after all by enslaving another class and creating the privilege of wealth. Competition in fact represented a portion of human equality but not the whole; insisting on individual rights all round, it overlooked the law of charity, turned sour with the acid of selfishness, and became as to-day the gospel of "the devil take the hindmost." Arising glorious as the representative of human equality and the opponent of iniquity in high places, it has ended by denying the very source from whence it sprung. It passes by, and like Moses in the rock we now behold the back parts of our divinity!

Competition is doomed. Once a good, it has now become an evil. But simultaneously (and probably as part of the same process) springs up, as I say, a new morality. Everywhere to-day signs of this may be seen, felt. It is *felt* that the relation which systematically allows the weaker to go to the wall is not *human*. Individualism, the mere separate pursuit, each of his own good, on the basis of equality, does not satisfy the heart. The *right* (undoubted though it may be) to take advantage of another's weakness or inferiority, does not please us any longer. Science and the intellect have nothing to say to this, for or against,—they can merely stand and look on—arguments may be brought on both sides. What I say is that as a fact a change is taking place in the general sentiment in this matter; some deeper feeling of human solidarity, brotherliness, charity, some more genuine and substantial apprehension of the meaning of the word equality, is arising—some broader and more determined sense of justice. Though making itself felt as yet only here and there, still there are indications that this new sentiment is spreading; and if it becomes anything like general, then inevitably (I say) it will bring a new state of society with it—will be in fact such new state of society.

Some years ago at Brighton I met with William Smith, the

author of "Thorndale" and other works—a man who had thought much about society and human life. He was then quite an invalid, and indeed died only a week or two later. Talking one day about the current Political Economy he said: "They assume self-interest as the one guiding principle of human nature and so make it the basis of their science"—"but," he added, "even if it is so now it may not always be so, and that would entirely re-model their science." I do not know whether he was aware that even then a new school of political economy was in existence, the school of Marx, Engels, Lassalle, and others—founded really on just this new basis, taking as its point of departure a stricter sense of justice and a new conception of human right and equality. At any rate, whether aware or not, I contend that this dying man—even if he had been alone in the world in his aspiration—*feeling within himself* a deeper, more intimate, principle of action than that expressed in the existing state of society, might have been confident that at some time or other—if not immediately—it would come to the surface and find its due interpretation and translation in a new order of things. And I contend that whoever to-day feels in himself that there is a better standard of life than the higgling of the market, and a juster scale of wages than "what A. or B. will take," and a more important question in any undertaking than "how much per cent. it will pay"—contains or conceals *in himself* the germs of a new social order.

Socialism, if that is to be the name of the next wave of social life, springs from and demands as its basis a new sentiment of humanity, a higher morality. That is the essential part of it. A science it is, but only secondarily; for we must remember that as the *bourgeois* political economy sprang from certain moral data, so the socialist political economy implies other moral data. Both are irrefragable on their own axioms. And when these axioms in course of time change again (as they infallibly will) another science of political economy, again irrefragable, will spring up, and socialist political economy will be false.

The morality being the essential part of the movement, it is important to keep that in view. If Socialism, as Mr. Matthew Arnold has pointed out, means merely a change of society without a change of its heart—if it merely means that those who grabbed all the good things before shall be displaced, and that those who were grabbed from shall now grab in their turn—it amounts to nothing, and is not in effect a change at all, except quite upon the surface. If it is to be a substantial movement, it must mean a changed ideal, a changed conception of daily life; it must mean some better conception of human dignity—such as shall scorn to claim anything for its own which has not been duly earned, and such as shall not find itself degraded by the doing of any work, however menial, which is useful to society; it must mean simplicity of life, defence of the weak, courage of one's own convictions, charity of the faults and failings of others. These things first, and a larger slice of pudding all round afterwards!

How can such morality be spread?—How does a plant grow?—*It grows*. There is some contagion of influence in these matters. Knowledge can be taught directly; but a new ideal, a new senti-

ment of life, can only pass by some indirect influence from one to another. Yet it does pass. There is no need to talk—perhaps the less said in any case about these matters the better—but if you have such new ideal within you, it is I believe your clearest duty, as well as your best interest, to act it out in your own life at all apparent costs. Then we must not forget that a wise order of society once established (by the strenuous action of a few) reacts on its members. To a certain extent it is true, perhaps, that men and women can be *grown*—like cabbages. And this is a case of the indirect influence of the strenuous few upon the many.

Thus—in this matter of society's change and progress—(though I feel that the subject as a whole is far too deep for me)—I do think that the birth of new moral conceptions in the individual is at least a very important factor. It may be in one individual or in a hundred thousand. As a rule probably when one man feels any such impulse strongly, the hundred thousand are nearer to him than he suspects. (When one leaf, or petal, or stamen begins to form on a tree, or one plant begins to push its way above the ground in spring, there are hundreds of thousands all around just ready to form.) Anyhow, whether he is alone or not, the new moral birth is sacred—as sacred as the child within the mother's womb—it is a kind of blasphemy against the holy ghost to conceal it. And when I use the word "moral" here—or anywhere above—I do not, I hope, mean that dull stupid pinch-lipped conventionality of negations which often goes under that name. The deep-lying ineradicable desires, fountains of human action, the life-long aspirations, the lightning-like revelations of right and justice, the treasured hidden ideals, born in flame and in darkness, in joy and sorrow, in tears and in triumph, within the heart—are as a rule anything but conventional. They may be, and often are, thought *immoral*. I don't care, they are sacred just the same. If they underlie a man's life, and are nearest to himself—they will underlie humanity. "To your own self be true . . . ."

Anyhow courage is better than conventionality: take your stand and let the world come round to you. Do not think you are right and everybody else wrong. If you think you are wrong then you may be right; but if you think you are right then you are certainly wrong. Your deepest highest moral conceptions are only for a time. They have to give place. They are the envelopes of Freedom—that eternal Freedom which cannot be represented—that peace which passes understanding. Somewhere here is the invisible vital principle, the seed within the seed. It may be held but not thought, felt but not represented—except by Life and History. Every individual so far as he touches this stands at the source of social progress—behind the screen on which the phantasmagoria play.

EDWARD CARPENTER.



## Serdinand Freiligrath.

**A**LTHOUGH Freiligrath's poetical life began with the publication of his "Glaubensbekenntniss," yet it would be a mistake to suppose that the passing events of his time had left him untouched hitherto. Even in the first volume of his poems we meet with his "Geusenwacht" sympathizing with the cause of liberty; with his "Lieve Heere" defiantly scornful of Spanish oppression; and above all with the famous Terzines: "The Irish Widow," that indignant protest against and fierce denunciation of priest-craft. In the "Scheik on the Sinai" we see him following the events of the day with critical observation; again in "Audubon," he takes the part of the hunted Red Indian. In his splendid introduction to Duller's "Phœnix" he talks of revolt, of the tottering of strong places, of clash of arms, and shouts and vows, and prophesies boldly that a young Germany will arise. While in his Bannerspruch for the third anniversary of the same paper he triumphantly sings:—

Ich fühl's an meines Herzens Pochen  
Auch uns wird reifen eine Saat!  
Es ist kein Traum was ich gesprochen,  
Und jener Völkermorgen naht!  
Ich seh' ihn leuchten durch die Jahre;  
Ich glaube fest an seine Pracht;  
Entbrennen wird der wunderbare,  
Und nimmer kehren wird die Nacht."

**Ex ungue leonem!** Truly these are not the words of indifference! Later on, as oppression in Germany increased steadily, and free thought and word was restricted more and more, Freiligrath, although studiously keeping away from party faction, yet uttered some poems, in which the leaven of the times was working unconsciously and surely, if slowly. I have already alluded to the poem "Der Freistuhl zu Dortmund," where he sits as judge of the old Vehmgericht, and gathers round him the deliverers and champions of Germany, from Armin to Justus Möser. In his "Auch eine Rheinsage" he runs a tilt against priest and monkdom infesting the banks of the beautiful river. In "Ein Kindermärchen" he censures, in the happiest allegorical form the anti-constitutional deeds of Ernst August, of Hannover.

Fine, too, is the description in this poem, of the Brothers Grimm, two of the celebrated seven of Göttingen, who after a vain appeal to royal tyranny, turn back in dignified silence to the old mysterious and beautiful forest whence they have come. The forest

is the history of Germany, with all its wondrous lore of song and legend.

Still more pronounced is the fine poem "Vision" written at St. Goar, where the shade of Zinkgref, poet and patriot of the Thirty Years War, appears to him. The dead adminishes the living poet in significant words, words which show how deeply Freiligrath had pondered on the signs of the times.

But Freiligrath had not yet ranged himself under the banner of young Germany, ardent as were his own aspirations for a great and free fatherland. Already nearly all the best poets of the nation had turned their faces away from the thrones whence issued only disappointment; and Herwegh, Prutz, Dingelstedt, Hoffmann von Fallersleben and Anastasius Grün were among the first in the ranks of the opposition. In vain they admonished him to join them; Freiligrath had no wish to be a political poet, nay he even fought against a growing conviction that he could not remain an indifferent spectator much longer. At Darmstadt he uttered the memorable words, quoted before, "That the poet stands on a higher beacon than on the battlements of party." This winged word was received with great excitement, and Herwegh attacked him with the sharpest weapons of his arsenal. But Freiligrath remained unmoved, jokingly writing to Geibel that "By-and-bye they two would be quite rococo with the views they held."

Then came the stay at St. Goar, with its pleasant summer, lit up by love and friendship, which subsequently ever remained as a bright gleam of sunshine on the background of dark clouds, now ominously rolling up from all sides. Careless as he outwardly seemed, he gave much thought this very summer to the state of Germany, and conversed much with his friends. On the whole, however, and as usual when anything troubled him about which he did not feel clear, he kept silence, and did not publish the poems which were the result of the change to which he felt slowly but irresistibly impelled. In this time falls the beautiful poem, "Bei Koblenz," in which he visits Schenkendorf's grave. He laments that the freedom sung by the dead poet had not yet appeared, and that the Rhine still flowed on a shackled river; finally he praises him happy in that the grave concealed this from him. A little later is written, "A Spot on the Rhine," in which he takes leave for ever of Romance and proclaims his place among the ranks of those about to fight:

Thy empire, Lady, has departed long;  
The world has changed; where, now, are thy dominions?  
Another spirit than thine rules firm and strong,  
It throbs in Life and flames out into song,  
None e'er before it fluttered thus its pinions!  
I also serve and wish it victory glad—  
But why wage war with thee, thou exile sad!

Thou, whose proud banner but from mould'ring wall  
Doth lonely float, thro' the dull air slow sailing;  
Thou the Dethroned!—with agitated soul  
Down at thy feet I humbly, sadly fall,  
A solemn witness of thy widow's wailing;  
A child, all feverish, of this Era new,  
Yet for the Past piously mourning too.

Not as a boy ! Only one hour, lo !  
 Stretched at thy feet, I'll join thee in thy sorrow !  
 The spirit fresh that thro' these times doth flow,  
 I've promised it, it has my word and vow,  
 My blade must flash yet in the fight to-morrow.  
 Only one hour ! but that devoted quite  
 To thee alone, and to thy glory bright.

It is plain now on what side Freiligrath was going to range himself, but these poems, and most of those mentioned before, were not published, but kept back in his desk. He had undergone a change which he knew would affect his whole life, and he silently fought it out by himself, as was his wont. In the winter he personally experienced all the pressure of the existing galling censorship, which forbade—incredible as it seems to us to-day—his translation of Burns', "A man's a man for a' that," to appear. The silent revolution which had been going on for the last year, now found expression in the poet's ceasing to draw the royal pension from the new year, a deed which was necessary to his feelings of independence and honesty. In the spring of 1844 Freiligrath went with his wife to Asmannshausen, where in utter secrecy and solitude, he prepared his book for the press. That being completed, he went to Kronthal in the Taunus for his health, where he remained eleven weeks, going on to Ostend for the sea-baths. For the book was now out, and the poet foreseeing the storm which would be aroused, deemed it advisable to leave Germany for a while. While he was spending the summer and autumn thus, his "Glaubensbekenntniss" was spread in thousands of copies all over Germany. It was of course interdicted, the police made raids upon it, with the usual result of causing it to be read more than ever. Freiligrath prefaces his "Credo" with an introduction so characteristic and moreover so interesting, as illustrating the gradual change completed within him, that it must not be omitted. I therefore give it as it should be in the poet's own words :—

"The latest turn of affairs in my special fatherland, Prussia, has bitterly disappointed me, who was one of those who hoped and trusted; and it is especially this very turn to which most of the poems of the second part owe their existence. Not one of them I can confidently declare, has been made, each has been produced by events; or rather, they are as necessary and inevitable a result of the clash with my own sense of right and inmost conviction, as my resolution of returning my much talked-of small pension into the hands of the King; a resolution taken and executed in the same moment. On New Year's Day, 1842 I was surprised by its bestowal; since New Year's Day, 1844, I have ceased to receive it.

Whilst I thus, with word and deed, declare myself openly and decisively with the opposition, I also add to the second part the first part. That is to say, I add to the unequivocal poems of a developed and matured political opinion, those that are less sure, less conscious, those that are only growing and shaping themselves. I cannot help it! Whoso stands at the goal should not deny the roundabout way by which it has been attained. This is my belief and the only reason which has decided me to republish those older poems now. Other motives, such as hate or envy, as was once supposed to be the case when I directed my poem against Herwegh, are as strange to me now as they were then, and I herewith entirely and utterly repudiate them. I principally wished to bring a period of my poetical and political growth, which now lies behind me, to be likewise visible to myself and to others.

Thus then I lay my collection of older and of newest songs confidently into the hands of the German nation! The thoughtful and enquiring will, I hope, easily discover the many threads leading from the first part of the book to the second. They will, I trust, perceive that there can only be question here of progress and

evolution, not of a change of party or faction; certainly not of a wanton catching at anything so sacred as is the love and respect of a people. They will be able to do so perhaps the more easily, if they reflect that the course of training I have just gone through before the eyes of the nation, is after all but the same which that nation itself, in its struggle for political consciousness, has had, and in part still has, to struggle through. And the worst I can be charged with will be summed up in the fact that I have after all descended from that higher beacon to the battlements of party. And this I fully and freely admit. Firmly and immoveably I stand on the side of those who face the reaction with all their energy. No life for me further without liberty. However the fate of this book and my own may fall out:—as long as the oppression lasts, under which I see my fatherland groaning, my heart will bleed and revolt, and my lips and my arms shall not tire to do what may haply lie in their power to bring about better times. To do this, may the confidence of my nation help me, next God! My face is turned to the future!"

In looking over these poems to-day, it is difficult to believe that any government could have been so ill-advised as to have prohibited them. Let us look at them closer. Beginning with the poem, "Aus Spanien" in which occur the lines so often quoted, we find an address to Immermann, in fine contrast to the memorial verses in the first volume, addressed to his unfortunate and gifted countryman Grabbe. The poem, "Ein Flecken am Rheine," mentioned before succeeds to it, and is followed by "Ein Brief," his indignant rebuke to Herwegh. A short but characteristic poem, "Mit raschen Pferden jagt die Zeit," leads to a splendid translation of Cullen Bryant's "Winds." This finishes the first part.

The second part begins with "Guten Morgen," in which he shakes off, for the last time irresolution of mind and yearning after the "Sel'ge alte Märchenwelt," and finally declares:

To my nation, then, I bade "Good Morning?"  
Next, God willing, shall I bid "Good Day."

So "Good Morning!" Free I choose my station  
With the people, and their cause make mine.  
"Poet, march and labour with thy nation,"  
Thus, I read, to-day, my Schiller's line.\*

It is not possible to mention all the poems specially in this little volume, nor is it necessary to do so. I particularly wish to show plainly how the poet's convictions ever grew stronger and deeper, and how he fearlessly uttered them, conscious that in doing so he exiled himself from his country. But I shall have to touch on the principal poems, which when published, were truly as a flash of lightning in a smoky and thunder-laden atmosphere. The next in importance is his spirited translation of Burns, "For a' that and a' that," which is entitled, "Trotz alledem," a rendering of the difficult Scottish title which was immediately accepted all over Germany, and always remained a favourite of my father's. And now we come to the already more outspoken poem, "Die Freiheit das Recht," of which I will give some verses in Bayard Taylor's fine rendering:

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\* Translated by J. R. Chorley.

Oh! think not she rests in the grave's chilly slumber  
 Nor sheds o'er the present her glorious light,  
 Since Tyranny's shackles the free soul encumber  
 And traitors accusing, deny to us Right!  
 No! whether to exile the faithful are wending,  
 Or, weary of power that crushed them unending,  
 In dungeons have perished, their veins madly rending,  
 Yet Freedom still liveth, and with her, the Right,  
 Freedom and Right!

\* \* \* \* \*

And this is a trust: never made, as at present,  
 The glad pair from battle to battle their flight;  
 Never breathed through the soul of the down-trodden peasant,  
 Their spirit so deeply its promptings of light!  
 They sweep o'er the earth with a tempest-like token;  
 From strand unto strand words of thunder are spoken;  
 Already the serf finds his manacles broken,  
 And those of the negro are falling from sight;  
 Freedom and Right!

Yes, everywhere wide is their war-banner waving,  
 On the armies of wrong their revenge to requite;  
 The strength of Oppression they boldly are braving  
 And at last they will conquer, resistless in Might!  
 Oh, God! what a glorious wreath then appearing,  
 Will blend every leaf in the banner they're wearing—  
 The olive of Greece and the shamrock of Erin,  
 And the oak-bough of Germany, greenest in light!  
 Freedom and Right!

How on earth any censor or government could cavil at the fervent and patriotic aspirations of the grand "Flowers crowd on flowers the undying human tree" passes one's understanding to-day, but so it was. Let me quote one verse of this poem, one of the finest amongst Freiligrath's many fine ones:

Thou, who the folded bloom expanding loosest,  
 Oh, breath of Spring! for us breathe hither, too!  
 Thou, who all nations' sacred germs uncloset,  
 Oh Freedom's breath, on ours benignly blow!  
 Oh, from her deepest, stillest sanctuary,  
 Kiss her awake, to scent, to shine, to bloom.  
 Lord God Almighty! what a flower of glory,  
 This Germany, for all, will yet become!\*

In quick succession follow the poems "In Heaven" and the two legends of the "White Lady." The first is an indignant appeal of the Great Frederick, met by the quiet and grimly sarcastic answer of his old heroes, an answer far from complimentary to the powers that be. In the two other poems the same admonition and warning is uttered by the Banshee of the Hohenzollerns:

Es ist der Schrei, den um sein Recht  
 Das Volk-erhebt-annoch in Treuen!  
 Du schläfst sehr fest, o mein Geschlecht,  
 Zu überhören solch' ein Schreien!

In the poem "Vom Harze," Freiligrath handles the game laws of the time, and relates a fact; a simple fact, simply narrated, but the eye moistens indignantly. Still more pathetic is the cry of the starving

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\* Translated by J. R. Chorley.



Silesian Weaver's boy, who sorrowfully calls on "Rübezahl" to help him. More generally known is the finely ironical poem, "Hamlet," in which the key-note is struck at once.

Deutschland is Hamlet ! solemn, slow  
 Within its gates walks every night,  
 Pale, buried Freedom, to-and-fro,  
 And fills the watchers with affright.

This has been translated by William Howitt. In "The Two Flags," to quote from Karl Blind's admirable essay on Freiligrath (Fraser's Magazine, 1876): "Freiligrath's German patriotism, his sympathy with French Liberal aspirations, as well as his watchful mistrust of a coming Gallic aggression that must be sternly met, are remarkably indicated." Next follow the "Flotten-Träume," and two other sonnets; in the last of which he declares that he "will have no more good monarchs! A tyrant gave England her great chart!" To "Hoffmann von Fallersleben" is a record of a memorable interview with that poet; in which much that was still unsettled in the younger poet found its final solution. That Fallersleben converted Freiligrath to the opposition in one night, as was often asserted afterwards, is on the surface of it a ludicrous impossibility. The last poem is: "Ihr kennt die Sitte wohl der Schotten," and Freiligrath finishes the volume with the defiant and strangely poetical lines:

Zu Assmaunshausen in der Kron,  
 Wo mancher Durst'ge schon gezecht,  
 Da macht ich *gegen* eine Kron  
 Dies Büchlein für den Druck-zurecht!  
 Ich schrieb es ab bei Rebenschein,  
 Weinlaub um's Haus und saft'ge Reiser,  
 Drum, wollt Ihr rechte Täufer sein,  
 Taufft's: vier und vierz'ger Assmaunshäuser!

While the book was read and discussed and praised and abused without end, Freiligrath with a load off his soul, and in order to avoid the persecution which he knew would be his inevitable fate, went from Ostend to Brussels, where he spent the winter, and where he made the acquaintance of Karl Marx, Bürgers, and Heinzen, all exiles like himself. But not caring for Belgian life he went early in the year to Switzerland, where his wife followed as soon as he had found a modest home in Rapperswyl on the banks of the Lake of Zürich. But here, too, to avoid banishment from the Ultra-Montane canton, St. Gallen, he went to spend the winter in Zürich itself where he met with Herwegh, Arnold Ruge, and Heinzen.

KATE FREILIGRATH-KROEGER

(To be continued).



## Ghosts.

### ACT II.

*(The same room. The mist continues heavy over the whole landscape. MR. MANDERS and MRS. ALVING come out from the dining-room.)*

MRS. ALVING *(still in the doorway)*. May your dinner do you good, Mr. Manders.\* *(Speaks within the dining-room.)* Are n't you coming too, Oswald?

OSWALD *(from within)*. No, thank you. I think I shall go out a little.

MRS. ALVING. Yes, do. The weather seems brighter now. *(She shuts the dining-room door and goes out to the door into the hall and calls.)* Regina!

REGINA *(outside)*. Yes, Mrs. Alving.

MRS. ALVING. Go down into the laundry and help with the garlands.

REGINA. I'll go directly, Mrs. Alving.

*(MRS. ALVING assures herself that REGINA goes ; then shuts the door.)*

MR. MANDERS. I suppose he can't hear anything we say in there?

MRS. ALVING. He can't now the door is shut. Besides he is just going out.

MR. MANDERS. I am still as one bewildered. I can't think how I could get down a bit of dinner.

MRS. ALVING *(self-controlled, but disturbed, walking up and down)* Nor can I, either. But what is to be done now?

MR. MANDERS. Yes; what is to be done? Upon my honour, I don't know. I am so entirely inexperienced in matters of this sort.

MRS. ALVING. I am quite convinced that so far no mischief has been done.

MR. MANDERS. No; heaven forbid! But it is an unseemly state of things, nevertheless.

MRS. ALVING. The whole thing is an idle fancy of Oswald's. You may be sure of that.

MR. MANDERS. Well, I am, as I was saying, not familiar with affairs of the kind. But still, I should certainly think——

MRS. ALVING. Out of the house she must go, and that immediately. It is as clear as daylight.

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\* The old-fashioned custom of exchanging greetings after a meal still exists in Scandinavia.

MR. MANDERS. Yes, of course she must.

MRS. ALVING. But where to? We can't in that case protect——

MR. MANDERS. Where to? Home to her father, of course.

MRS. ALVING. To whom, did you say?

MR. MANDERS. To her—. No, but surely Engstrand is not—? But, good God, Mrs. Alving, how is that possible? You may be mistaken after all.

MRS. ALVING. Alas! I'm mistaken in nothing. Johanna had to acknowledge her doings to me, and Mr. Alving could not deny it. So that there was really nothing to be done except to keep the matter hushed up.

MR. MANDERS. No. That was all you could do.

MRS. ALVING. The girl left our service at once, and got rather a large sum of money to hold her tongue for the time being. The rest she managed for herself when she got into the town. She renewed her old acquaintance with Engstrand, the carpenter, circulated plenty of reports, I've no doubt, as to how much money she had got and told him some tale about a foreigner who put in here with a yacht in summer. So she and Engstrand got married in hot haste. Why! you married them yourself!

MR. MANDERS. But how can I account, then, for——? I recollect distinctly when Engstrand came to give notice of the marriage. He was so dreadfully depressed, and blamed himself so bitterly for the light behaviour he and his betrothed had been guilty of.

MRS. ALVING. Yes; of course he had to take the blame upon himself.

MR. MANDERS. But such a piece of dishonesty on his part! And towards me, too! I certainly never could have believed it of Jacob Engstrand. Ah! I shall not fail to give him a serious talking to; he may be sure of that. And then the immorality of such a connection! For money's sake! How large was the sum the girl had given her?

MRS. ALVING. It was fifty pounds.

MR. MANDERS. There! only think! that for a miserable fifty pounds a man should go and get married to a fallen woman!

MRS. ALVING. Then what have you to say of me? I went and got married to a fallen man.

MR. MANDERS. But—God be merciful to us—what are you talking about? A fallen man!

MRS. ALVING. Perhaps you consider Mr. Alving was purer when I went with him to the altar than Johanna was when Engstrand got married to her?

MR. MANDERS. Well, but the two things are as different as Heaven and Earth——.

MRS. ALVING. Not so very different after all. There was certainly a great difference in the price—a miserable fifty pounds and a whole fortune.

MR. MANDERS. But how can you place two such different things side by side? You had taken counsel with your own heart and with all your friends.

MRS. ALVING (*without looking at him*). I thought you understood where what you call my heart had wandered to at the time.

MR. MANDERS (*distantly*). Had I understood anything of the kind, I should not have continued a daily guest in your husband's house.

MRS. ALVING. Well, the fact remains that with myself I took no counsel whatever.

MR. MANDERS. Well, then, with your nearest relatives,—just as it is directed you should,—with your mother and both your aunts.

MRS. ALVING. Yes, that is true. Those three cast up the sum for me. Oh! no one would believe how clearly they made out that it would be downright madness to refuse such an offer. If mother could but look up now and know what all the splendour had brought me!

MR. MANDERS. Nobody can be considered responsible for the result. This much remains clear, after all that's said and done: your marriage was sanctioned by every lawful authority.

MRS. ALVING (*towards the window*). Oh! what nonsense all that is about lawful authority. I often think it is that which causes all the miseries there are in the world.

MR. MANDERS. Mrs. Alving, now you are doing yourself injustice.

MRS. ALVING. Well, I daresay I am; but I can't endure all these bonds and considerations any longer. I can't. I must work my way out to freedom.

MR. MANDERS. What do you mean by that?

MRS. ALVING (*drumming her fingers on the window-sill*). I ought never to have concealed the facts of Mr. Alving's life. But at that time I dared do nothing else—nor for my own sake either. I was such a coward.

MR. MANDERS. A coward?

MRS. ALVING. If people had got to know it, they would have talked somewhat in this way: "Poor man! no wonder he is fast when he has a wife who has run away from him."

MR. MANDERS. Something of the sort might have been said with a certain show of right.

MRS. ALVING (*looking steadily at him*). If I were what I ought to be, I should set Oswald before me and say: "Listen, my boy; your father was a fallen creature——"

MR. MANDERS. Good gracious!——

MRS. ALVING. ——and then I should tell him all I have told you—straight through.

MR. MANDERS. I can hardly repress my indignation, Mrs. Alving.

MRS. ALVING. Yes; I know that. I know that very well. I am indignant myself at the thought of it all. (*Goes away from the window.*) I am such a coward.

MR. MANDERS. And you call it 'cowardice' to do what your plain duty and obligations dictate? Have you forgotten that a child is to honour his father and mother?

MRS. ALVING. Don't let us take that in general terms. Let us ask: Shall Oswald honour and love Chamberlain Alving?

MR. MANDERS. Is there no voice in your mother's heart that forbids you to destroy your son's ideals?

MRS. ALVING. Yes. But what about the truth?

MR. MANDERS. Yes. But what about the ideals?

MRS. ALVING. Oh! Ideals! Ideals! If I only weren't such a coward as I am!

MR. MANDERS. Do not knock down ideals, Mrs. Alving; for it is hard to raise them up again; and especially in Oswald's case. Oswald has not so very many ideals as it is, the more's the pity. But this much I have been able to see: his father stands before him as one such ideal.

MRS. ALVING. You are quite right.

MR. MANDERS. And these pictures of his father you have yourself excited and kept alive by your letters.

MRS. ALVING. Yes; I was bound by Duty and Considerations, and therefore I lied for my boy, year after year. Oh! how cowardly, how cowardly I have been!

MR. MANDERS. You have founded a happy illusion in your son's heart, Mrs. Alving, and most assuredly you ought not to prize it lightly.

MRS. ALVING. H'm; who knows whether it was the right thing, now, after all? But any goings on with Regina, I will have nothing to do with. He shall not go and make the poor girl unhappy.

MR. MANDERS. No; good gracious! that would be dreadful!

MRS. ALVING. If I knew he was in earnest, and that it would be for his happiness—

MR. MANDERS. How? What then?

MRS. ALVING. But it would not turn out so; for I'm sorry to say Regina is not one of that sort.

MR. MANDERS. Well, what then? How do you mean?

MRS. ALVING. If I were not such a deplorable coward as I am, I would say to him: "Marry her, or arrange it between yourselves as you please, only don't let us have any deception in the matter."

MR. MANDERS. But good heavens! even a lawful marriage! anything so dreadful! so unheard of!

MRS. ALVING. Well, do you really mean "unheard of?" Put your hand on your heart and tell me. Don't you suppose that in all the country round there are some married couples who are as nearly related as they?

MR. MANDERS. I do not in the very least understand you.

MRS. ALVING. Oh! dear me, yes; you do.

MR. MANDERS. Well, you are imagining the possible circumstance of—Yes! alas! family life is not always so pure as it ought to be. But such a matter as you point towards one can never know—at least with any certainty. Here, on the other hand, that you, a mother, could be willing to consent that your son—!

MRS. ALVING. But that is just what I will not do—I will not have it at any price the world could offer me; that is precisely what I am saying.

MR. MANDERS. No, because you are a 'coward' as you express yourself. But suppose you were not a 'coward'? Good God! a connection so shocking!

MRS. ALVING. Well, so far as that goes, we have all sprung from connections of that sort, it is said. And who is it who established such things in the world, Mr. Manders?

MR. MANDERS. Questions of that sort I must decline to discuss

with you, Mrs. Alving; you are far from having the right frame of mind to approach them with. But that you should dare to say it is 'cowardly' of you!

MRS. ALVING. Now you shall just hear how I mean that. I am afraid and timid because there is in me something of that Ghost-like, inherited tendency I can never quite get rid of.

MR. MANDERS. What name did you give it?

MRS. ALVING. Ghost-like. When I heard Regina and Oswald in there, it was as though I saw Ghosts before me. But I almost think we are all of us Ghosts, Mr. Manders. It is not only what we have inherited from father and mother that walks again in us. It is all kinds of dead opinions, and all manner of dead old creeds and things of that sort. It is not living matter in us; but it stays there all the same and we can't get rid of it. If I do but take up a newspaper to read, it is as though I saw Ghosts come sneaking in between the lines. There must be Ghosts all the country over. They must be as thick as the sand of the sea, I should think. And that is why we are, one and all, so dreadfully afraid of Light.

MR. MANDERS. Ah! now we get the outcome of your reading! Exquisite fruits, upon my word! Oh! those horrible, rebellious, free thinking writings!

MRS. ALVING. You are mistaken, dear Sir. You yourself are the man who set me thinking; and for so doing you shall have full credit.

MR. MANDERS. I!

MRS. ALVING. Yes. When you forced me under the yoke you called Duty and Obligation; when you praised as right and proper what all my senses rebelled at as at something abhorrent. It was then that I began to examine your teaching in the seams. I only wished to undo a single stitch, but when I had got that undone, the whole thing came to pieces. And then I found that it was all chain-stitch sewing-machine work.

MR. MANDERS. (*Shaken, distressed*). And was that to be the gain of my life's hardest battle?

MRS. ALVING. Call it rather your most miserable defeat.

MR. MANDERS. It was the greatest victory of my life, Helen—the victory over myself.

MRS. ALVING. It was a crime towards us both.

MR. MANDERS. That I commanded you, saying: "Woman, go home to your lawful husband" when you came to me wildly and cried, "Here I am; take me,"—was that a crime?

MRS. ALVING. Yes, I think so.

MR. MANDERS. We two don't understand each other.

MRS. ALVING. We no longer do so now, at any rate.

MR. MANDERS. Never—never once in my most secret thoughts, have I regarded you otherwise than as another's wife.

MRS. ALVING. Oh, indeed?

MR. MANDERS. Helen!

MRS. ALVING. People so easily pass from their own memories.

MR. MANDERS. I do not. I am what I always was.

MRS. ALVING. (*Turning round*). Well, well, well, don't let us talk of old times any longer. You are now over head and ears in Commissions and Boards of Direction, and I wander about here and fight with Ghosts both within and without.

MR. MANDERS. Those without I shall readily help you to lay. After all that I have been so horrified to hear from you to-day, I cannot, in all conscience, bear the responsibility of letting a young girl who is not betrothed remain in your house.

MRS. ALVING. Do you think it would be the best plan to get her provided for?—I mean by a good marriage.

MR. MANDERS. No doubt it would. I consider it would be desirable for her in every respect. Regina is just now of an age when—Well, I really understand so little about these things, but—

MRS. ALVING. Regina matured very early.

MR. MANDERS. Yes! did she not? It seems to float before me as a sort of vision that she was strikingly well developed in physical appearance when I prepared her for Confirmation. But first of all, she must be off home, any how, under her father's eye—Ah! but Engstrand must certainly be—That he—that he could so hide the truth from me!

(*There is knocking at the door into the hall.*)

MRS. ALVING. Who can that be? Come in!

ENGSTRAND. (*In Sunday clothes, in the doorway.*) I beg your pardon humbly, but—

MR. MANDERS. Ah! H'm—

MRS. ALVING. Is that you, Engstrand?

ENGSTRAND. —there was none of the servants about and so I took upon myself the liberty of just knocking.

MRS. ALVING. Oh! very well. Come in. Do you want to speak to me about something?

ENGSTRAND. (*Comes in.*) No; I'm greatly obliged to you; it was with his Reverence I wanted to have a word or two.

MR. MANDERS. (*Walking up and down the room.*) H'm—indeed? You want to speak to me, do you?

ENGSTRAND. Yes, I should particular glad.

MR. MANDERS. (*Stands still in front of him.*) Well. May I ask what it is you want?

ENGSTRAND. Well, now, it was this, your Reverence; we've just done clearing up down yonder—my grateful thanks to you, Ma'am—. And now we've got everything ready; and so I've been thinking it would be but right and proper if we that have been working so hearty-like all the time;—well, I was thinking as we ought to end it up with a bit of a prayer to-night.

MR. MANDERS. A prayer? Down at the Orphanage?

ENGSTRAND. Yes, Perhaps your Reverence don't think it quite proper—

MR. MANDERS. Oh! dear, yes! I do, but—H'm—

ENGSTRAND. I've been in the habit of having a little prayer down there in the evenings, myself.

MRS. ALVING. Have you?

ENGSTRAND. Yes, once in a way—a kind of small building up of ourselves, you might call it. But I am a poor, common man, and have no gifts that way, God help me aright; and so thinks I, that as the Reverend Mr. Manders was just out here, I'd —

MR. MANDERS. Well, just look here, Engstrand. I must first ask you a question. Are you in the right frame of mind for a

meeting of that kind? Do you feel your conscience clear and at ease?

ENGSTRAND. Oh! God help us all! your Reverence, I don't deserve to talk about the conscience.

MR. MANDERS. Ah! then that's just what we will talk about. Why do you answer in that way?

ENGSTRAND. Ay,—the conscience, it can be bad sometimes.

MR. MANDERS. Well, then, you recognise that in any case. But will you make a clean breast of it, and tell the truth about Regina?

MRS. ALVING (*quickly*). Mr. Manders!

MR. MANDERS (*soothingly*). Just let me —

ENGSTRAND. About Regina! Lord! how you frightened me then! (*looks at Mrs. Alving*). There's nothing wrong up about Regina, is there?

MR. MANDERS. We will hope not. But I mean: how do you and Regina stand to each other? You pass everywhere for her father, eh?

ENGSTRAND (*uncertain*). Well—h'm—your Reverence knows how matters were with me and poor Johanna.

MR. MANDERS. Now! no perversion of the truth any longer! Your dead wife told Mrs. Alving the whole story before quitting her service.

ENGSTRAND. Oh! very well, then —. Now did she really?

MR. MANDERS. So you are detected, Engstrand.

ENGSTRAND. And she who took her Bible oath and swore —.

MR. MANDERS. Did she swear?

ENGSTRAND. No; she only took her Bible oath; but she said it so thoroughly honest.

MR. MANDERS. And you have hidden the truth from me all these years? Hidden it from me! when I have trusted you without reserve, through thick and thin!

ENGSTRAND. Yes, alas! your Reverence, I have.

MR. MANDERS. Have I deserved it of you, Engstrand? Haven't I always stood ready to join hands with you in word and deed so far as was in my power? Answer me. Have I not?

ENGSTRAND. It would have been a poor look out for me many a time, if I hadn't had the Reverend Mr. Manders for me.

MR. MANDERS. And then you reward me for it all in this way! You cause me to enter in the Church Register things I cannot afterwards correct, and you withhold from me, through many long years, the explanations which you owed alike to me and to truth. Your conduct has been wholly inexcusable, Engstrand; and from this time forward all is over between us.

ENGSTRAND (*with a sigh*). Yes! I reckon it must be so.

MR. MANDERS. Ay! for how can you possibly justify yourself?

ENGSTRAND. But ought she to have gone about and disgraced herself worse by talking about it? Will your Reverence just fancy you were in the same trouble as poor Johanna was —.

MR. MANDERS. I!

ENGSTRAND. Lawk a mercy! I don't mean so exact as all that. But I mean that if your Reverence had anything to be ashamed of in other folks' eyes, as they say. . . . We men didn't ought to judge a poor wench too strict, your Reverence.



MR. MANDERS. But I'm not doing so, by any means. It is you I am reproaching.

ENGSTRAND. Might I make so bold as to ask your Reverence a bit of a question?

MR. MANDERS. Well, well, you can ask it.

ENGSTRAND. Ain't it right and proper in a man to raise up them that are fallen?

MR. MANDERS. Most certainly it is.

ENGSTRAND. And ain't a man bound to keep his word honest and faithful?

MR. MANDERS. Why! of course he is; but . . .

ENGSTRAND. The time when Johanna had got into trouble through that Englishman, or it might have been an American or a Russian, as they call 'em—well, it were then she came down into the town. Poor body! she'd sent me about my business once or twice before: for she couldn't abear the sight of anything but what was handsome; and I'd got this here limping in my leg. Your Reverence recollects, you know, I'd been venturing up in a dancing hall where sea-going sailors used to be shouting with their drink and their intoxication, as the saying is. And then, when I was for giving them a bit of an admonition to lead a new life —.

MRS. ALVING (*from the window*). H'm —.

MR. MANDERS. I know all about that, Engstrand; those rough people threw you down the stairs. You told me that occurrence before. You bear your limp very honourably.

ENGSTRAND. I am not puffed up about it, your Reverence. But what I just wanted to tell was that then she came and put all her trust in me, weeping dreadful and gnashing of her teeth. I can tell your Reverence it was downright grievous to listen to.

MR. MANDERS. Now was it really, Engstrand? Well, I daresay it was.

ENGSTRAND. Ay! so I says to her: 'The American he's sailing about somewhere over the seas, I daresay *he* is. And as for you, Johanna,' says I, 'you've gone and committed a grievous sin and you're a fallen creature. But Jacob Engstrand,' says I, 'he's got two good legs of his own to stand upon, *he* has'—well, you know, your Reverence, I meant that as a kind of a allegory, your Reverence.

MR. MANDERS. I understand you quite well. Just go on with your tale.

ENGSTRAND. Well, that was how I raised her up and married her and made an honest woman of her, so as folks shouldn't get to know how wild she'd been carrying on with foreigners.

MR. MANDERS. All that was very handsomely done on your part. The only thing that I can't approve of is that you should stoop to take money —.

ENGSTRAND. Money? Not a farthing!

MR. MANDERS (*enquiringly to Mrs. Alving*). But —

ENGSTRAND. Oh! ay! wait a minute; now I recollect. Johanna had a matter of a few shillings by her. But I wouldn't know nothing of that. 'For shame!' says I, 'Mammon is the price of sin, it is. That evil gold—or notes or whatever it were—we'll just fling that back to the American,' says I. But he was gone far out of sight, over the stormy sea, your Reverence.

MR. MANDERS. Now was he really, Engstrand, my good fellow?

ENGSTRAND. Ay! Sir. So Johanna and me, we came to an agreement that the money should go to the child's education; and so it did, and I can give account for every blessed shilling of it.

MR. MANDERS. Come, now! This alters the whole thing considerably.

ENGSTRAND. That's just how it stands, your Reverence. And I may make so bold as to say I've been an honest father to Regina, so far as my poor strength went; for I'm but a poor creature, worse luck!

MR. MANDERS. Oh! no, no, my good fellow —.

ENGSTRAND. But I may make so bold as to say that I have brought up the child and lived kind with poor Johanna and been faithful as a steward over my own house, as the Scripture has it. But it never would ha' struck me go up to your Reverence and puff myself up, and be proud because I done a good action for once in a way, the likes of me. No, Sir; when anything of that sort happens to Jacob Engstrand, he holds his tongue about it. And it don't happen so very often, I daresay. And whenever I do come to see your Reverence, I find a mortal deal to say about what's wicked and weak. For I do say,—as I was a-saying just now,—the conscience can get evil every now and then.

MR. MANDERS. Shake hands with me, Jacob Engstrand.

ENGSTRAND. Oh! Lord bless us! your Reverence. . . .

MR. MANDERS. No getting out of it (*wrings his hand*.) There we are!

ENGSTRAND. And if I might beg your Reverence's pardon ever so humbly——

MR. MANDERS. You? No, on the contrary, it is I who ought to beg your pardon.

ENGSTRAND. Lor', Sir; not a bit of it.

MR. MANDERS. Yes, certainly. And I do it with all my heart. Forgive me for misunderstanding you so. And if there is any way in which I could possibly show you any token whatever of my complete trust and my goodwill towards you——

ENGSTRAND. Would your Reverence?

MR. MANDERS. With the greatest pleasure in life.

ENGSTRAND. Well! then there's just the very opportunity now. With the money I've saved here, I was thinking I might begin a kind of a Sailor's Home down in the town.

MRS. ALVING. Do you want to?

ENGSTRAND. Yes; it might be sort of Asylum, as you might say. There's a many temptations for sea-faring folk when they're ashore. But in this here little house o' mine, a man might feel as safe as if he was under his own father's eye, I was thinking.

MR. MANDERS. What do you say to this, Mrs. Alving?

ENGSTRAND. It ain't a big sum as I've got to start with, the Lord help me! But if I could only get a kind helping hand, why . . .

MR. MANDERS. Yes, yes; let us weigh the matter more carefully. Your undertaking appears to me deserving of special approbation. But now go before me and make everything in readiness, and get the lamps lit, so that it may look a little cheerful. And

then we will pass an edifying hour together, my good fellow; for now I quite believe you are in the right frame of mind.

ENGSTRAND. I think I am, too. And so I'll say good-bye, Ma'am, and thank you kindly; and please to take care most particular of Regina for me,—(*wipes a tear from his eye*) poor Johanna's child; h'm, now, that's an odd thing, it is; but it's just as if she's grown into the very core of my heart. Ay, it is indeed. (*He bows and goes out through the hall*).

MR. MANDERS. Well, what do you say about the man now, Mrs. Alving? That was a totally different explanation we got then, wasn't it?

MRS. ALVING. Yes, it most certainly was.

MR. MANDERS. It only shows you how excessively careful one must be in judging one's fellow-creatures. But it gives one a most heartfelt feeling of gladness, too, when one ascertains one has been mistaken. Or, what do you say?

MRS. ALVING. I say that you are and will remain a great baby, Mr. Manders.

MR. MANDERS. I?

MRS. ALVING (*laying both her hands upon his shoulders*). And I say that I have half a mind to throw my arms round your neck.

MR. MANDERS (*stepping hastily back*). No, no; God bless you! such whims—

MRS. ALVING (*with a smile*). Oh! you need not be afraid of me.

MR. MANDERS (*by the table*). You have such an exaggerated way of expressing yourself, sometimes. Now, before I do anything else, I will collect the various documents and put them in my bag. (*He does so*). There, then. And now, farewell for the present. Keep your eyes open when Oswald comes back. I shall look in upon you later. (*He takes his hat and goes out through the hall door*).

MRS. ALVING (*heaves a sigh, looks a moment out of the window, sets the room in order a little, and is about to go into the dining-room, but stands still suddenly and cries out in a half suppressed voice*), Oswald, are you still at table?

OSWALD (*in the dining-room*). I am only finishing my cigar.

MRS. ALVING. I thought you had gone a short walk on the road.

OSWALD. In such weather as this? (*A glass clinks. Mrs. Alving leaves the door open, and sits down with her knitting on the sofa by the window*). Wasn't that Mr. Manders who went away just now?

MRS. ALVING. Yes; he went down to the Orphanage.

OSWALD. H'm. (*The glass and decanter clink again*).

MRS. ALVING (*with a troubled glance*). Dear Oswald, you should take care what you are about with that liqueur. It is strong.

OSWALD. It is a good thing against damp.

MRS. ALVING. Wouldn't you rather come in to me?

OSWALD. I mayn't smoke in there.

MRS. ALVING. You know quite well that you may smoke cigars.

OSWALD. Oh! all right then; I'll come in. Just a tiny drop more first! There! now, I've done. (*He comes into the room with his cigar and shuts the door after him. A short silence*). Where's Manders gone to?

MRS. ALVING. I've just told you ; he went down to the Orphanage.

OSWALD. Oh ! ah ; so you did.

MRS. ALVING. You shouldn't sit so long at table after dinner, Oswald.

OSWALD (*holding his cigar behind him*). But I think that's just what's so comfortable, Mother. (*Strokes and pats her*). Just think what it is for me to come home and sit at Mother's own table, in Mother's room, and eat Mother's delicious dinner

MRS. ALVING. My dear, dear boy !

OSWALD (*somewhat impatiently walks about and smokes*). And what on earth else can I set myself to here ? I can't occupy myself with anything.

MRS. ALVING. Why can't you ?

OSWALD. In such weather as this ? Without a single ray of sunlight the whole day ? (*walks away across the floor.*) Oh ! that's just it ; not being able to work !

MRS. ALVING. Perhaps it was not quite wise of you to come home ?

OSWALD. No, Mother ; I'd no choice.

MRS. ALVING. Why ! I would rather forego the joy of having you ten times over than that you should . . .

OSWALD (*stands still by the table*). But now just tell me, Mother ; does it really make you so very happy to have me home again ?

MRS. ALVING. Doesn't it just make me happy—that's all !

OSWALD (*crumpling up a newspaper*). I should have thought it must be pretty much the same for you whether I was here or not.

MRS. ALVING. And you have the heart to say that to your mother, Oswald ?

OSWALD. But you've been able to live very well without me all this time.

MRS. ALVING. Yes ; I have lived without you. That is quite true. (*Twilight begins gradually. Oswald walks to and fro across the floor. He has laid his cigar down*).

OSWALD (*stands by Mrs. Alving*). Mother, may I sit down on the sofa by you ?

MRS. ALVING (*makes room for him*). Yes ; do, my dear boy.

OSWALD (*sits down*). Now I am going to tell you something, Mother.

MRS. ALVING (*anxiously*). Very well, dear.

OSWALD (*looks wildly before him*). For I can't go on bearing it any longer.

MRS. ALVING. Bearing what ? What is the matter ?

OSWALD (*as before*). I was never able to make myself write to you about it ; and since I've come home . . .

MRS. ALVING (*seizes him by the arm*). Oswald, what is the matter ?

OSWALD (*as before*). Both yesterday and to-day I have tried to put the thoughts away from me . . . to get free from them ; But it won't do.

MRS. ALVING (*rising*). Now you must speak out, Oswald.

OSWALD (*draws her down to the sofa again*). Sit still ; and then I will try to tell it you. I complained so of fatigue after my journey here.

MRS. ALVING. Yes, you did. Well, what then?

OSWALD. But it isn't that that's the matter with me; it isn't any general state of fatigue. . . .

MRS. ALVING (*tries to jump up*). Then you're not ill, Oswald!

OSWALD (*draws her down again*). Do sit still, Mother. Only take it quietly. I am not downright ill, either; not what is commonly called 'ill' (*puts his hands together over his head*). Mother, I am broken down in mind,—ruined,—I shall never be able to work again. (*With his hands before his face, he throws himself down into her lap and breaks into bitter sobbing*).

MRS. ALVING (*white and trembling*). Oswald! Look at me! No, no, it isn't true.

OSWALD (*looks up with despairing eyes*). Never be able to work again. Never, never! It will be like living death! Mother, can you imagine anything so terrible?

MRS. ALVING. My poor boy! How has the terrible thing come over you?

OSWALD (*sits upright*). Ah! that's just what I can't possibly grasp or understand. I have never led an unsteady life,—never, in any respect. You must never believe it of me, Mother. I have never done that.

MRS. ALVING. And I don't believe it, Oswald.

OSWALD. And yet this has come over me, just the same,—this awful misfortune!

MRS. ALVING. Oh! but it will right itself, my dear, darling boy. It is nothing but over-exertion. You may believe I am right in saying so.

OSWALD (*sadly*). I thought so too, at first, but it isn't so.

MRS. ALVING. Tell me the whole story from beginning to end.

OSWALD. Well, I will.

MRS. ALVING. At what time did you first notice it?

OSWALD. It was directly after I had been home last time and had got back to Paris again. I began to feel the most severe pains in my head,—chiefly in the back of my head, I thought. It was as though an iron ring that was too tight was being screwed round my neck and upwards.

MRS. ALVING. Well, and then?

OSWALD. At first I thought it was nothing but the old headache I had been so plagued with when I was growing up . . .

MRS. ALVING. Yes, yes . . .

OSWALD. But it was not that. I soon found that out. I could no longer work. I wanted to begin upon a large new picture, but it was as though my powers failed me: all my strength was crippled: I could not collect my thoughts to form any fixed impressions: it all swam before me—ran round and round. Oh! it was an awful state to be in. At last I had to send for a doctor, and from him I got to know the truth.

MRS. ALVING. How was it?

OSWALD. He was one of the first physicians down there. I had to tell him how I had been feeling, and then he set to work and began asking me a heap of questions which I didn't think had anything on earth to do with the matter. I couldn't imagine what the man was after . . .

MRS. ALVING. Well?

OSWALD. At last he said: 'From your birth there has been some canker at the very root of your being;' he even used the words right out, 'Eaten up with disease.'

MRS. ALVING (*breathlessly*). What did he mean by that?

OSWALD. I didn't understand either, and begged of him to give me a clearer explanation. And then the old cynic said (*clenching his fist*) Oh!—

MRS. ALVING. What did he say?

OSWALD. He said, 'The father's sins are visited upon the children.'

MRS. ALVING (*rising slowly*). The father's sins . . . !

OSWALD. I very nearly struck him in the face . . .

MRS. ALVING (*walks away across the floor*). The father's sins!

OSWALD (*smiles sadly*). Yes; what do you think of that? Of course I assured him that there had never been the slightest breath of any such tale. But do you think he gave in when I said that? Not a bit; he stuck to it; and it was only when I took out your letters and translated to him the passages which related to father—

MRS. ALVING. But then?

OSWALD. Then he was of course bound to admit that he was on the wrong track, and so I got to know the truth—the incomprehensible truth: That merry, happy young life with my fellow students I ought to have kept aloof from. It had been too exciting for my powers. So I had brought it upon myself,

MRS. ALVING. Oswald! Oh! no; don't believe it.

OSWALD. There was no other explanation possible, he said. That is the awful part of it. Incurably ruined for my whole life—by my own heedlessness! All that I wanted to carry out in the world . . . Fancy! I can never dare to think of it again. I am not able to think of it. Oh! if I could but live it all over again, and undo all that I have done! (*He throws himself down on his face on the sofa. Mrs. Alving wrings her hands and walks, in silent struggle, backwards and forwards. Oswald, after a while, looks up and remains half-lying upon his elbow*). If it had only been something inherited, something that one couldn't be supposed responsible for! But this! To think that in such a disgracefully thoughtless, light-minded way, one threw away one's own happiness, one's own health, everything in the world—one's future, one's very life!

MRS. ALVING. No, no, my dear, darling boy! It is impossible. (*Bends over him*). Things are not so desperate with you as you believe.

OSWALD. Oh! you don't know. (*Springs up*). And then to think, Mother, that I have to cause you all this sorrow! Many a time have I almost wished and hoped that at the bottom you did not care so very much about me.

MRS. ALVING. I, Oswald? my only boy! The only person I have for my own in the world! The only thing I do care about!

OSWALD (*seizes both her hands and kisses them*). Yes, Mother dear, I see it well enough. When I am at home, I see it, of course. And that is the hardest part for me. But now you know all about it, too. And now we won't talk any more about it to-day. I can't think about it for long together. (*Walks across the room.*) Get me something to drink, Mother.

MRS. ALVING. Drink? What do you want to drink now?

OSWALD. Oh! anything you like. I daresay you've got some cold punch in the house.

MRS. ALVING. Yes; but my dear Oswald . . .

OSWALD. Don't make a fuss about it, Mother. Do be nice about it, now. I must have something to drive away these worrying thoughts. (*Goes up into the conservatory*). And then . . . it is so dark here! (*Mrs. Alving pulls a bell-rope on her right*). And then there's this ceaseless rain! It may go on week after week for months together. Never get a glimpse of the sun! I recollect I have never seen the sun shine all the times I have been at home.

MRS. ALVING. Oswald, you are thinking of going away from me.

OSWALD. H'm. (*Drawing a deep breath*). I don't think about anything. Can't think about anything. (*In a low voice*) I am obliged to let that alone.

REGINA. (*From the dining-room*). Did you ring, Ma'am?

MRS. ALVING. Yes; let us have the lamp in.

REGINA. I will, directly. It is ready lighted. (*Goes out*).

MRS. ALVING (*goes across to Oswald*). Oswald, be frank with me.

OSWALD. Well, and so I am, Mother. (*Goes across to the table*). I think I have told you so much.

(*Regina brings the lamp and sets it upon the table*).

MRS. ALVING. Look here, Regina, you might fetch us a half bottle of champagne.

REGINA. Very well, Ma'am. (*Goes out*).

OSWALD (*buts his hands round Mrs. Alving's face*). That's just what I wanted. I knew very well Mother would'nt let her boy be thirsty.

MRS. ALVING. My own, poor, darling Oswald, how could I have in my heart to deny you anything now?

OSWALD (*brightly*). Is that true, Mother? Do you mean it?

MRS. ALVING. How? What?

OSWALD. That you wouldn't be able to deny me anything.

MRS. ALVING. But dear Oswald . . .

OSWALD. Hush!

REGINA (*brings a tray with a half-bottle of champagne and two glasses, which she sets on the table*). Shall I open it?

OSWALD. No, thanks. I'll do it myself. (*Regina goes out again*).

MRS. ALVING (*sits down by the table*). What was it you meant—I couldn't deny you anything?

OSWALD (*busy opening the bottle*). A glass or two, first. (*The cork pops; he pours wine into one glass, and is about to pour it into the other*).

MRS. ALVING (*holding her hand over it*). Thanks; not for me.

OSWALD. Oh! won't you? Then I will! (*He empties the glass, fills it again, and empties it again; then he sits down by the table*).

MRS. ALVING (*in expectation*). Now then?

OSWALD (*without looking at her*). Look here, just tell me—I thought you and Manders looked so odd—well, so awfully quiet at dinner time.

MRS. ALVING. Did you notice it?

OSWALD. Yes, I did. H'm. (*after a short silence*). Tell me what you think of Regina.

MRS. ALVING. What I think?

OSWALD. Yes; isn't she beautiful?

MRS. ALVING. Dear Oswald, you don't know her so well as do.

OSWALD. Well?

MRS. ALVING. I am sorry to say Regina was allowed to stay home too long. I ought to have taken her earlier into my house.

OSWALD. Yes, but isn't she lovely to look at, Mother? (*he fills his glass*).

MRS. ALVING. Regina has many serious faults.

OSWALD. Oh! I daresay. What does it matter? (*he drinks again*).

MRS. ALVING. But I am very fond of her, nevertheless, and I have made myself responsible for her. I wouldn't have any harm happen to her for all the world.

OSWALD (*springs up*). Mother! Regina is my only salvation.

MRS. ALVING (*stands up*). What do you mean by saying so?

OSWALD. I can't go about and bear all this misery of mind alone.

MRS. ALVING. Have you not got your mother to bear it with?

OSWALD. Yes; that is just what I thought; and so I came home to you. But that won't do. I see it won't do. I can't endure my life here.

MRS. ALVING. Oswald!

OSWALD. I must live in a different way, Mother. That's why I must go away from you. I won't have you looking on at it.

MRS. ALVING. My miserable boy! Oh! but Oswald, while you are so ill as you are at present—

OSWALD. If it were only illness, I should stay with you, Mother, you may be sure; for you are the best friend I have in the world.

MRS. ALVING. Yes, isn't it so, Oswald; am I not?

OSWALD (*throws himself restlessly about*). But it is all the pains; something—regret; and besides that, the great, deadly anxiety. Oh! that awful anxiety!

MRS. ALVING (*walking after him*). Anxiety; what anxiety? What do you mean?

OSWALD. Oh! you mustn't ask me any more closely. I don't know. I can't describe it to you. (*Mrs. Alving goes over to the right and pulls the bell*). What is it you want?

MRS. ALVING. I want my boy to be happy—that is what I want. He shall not go on racking his brains. (*To Regina who comes in the door*). More champagne—a whole bottle. (*Regina goes*).

OSWALD. Mother!

MRS. ALVING. Don't you think that we know how to live out here in the country, as well as people do anywhere else?

OSWALD. Isn't she lovely to look at? How beautifully built she is! And so strong, and healthy to the core!

MRS. ALVING (*sits down by the table*). Sit down, Oswald, let us talk nicely together.

OSWALD (*sits down*). You don't know, Mother; but the fact is I owe Regina compensation for a wrong I did her.

MRS. ALVING. You?

OSWALD. Or a little bit of thoughtlessness—or whatever you



like to call it—very innocent, anyhow. When I was home last time—

MRS. ALVING. Well?

OSWALD. She used so often to ask me about Paris, and I used to tell her a little about things down there. Then I recollect that I said to her one day: "Wouldn't you like to come down there yourself?"

MRS. ALVING. Well?

OSWALD. I saw that she blushed deeply, and then she said: "Yes, I should like that well enough." "Ah! well," I replied "that might be managed some time"—or something like it.

MRS. ALVING. Well, then?

OSWALD. Of course I had forgotten the whole thing; but the day before yesterday, when I began asking her whether she was glad I was to stay at home so long—

MRS. ALVING. Yes?

OSWALD. She looked so strangely at me and asked directly: "But then what is to become of my journey to Paris?"

MRS. ALVING. Her journey!

OSWALD. And so I got out of her that she had taken the thing seriously; that she had gone about here thinking of me the whole time; and had set at work to learn French.

MRS. ALVING. So that was why she did it!

OSWALD. Mother! when I saw that lovely, graceful, fresh girl standing there before me—and really till then I had hardly noticed her—but now when she stood there as though with open arms and ready to come half way to meet me—

MRS. ALVING. Oswald!

OSWALD. —then it struck me suddenly that salvation was in her; for I saw that she is full of the enjoyment of life.

MRS. ALVING (*starts*). Enjoyment of life? Can there be salvation in that?

REGINA (*from the dining-room with a bottle of champagne*). I hope you'll pardon my having been so long, but I had to go into the cellar. (*Puts the bottle on the table.*)

OSWALD. And now go and fetch another glass.

REGINA (*looks at him in surprise*). There is my mistress's glass, Mr. Alving.

OSWALD. Yes, but fetch one for yourself, Regina. (*Regina starts and gives a quick, shy glance at Mrs. Alving.*) Well?

REGINA (*softly and hesitatingly*). Is it with my mistress's consent?

MRS. ALVING. Fetch the glass, Regina. (*Regina goes out into the dining-room.*)

OSWALD (*follows her with his eyes*). Have you ever noticed how she walks?—so firmly and lightly!

MRS. ALVING. It can never be, Oswald.

OSWALD. It's a settled thing. Of course you can see that. It is no use for you to say anything against it. (*Regina enters with an empty glass which she keeps in her hand.*) Sit down, Regina. (*Regina looks enquiringly at Mrs. Alving.*)

MRS. ALVING. You may sit down. (*Regina sits down on a chair by the dining-room door and continues holding the empty glass in her hand.*) Oswald, what was it you were saying about enjoying life?

OSWALD. Ah! enjoying life, Mother; that's a thing you people up here don't know much about. I never see anything of it up here.

MRS. ALVING. Not when you are with me?

OSWALD. Not when I'm at home. But you don't understand that.

MRS. ALVING. Yes, yes; I believe I almost understand it,—now.

OSWALD. That, and in the same way enjoying work. Why! at the bottom, it's the same thing. But that's another point you know nothing about, either.

MRS. ALVING. You may be very likely right about that, Oswald; let me hear more about it.

OSWALD. Well, I merely mean that in this part of the world, people are brought up to believe that work is a curse and a punishment for sin, and that life is something miserable, something we have got to get done with, the sooner, the better.

MRS. ALVING. "A valley of tribulation." Yes; and we set about doing it as honourably and simply as possible.

OSWALD. But out in the wide world, people won't hear of any such things. There is nobody there who really believes teaching of that sort any longer. Down there, it is possible to regard the mere fact of being in the world as something ecstatically happy. Mother, have you noticed that everything I have painted has turned upon the enjoyment of life? always and perpetually upon enjoyment of life? There are light and sunshine and perfect air and faces of people beaming with pleasure. That is why I am afraid of remaining at home here, with you.

MRS. ALVING. Afraid? What are you afraid of here, in my house?

OSWALD. I am afraid that everything that is brimming over within me would degenerate into some ugly form up here.

MRS. ALVING. (*Looks steadily at him*). Do you believe that would happen?

OSWALD. I know it so well. You might live the same life here at home as away yonder, and yet it would not be the same life.

MRS. ALVING. (*Who has been listening breathlessly, stands up, her eyes beaming with thankfulness, and says*). Now I see how it all goes together.

OSWALD. What is it you see?

MRS. ALVING. Now I see it for the first time. And now I can speak.

OSWALD. (*Standing up*). Mother, I don't understand you.

REGINA. (*Who has also stood up*). Perhaps you would like me to go?

MRS. ALVING. No. Stay here. Now I can speak. Now, my boy, you shall know the whole thing. And then you can choose. Oswald! Regina!

OSWALD. Don't say any more. Here's Manders.

MR. MANDERS. (*Comes in through the hall door*). There! now. We've had a hearty hour of comfort down there.

OSWALD. So have we.

MR. MANDERS. Engstrand should be helped with that Sailors' Home. Regina should go away to him and help him——

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REGINA. No, I thank you, Sir.

MR. MANDERS. (*Noticing her for the first time.*) What? Here? and with a glass in your hand!

REGINA. (*Hastily putting the glass down.*) Pardon!

OSWALD. Regina is going away with me, Mr. Manders.

MR. MANDERS. Going away! with you!

OSWALD. Yes; as my wife—if she wishes it.

MR. MANDERS. But, good God!

REGINA. It's no fault of mine, Sir.

OSWALD. Or she will stay here, if I stay.

REGINA. (*Involuntarily.*) Here!

MR. MANDERS. I am petrified by your conduct, Mrs. Alving.

MRS. ALVING. Neither of the events will happen; for now I can speak out plainly.

MR. MANDERS. No; you surely won't do that. No, no, no.

MRS. ALVING. Yes. I can speak and I will. And no ideal shall be destroyed after all.

OSWALD. Mother! What on earth is it that is being hidden from me?

REGINA. (*Listening*) Oh! Ma'am! Listen! There are people screaming outside there. (*She goes up into the conservatory and looks out.*)

OSWALD. (*At the left window.*) What is going on? Where does the light come from?

REGINA. (*Cries out.*) The Orphanage is on fire!

MRS. ALVING. (*Towards the window.*) On fire?

MR. MANDERS. On fire! Impossible! I was down there just now.

OSWALD. Where's my hat? Well—never mind it—Father's Orphanage! (*He rushes out through the garden door.*)

MRS. ALVING. My handkerchief, Regina! It is blazing.

MR. MANDERS. Terrible! Mrs. Alving, it proclaims that a judgment is being sent upon this abode of disorder.

MRS. ALVING. Yes, of course. Come, Regina. (*She and REGINA disappear through the hall.*)

MR. MANDERS. (*Folds his hands together.*) And uninsured! (*He goes out the same way.*)

END OF ACT II.



## Strikes.

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*To workmen on strike, or those who are about to strike for more pay or shorter hours, or to workmen who feel discontented with their present situation and who wish to better it :*

FRIENDS, AND COMRADES: We have a word or so to say and we preface it by announcing ourselves as your friends and tendering to you our aid in ANY struggle you may undertake to better your condition. But being *real* friends we deem it our duty in thus tendering our assistance to point out to you what course or action is most liable to be of actual benefit to you and to warn you against such attempts as from the very nature of things must prove futile, having no other effect than disappointment arising from wasted effort and energy. But first, let us announce to you why we are your friends and give the reason why we offer to you our aid. We are workingmen and women who having tried over and over again the various courses of action which you are about to enter upon, have profited by the bitter experience they have brought, and we would warn you that you may be saved the trial and trouble that we have undergone. We offer you our aid because we have gone deep enough into the labour question to realize that without unity and fraternity among the workers themselves not even the smallest thing can be done. We in thus offering our aid fulfil our duty to you, BROTHERS, and we thus stretch out to you the hand of fellowship pledging our simple word and faith that our feelings shall not change in peace or war, in strike or on the barricade.

You are either striking for higher wages, let us say, or about so to strike. If in your minds this strike is but to accomplish your point of an advance of wages *and nothing more*, then your attempt is futile, useless, and you had better remain as you are; you will be better off in the end, having saved both time and money. But if, on the contrary, you design this strike as a step toward a final and definite solution of the great labour question, if you would make it the means of teaching the worker the absolute necessity of combination and of unity, if having secured the adoption of SOLIDARITY you will build upon this a superstructure of Education, if you will learn *why you are poor* and what is the scientific *remedy* for that poverty,—if your strike is a stepping stone to all this,

then we are with you heart and hand ! Then, brothers, our arms, our brains, our purses, our labour night and day are yours, subject to your demand !

But to return, if as is more probable you only see (or think you see) in front of you only a small advance in wages, a small betterment of your own condition, a little personal advantage arising from the strike, then we feel that it is a DUTY that we owe to our class and to you to show you in plain words that you are pursuing a phantom, that even the success you desire (even if your demands be granted) CANNOT be obtained, that you are blindly beating with bare hands against a granite wall, and that the only result of your struggle will be to inflict upon yourself greater misery and more terrible degradation.

Suppose you are an iron moulder receiving when working 3 dols. per day. You are threatened with a reduction of wages or you desire better pay. Suppose that in your foundry there are 100 other moulders who will join you in the strike without exception. You make your demand. It is refused. The employer is compelled to refuse it because he is competing with other iron foundries in the same city who produce cheaper because they pay their slaves less. Producing cheaper they control the market, and your employer has to cut your wages down to their level or stop work. If he granted your demand and set you to work, the product of the foundry would find no market, and he would be ruined, and you would be thrown on the streets. But let us go farther. Let us admit (which is hardly possible) not only that every foundry in this city, in this state, in the whole country join with you, that every man is a "union man," that there are no "blacklegs," that every moulder will insist upon receiving five dollars a day or will refuse to work. What then would be the result in the end ? For a short time we admit there could be seen a great benefit in your condition. But soon the employers would become uneasy, the public would demand cheaper goods. New competitors would start up with cheap apprentices to compete with you. Your employers would combine and give you the choice, universal stoppage of work or universal reduction of wages. Either this or the new firms would beat yours out of the market. To aid these new firms new and effective machinery would be invented and even child labour would be employed. So long as this system of competition lasts, where every worker's hand is against the throat of every other toiler, just so long will wage-worker and slave be equivalent terms.

Now bear in mind that machinery aids the productive forces of mankind to such an extent that under the present system thousands of men are everywhere and in every occupation unable to obtain work. These men facing starvation, rather than die of hunger will work for the merest pittance. Do not blame them ; you would do the same ; do not curse them nor revile them as "blacklegs ;" they are the effect of the infamous system. Abolish them by destroying the system. In the competition of working-men with each other for work he who will work for the least, and live the cheapest, gets the job. This state of facts is summarized by political economists under a general law called the "**IRON LAW OF WAGES.**"

In plain English this is it :

"What you will receive as wages for your work does not depend upon your fidelity, your capacity alone, but is fixed by the least sum which anyone else of similar acquirements can *live* upon. If any other man in this world exists out of work, able to do your labour, and willing to work for a *crust of bread* per day, then his competition ultimately reduces your wages to his standard, a *crust of bread*."

So if in future any one tells you that electing Billy Sharper or Jack Fleecem or Jimmy Loafer to office will better your condition as a worker tell him he lies, because Science proves that your wages depend not on politics but upon a law of political economy, and that not altered legislation but changed *conditions* are necessary to destroy the operation of this rule of social relations.

But to go to the extreme point of the argument. Let us say that all the workers of the land in every occupation *are* employed; let us say that no man is out of work; that every worker receives the average wage of 346 dols. 8 cents per annum (as per United States Census of 1880); that every man agrees to combine and the united force ask an increase to 5 dols. per day? It is granted. What is the effect? The employer adds the extra wage into the price of the product and forces the *consumer* to pay it. Who is the consumer? *You*. Thus you pay your own advance out of your own pocket and are not a whit the better off? What does it matter to you whether you receive 1 dol. per day or 5 dols. per day if in the first case it costs you 1 dol. to live and in the second place 5 dols. to live? Is your condition a bit improved? Certainly not.

Brothers, as long as a *class* of people exists (such as bankers, brokers, lawyers, land-renters, parsons, politicians, gin sellers, capitalists, employers, speculators, stock-jobbers, etc.), who do not produce for themselves and who have to consume, they evidently eat what you produce. You must devise some plan to make them produce for themselves, and leave you free to yourself consume what you produce. The census says, and truly that out of every 100 dols. worth of value you produce you get in the form of wages only 30 per cent. That is that for every dollar you receive, your employer pockets two which are yours because produced by you. That is, that of three blows of your hammer, only one is for yourself while two are for him. That is, if you work ten hours a day  $3\frac{1}{3}$  only are for yourself and  $6\frac{2}{3}$  for him. But is this all? No! When you take your paltry third home, other of the robber classes gather like vultures around it. From  $\frac{1}{3}$  to  $\frac{2}{3}$  of your income goes for *rent* to some rascal who has seized upon the LAND (the gift of nature to all alike,) and who is protected by "LAW" (made by his tools) in its possession. He will not or cannot use, cultivate or occupy it; he has simply *grabbed* it because he knew you needed it and would pay him for its use. But yet this is not all. You take the small remnant of your wages to buy food and clothes, you take your wages as a producer, or rather what is left of them, and go into the market to buy back your product. Let us see your position. You are a stove moulder and have made at the factory during the week, say, ten stoves. For this you received in

wages 18 dols. The material in these stoves amounts to say 6 dols. Your employer sells the stoves to a wholesale firm for 60 dols., or 6 dols. apiece. The 60 dols. is composed as follows, price of material 6 dols., your wages 18 dols., his "profit" on your work (his *theft* from you) 36 dols. The wholesaler adds on 25 per cent as his profit, 15 dols, and the retailer 33 per cent as his, 25 dols. more. Your ten stoves are thus offered to you for sale at 10 dols. each. You want to buy one. You received 18 dols.; 6 dols. of it has gone for the week's rent. If you can live on 2 dols. for the week you can spend the remaining 10 dols. for the stove. In other words you can buy back by terrible privation, with your wages ONE TENTH of what you produced for those wages! It is so in every other occupation where *wages* are paid. Do you wonder that you are poor now?

We have shown you that on account of the omnipotence of competition among yourselves by which the loafing classes use you to cut your own throats, strikes for higher wages cannot permanently better your condition. We admit the self-evident fact that local strikes will very temporarily be of benefit to you but at the general expense of your class. Why then do we tender you our aid in these strikes? And what remedy have we to lay before you, after thus showing the fallacy of the course you contemplate? We will tell you. We believe in strikes to develop a spirit of manhood, to foster a spirit of unity, to awaken a desire to know the CAUSES of your misery and the real remedy for them. For this reason we are with you and tender you our aid. But we do it only in the hope that the more intelligent at least, among you, will be roused up to *practical* action on the great labour question.

We urge you to form your unions, to combine, to read, to talk, to discuss, to strike, to educate yourselves, so that you may be able to appreciate our principles and our plan of action.

We have not space here to do more than outline these, leaving to you however the opportunity of finding them set out in detail in other places.

In conclusion, and in brief these are our principles:—The present misery of the workers is caused by the existence of a class of non-producers. This class is all powerful because it monopolizes the land and natural resources of earth, the tools and machinery of production, and the medium for the exchange of commodities. It can be only abolished by depriving it of these monopolies and forcing the individuals composing it to go to work. This can only be accomplished by governmental co-operation where the whole people shall collectively own the land and natural resources, tools and machinery and mediums of exchange, communication and transportation, and shall use them for the common good of all; where the whole people shall be the sole producer and distributor upon a basis of cost being the limit of price, rent being abolished and interest forever estopped.

Education is now, the first and only duty! Until we are educated and organized ALL action is *suicidal*! And this education must be pushed with the utmost speed, prosecuted with the most unflagging energy if we would succeed. Science points out to us every decade by means of panics the approaching downfall of the competitive

system which from its own dead weight is bound to disintegrate. At every panic millions of workers are thrown on the streets penniless, foodless, ragged and desperate.

At every succeeding panic their condition is worse, their numbers greater; with every year, aye every day and hour, the invention of new machinery recruits the great army of the poor, the desperate, the ignorant, the unemployed. We know as we know that the sun will rise to-morrow, that at the next panic—due in 1885 and just beginning now—or the following one, millions of ignorant wage slaves, facing starvation, will rise desperately, aimlessly, striking for BREAD OR BLOOD. We know this. We see its evidences everywhere. We hear the stifled curses of the Hocking miners, 3000 of whom now starve while huddled together on the bare ground, we mark the cries of the factory women of Massachusetts, the moans of the gaunt faced children of Hell's Mills at Baltic. We see the miner of Pennsylvania working for 63 cents a day, the tenant farmer of Lux and Miller in California with wolfish face and hungry eyes. We see the dead lying in the streets of Cincinnati and their blood trickling over the pavement stones. We see the black cap on the head of Isaac Jacobson on the gallows at Chicago, for asserting his manhood, and we hear the creak of the hangman's rope. We see the workers of the South sold upon the auction block as pauper labourers to the highest bidder. We turn abroad and behold the dungeon, the dagger, the bullet, Siberia and the scaffold all at work to kill and torture our heroes. We see women outraged and children killed by inches, and we note every blood stain, every cry of agony, every brutal laugh, every insolent jeer and we discover that *EVEN NOW* the REVOLUTION is upon us. *EVEN NOW* the battle has begun!

Comrades! BROTHERS! Shall this great contest be one of mere aimless blood and carnage, one of massacre and murder, of vengeance and revenge, of wild fury and the ferocity of ignorant slaves against unscrupulous power, or shall we who are intelligent, who are devoted, shall we endeavour to so conduct it as to secure as its results such a scientific system of society as will guarantee the perpetual existence of LIBERTY, EQUALITY, and FRATERNITY? Not destroyers but saviours we aim to be, and to be such effectually we ask your aid. Will you not give it to us freely, frankly and now.

Issued by the SAN FRANCISCO CENTRAL COMMITTEE of the INTERNATIONAL WORKMEN'S ASSOCIATION.





## Battle Hymn of the Republic.

*Tune.*—"John Brown."\*

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;  
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored  
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword;  
His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watchfires of a hundred circling camps;  
They have builded him an altar in the evening dew and damps:  
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;  
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel—  
"As ye deal with my contemners so with you my grace shall deal;"  
Let the hero born of woman crush the serpent with his heel,  
Since God is marching on.

He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall never sound retreat,  
He is sifting out of the hearts of men before his judgment seat;  
Oh be swift my soul to answer him, be jubilant my feet.  
Our God is marching on!

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born, across the sea,  
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;  
As He died to make men holy let us die to make them free;  
While God is marching on.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

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\* Mrs. Howe in a lecture at Detroit in 1871 thus detailed the circumstances of the inspiration of this hymn. "I was on a visit to Washington during the first winter of the war with Governor Andrews and other Massachusetts friends. We had been spending the day in the camp on the Potomac, and I heard the 'John Brown' hymn sung and played so often that its strains were continually sounding in my ears. As the words in use seemed an inadequate expression of the music, I wished very much for an inspiration which would provide a fitting rendition of so beautiful a theme. But it did not come and I retired to bed. Early in the morning, before daybreak, I awoke and my mind in a half dreaming state began at once to run upon the rhythm of the 'John Brown' Hymn. Very soon the words commenced fitting themselves to the measure and the lines spun off without further effort. I said to myself 'Now I shall lose all this unless I can get it down in black and white.' I arose, groped about in the dark, got such stationery as may be found in the room of a Washington hotel and wrote, as I frequently do, without lighting a lamp, 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic.'"

## Communism.

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COMMUNISM is a word vaguely flung about in our social discussions. It is the stock bogey of our dry nurses of the pulpit, the press, and the platform, wherewith they scare children of a larger growth from peeping into the dark places of our social system. It is the club with which the guardians of society reason with the brazen-faced Oliver Twists who impudently dare to ask for more—an argument that silences by stunning. In the popular mind, it is the alias of the Parisian petroleuse, and stands for a social craze which is diseasing labour, filling the minds of working men with dreams of an impossible Utopia, and inflaming their hearts against the existing order. That intelligent personality, the public, seriously supposes it to represent a scheme of the discontented and debtor classes to seize by force the possessions of the wealthy, and make a new deal all around.

The extravagance of these misconceptions is not to be wondered at after the wild words and works of those who vaunt the name of Communist, nor their vagueness when the reality of what is called Communism is itself a general seething of the social sea, a commingling of many counter-currents setting against the surface drift of our civilisation. Because this social movement, which is so rapidly absorbing into itself the solitudes of Western civilisation, and is forcing itself to the forefront of the questions of the day, is to my mind essentially expressed in the word most disavowed by the leading Socialistic writers, and is indeed a trend toward Communism, I select it to designate the problem.

Communism, pure and simple, separated from all unessential accessories, political and social, is, in its economic sense, the ism of common property. This "ism," like all other isms, admits of many varieties under the one generalisation, many differences as to the nature and extent of the property to be held in common, and its relation to the property to be held in common, and its relation to the property to be held in private. In the persons of social radicals, it may be an ism which would sweep away all private property, real at least, and would substitute at once a system of collective proprietorship of the soil and of all productive instrumentalities, and an equal distribution of the returns of labour. But extremists are rarely the true interpreters of an idea. Nature

uses their energy, and then overflows the limitations by which that energy was concentrated. This ism is not to be narrowed to the interpretation of any school, but is as elastic as the common interests of which common property is the expression. It is the ism which, believing the common interests to be superior to the separate interests of mankind, would subvert society with a large body of common property, and found personal possessions on a literal commonwealth.

Philosophically considered, Communism is the logical antithesis of private property; the embodiment of the idea of mutualism rather than the idea of separatism in wealth; the outcome of the altruistic instead of the egoistic sentiments; the issue of the principle of association contrasted with the issue of the principle of individualism; the organic life of society subordinating the special seeking of the members to the common good; mankind passing from the singular to the plural of the verb "to own," learning to say, "We have" instead of "I have."

Historically viewed, Communism presents the same correlation to the system of private property; and as a fact, as well as an idea, we discover an order of society, the antithesis of our present civilization, pre-existent to it, rising ghost-like to the vision of our seers from its decay; at once a memory and an ideal; the polar opposite of our existing social order; between which two states, the glacial and tropical epochs of economy, the earth oscillates slowly in the vast cycles of the ages.

Civilization apparently rests on the institution of private property. Roman law, on which all modern society has reared itself, based property on individual possession. The social unit, the one who could have property, personal belongings, was the individual. In this conception, Roman law was true to facts, as then known. No other order of society was seen or conceived. The earliest traces of society unearthed rested on the existence of private property. Any exceptions reported by travellers appeared as the anomalies found in every sphere. Upon this ground plan, Roman law drew the form of civilization, and after its pattern society has continued to shape itself. Until our own generation, the ablest students of social science accepted this traditional foundation of civilization as truly basic, the economic hard-pan. None suspected that the present order of private property laid its corner-stone upon the débris of an older and totally dissimilar order. It was reserved for our age of excavations to unearth this earlier civilization, and to find below the first layers of private property vast strata of communal property. Sir Henry Maine, in his studies of Ancient Law, pointed out that property once belonged not to individuals, nor even to isolated families, but to large societies. His research among the village communities of India opened an archaic society which was a true Communism. Dnnish, German, and English students, in their explorations of the *origines* of civilization, came upon the same ancient social order, among widely separated peoples: and the Belgian de Laveleye wrought these scattered investigations into a masterly treatise, which conclusively shows, in so far as our present knowledge goes, that the general system of property was once Communism.

This system endured for ages beyond our calculation. It was the beginning of civilization. Before it was a period of pure individualism, savagery and barbarism, whose relics Spencer, Tylor, and Lubbock have unearthed. The gens or tribe sought its food in the common hunting-grounds, pastured its flocks in the common grazing-grounds, and, when it ceased to be nomadic, held its arable lands in common, built together first the one large hut and then the separate smaller huts which marked the development of the family individuality, worked its fields by conjoint labour, and shared together the fruits of the common toil. This primitive Communism, varying its details among different peoples, and slowly modifying its chief features in the lapse of ages, formed the economic childhood of civilization, through which apparently all races have passed, in which the agricultural communities of Russia, of the Sclavic peoples generally, and of large portions of the East, still linger. It is the foundation underlying our most advanced civilizations, which, in many an archaic custom, such as the English rights of common and the Swiss *All-mend*, crops out from beneath our later social formations like the thrust of the primeval granite.

Communism was thus literally the foundation of civilization. Civilization rests on property, the material provision for settled life; and property was, first of all, the belongings of the family, the tribe, the community.

The material and moral advantages of this historic Communism are not hard to construct. Nordhof's picture of the charming contentment, the sweet simplicity, the healthy, happy, honourable life in some of our American communistic societies, images that far back *juventus mundi*. How like a dream looms the age when no one wanted for food or shelter who willed to work; when every one had free access to the bountiful breasts of mother Nature; when toiling shoulder to shoulder in the common field, for the common store, fellowship lightened labour, and no envious eye looked askance at the richer yield of a neighbour's land; when no hordes of hungry men, savagely selfish, elbowed each other aside, pulled each other down, fighting fiercely for the insufficient places at the earth's table,—the strong and the cunning grasping the prizes and leaving their weaker brothers to starve in full sight of their fat and frolicking fortunes.

Nevertheless, in all its innocent happiness, this primitive Communism was only the childhood of civilisation, having, with the charm, the defects of immaturity. The infancy of the race knew neither the ambitions nor the aspirations of manhood. It was an unproductive age economically, an unprogressive age mentally, and an untried age morally. It was a stationary period, in which all things continued as they had been from the fathers. Its calm, contented comfort was the ideal order of the well-fed and well-disposed, a beautiful, bovine being. There was no stimulus for the mind of man and little schooling as through sin of his soul. Society presented an unpicturesque level of prosaic prosperity, having no sunken valleys indeed, but lifting no sunny summits to the "large lordship of the light." Life was as dull probably as the stupid routine of the Shakers. Any marked development of individuality would have been fatal to this system in the historic past, as it is

instinctively felt to be fatal to it now in the little societies of the Icarians and the Rappists. Yet without this the world would have had no more art or science or philosophy than is called forth in Zoar and Amana. The two co-equal agents in civilisation needed each a period for its special development, in the cycling movement of the ages, before the equilibrium could be sought and found. Association outwrought its possibilities in the epoch of Communism.

Individuality needed then to be evolved, and its potencies opened fully. Nature corrected her own agency, and a spontaneous movement began away from the pole of association toward the pole of individualism.

As we follow the story of society, we see this early Communism slowly modifying itself. The communal lands were divided more frequently, the family shares were marked off in allotments, these lots came to be worked separately by the different families, the use of these allotments grew slowly into the sense of a real proprietorship for the time much as we feel now with a lease, this limited right settled into a practical permanency of possession by the gradual lengthening of the term of use, the common lands became thus narrowed by the growth over against them of private lands, the use of the public lands came to be assigned to individual families *pro rata* to their personal possessions in flocks and fields, and the institution of private property crystallised around the new social unit, the individual.

This natural social evolution was accelerated by the passions of selfishness evoked by the force of individualism; and commingling with the peaceful stream of progress runs the dark current of spoliation, which washed rapidly away the shores of the old order and carried off the substance of the common-wealth to raise the new strata of private property. "Property is robbery" sounds like frantic fanaticism in our ears; but as concerns the original formation of private property, alike in land and capital,—which with labour make the three factors of all wealth,—it is historically true. When it became permissible for each man to hold and increase personal possessions, the native inequality in capacity and character quickly showed itself, and the few rose above the many with a speed admeasured by their inferiority in conscience as well as by their superiority in brain. The strong and the cunning enriched themselves upon the old-time common rights, in ways we can easily understand by watching the "enclosure" of common lands still going on in England, and threatening to leave soon no relic of commonage unwrested from the people; or the deeding away, in one century of national life, of the available lands of "the commons" of America—magnificent as was this dower—to the railroad corporations. Private Property's title-deeds were largely drawn by fraud and executed by force.

Thus though a natural social evolution which took up into itself an unnatural process of spoliation, under the unfolding force of individualism, the historic Communism crumbled out from the customs, the laws, the institutions of society, covering its record in its own débris; so that when Roman Jurisprudence dug down for a foundation, on which to rest the structure of civilization, it mistook for the primitive stratum this crust of a buried world, and not that beneath Ilium lay an older Troy.

Society passed thus into its second period, the stationary age opening into the progressive age. Political economy gives the Genesis of our present system, though it writes "The earth was without form and void," in a chaos where now we see an earlier order out of whose dissolution the new world arose. The institution of private property is the corner-stone of our civilization. The spirit of individualism is the architectonic force building the stupendous structure in which we live. Orthodox economists are doubtless right in asserting, in the theory familiar to all, that the imposing accumulation of riches and the splendid store of knowledge, which, with their resultant customs, laws, and institutions, characterize our modern civilization, have been evolved from the free action of this tremendous force of individualism, generated from the institution of private property. Our brilliant society is driven by the mainspring of selfishness, and runs its interlocking wheels under self-regulating competition.

In both the material and mental productiveness of mankind, this second period of egoism has been an undoubted advance upon the earlier period of Communism, of which it is needless to speak in detail because questioned by none.

But this progress has not been an unmingled boon. There is a seamy side to our brilliant civilization, in which no beauty appears and no beneficent order is discernible. The tremendous force set free in the gradual break-up of the communal system submerged, with the evil, the good of the earlier epoch, and, in lifting the beautiful mountains on whose heights the day is long, the air keen, and life a glorious joy, sank the deep, dark valleys where all foul and noxious vapours suffocate the children of men.

This new social force of selfishness gradually dispossessed the men of average brawn and brain from their share of the land once held by all in common; shut them off from the natural resources of life; drove the landless beneath the supporting, protecting power of the landed, who had profited from their incapacity, or even created their poverty and its helplessness; started the feebler in mind and muscle down the incline of dependence, villeinage, serfdom, slavery; aggravated the relative debility and dulness, which began the separation into classes, by the continual worsening of the stock and of the conditions of life; precipitated thus at the bottom of society a class having no resource but the sale of its labour to the capitalist class crusting on the top; petrified these social settlements, under the interaction of organism and environment, into the helpless, hopeless mass of pauperism that has lain below historic civilization—the residuum of private poverty deposited in the formation of private property. Poverty, the prolific mother of evils, spawned her woful brood upon the earth—ignorance, disease, vice, and crime. The wealth of nature, which amply sufficed for the necessities of the whole body over whom it once spread, and which has increased under the productive energy of individualism faster than the growth of population, has been disproportionately distributed into the luxury of the few and the poverty of the many. Instead of the whole family having a daily loaf of wheaten bread, Dives has fared sumptuously every day, and Lazarus has munched his crusts. The city of Man has planted itself upon piles of "live

wood," thrust down into the depths of drudgedom. This palace of culture has reared itself on human caryatides, looking grimly in upon the splendour upborne on their weary shoulders.

The wonderful civilisation of Egypt rested on the slavery familiar to the Christian world in the Hebrew history, pictured still on the graphic ruins of the Nile Valley. The brilliant society of Greece was maintained by the helot-hosts, of whose misery we hear so little because the Muse of History scarce deigns to notice them. The early semi-communism of Republican Rome passed on into the superb selfishness of Imperial Rome, with its marble palaces and temples we cross the ocean to see, even in their ruins, buttressed against the huge brick tenements we do not cross the ocean to see, since we have developed them at home. England tells the same story through her history. When Chaucer sang the gay life of the gentle folk in court and camp, Longland was echoing those blithe-some strains in the despairing cry of the ungentle folk, hardened and imbruted by poverty:

And al they songen o song  
That sorrow was to heren ;  
They crieden alle o cry  
A careful note.

Samuel Johnson wrote of his age, "The whole mass of human life as seen in England at the present day presents violent extremes of condition, huge mountains of wealth and luxury contrasted with awful depths of poverty and wretchedness." Of our own day, Mr. Fawcett tells us that "the increase of national prosperity has as yet effected no correspondent improvement in the condition of the labouring classes." A statement easily to be credited when we find that two-thirds of the population toil, that the other third may be exempted from toil; that about seven thousand persons hold four-fifths of the soil of Great Britain; that ten or twelve persons own half the land of Scotland; that seven million five hundred thousand acres of land are left waste in a crowded country; that a million of human beings are pauperized, or one in every twenty-one of the population; that eight thousand five hundred persons have an income averaging £5,000, twenty-two million an income averaging £91, and about four million five hundred thousand an income averaging £30 per annum.

Of France, in her moment of perfect bloom, Taine writes, "It is said that a hundred thousand roses are required to make an ounce of the unique perfume used by Persian kings: such is this drawing-room, the frail vial of crystal and gold containing the substance of a human vegetation." Which translated into plain prose, means that, as has been computed, France wanted bread in the age of Louis XIV. half the time; under Louis XV., two days out of three; and by Louis XVI.'s time, three days out of four; the peasantry eating grass, and the *canaille* of Paris hoarsely shouting for the bread they lacked, while poor Marie Antoinette wondered why they did not eat cake!

Of the greater part of Europe to-day, the United States consular reports show a uniform state of things.

"The wages paid (in Germany) hardly cover the necessities of existence. . . . The workman's life is at best a struggle for

existence. . . . The large majority of the working men (in France) barely earn sufficient for the necessities of life," and so on through the dismal pages that report the condition of labour in nearly every country of Europe.

America was roughly roused half-a-decade ago from its optimistic dreams of room for all and plenty for each,—to which Carlyle savagely credited its exemption from the Old World social nightmare,—to feel itself crowded, with only fifty million, where two hundred million might be supported; to find twenty per cent. of its people owning eighty per cent of its wealth; to realize that there were few industries in which a working man could support his family without additional earnings from wife or children; to be told that more than two millions of persons, employed in the factories, earned an average wage per annum of about £60; to learn that it must no longer cherish the expectation of keeping the working classes above the level of their brothers in Europe; to enter on its vocabulary a novel and abhorrent word, the "proletariat," and to catalogue as the latest product of American industry—the tramp.

Every civilization proves a study in chiaroscuro, whose flecks of brilliant light, on which the eye is fascinated, stand out in relief against a dense mass of darkness, into which few care to peer, and in which those who strain their eyes to see are only shadowed by its dreadful gloom, and sigh, with the old weaver, "Its a' a muddle,—a' a muddle."

The moral wealth of man has not only not advanced equally with the increase of material and mental wealth, it has hitherto lagged far in the rear of their progress, and too often gone backward in an inverse ratio to their growth. The childhood of each people has been its period of purest morality. The old brotherliness, the kindly sympathy, and warm fellowship lingered still in the dew of the morning from that prehistoric night of Communism. As they have grown richer and more cultured, all nations have grown poorer in the basic virtues. Industry and trade have become selfish, unscrupulous, fraudulent; classes have separated and been embittered; internal dissensions have multiplied in society; civic pride has declined and political liberties have perished, in the dulling sense of a real commonwealth; government has come to be a feeding of the flock in dry pastures whence their owners have cut all the juicy grass, a leading of the flock through the noisy waters where the shearers stand waiting for their wool, an Egyptian protectorate in the interests of the bondholders, which sends the fellahs, to the music of the lash, to pay the old taxes that ate up all the land. Art has ministered no longer reverently in the temple before the altar, but dissolutely within the palace upon the revel. Religion, the bond of the Eternal Law, felt round man through the early code of purity and honour, has dissolved, and chaos has lapsed upon civilization.

That is the story of the decline and fall of every great civilization the world has known in this historic period of individualism. After every people's death, the inquest develops individualism gone to seed. The more splendid a civilization, the more ethically hollow has been the society. Flamboyant civiliza-



tion has been decadent life,—its brilliance hectic. Material and mental efflorescence has proven the showy result of draining the moral roots. Many forces, chief among which is the rejuvenescent vitality of Christianity, restrain the corruption that civilization engenders in modern society. But no one need go far below the surface to discover that “there’s something rotten in the State of Denmark.” Within our civilization, so fair upon the surface, covered over by its thin crust of beautiful culture, there fester wrongs which make progress seem an illusion, morality a sham, and religion a bitter mockery. Of the ethical character of the general economic results Mr. Cairnes confesses that “the solution actually affected of these problems, [the distribution of wealth] under our existing system of industry is not such as entitles us to claim for it . . . the character of satisfying the requirements of moral justice.”

R. HEBER NEWTON.

*(To be continued).*

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## Austria in 1885.

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Thou art not changed from all thou wast; we see  
 The crown of darkness still on the blind head,  
 The mouth still foul with curses, the hands red,  
 The hate still in thy heart of all things free,  
 And high and good, and most unlike to thee.  
 Make ready for thy doom—God’s word is said:  
 That thou shalt die ere Liberty be dead,  
 Thy day have end ere hers shall cease to be.  
 Be fierce to strike as we firm to endure,  
 Our martyrs have no help so safe and sure  
 As help of rack and gibbet, sword, and rod!  
 They witness of the truth who live and die  
 For the truth’s sake; they witness who deny  
 And kill, as devils testify of God.

PAKENHAM BRATTY.

January, 1885.

# TO-DAY.

No. 15.—MARCH, 1885.

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## Communism.

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THE moral wealth of man has not only not advanced equally with the increase of material and mental wealth, it has hitherto lagged far in the rear of their progress, and too often gone backward in an inverse ratio to their growth. The childhood of each people has been its period of purest morality. The old brotherliness, the kindly sympathy, and warm fellowship lingered still in the dew of the morning from that prehistoric night of Communism. As they have grown richer and more cultured, all nations have grown poorer in the basic virtues. Industry and trade have become selfish, unscrupulous, fraudulent; classes have separated and been embittered; internal dissensions have multiplied in society; civic pride has declined and political liberties have perished, in the dulling sense of a real commonwealth; government has come to be a feeding of the flock in dry pastures whence their owners have cut all the juicy grass, a leading of the flock through the noisy waters where the shearers stand waiting for their wool, an Egyptian protectorate in the interests of the bondholders, which sends the fellahs, to the music of the lash, to pay the old taxes that ate up all the land. Art has ministered no longer reverently in the temple before the altar, but dissolutely within the palace upon the revel. Religion, the bond of the Eternal Law, felt round man through the early code of purity and honour, has dissolved, and chaos has lapsed upon civilization.

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Mr. Mill owns that “the hardships and the earnings, instead of being directly proportional, as in any just arrangement of society they would be, are generally in the inverse ratio to one another.”

We have come to accept, as a normal order of things, a system which places human beings in relations that eat out the sense of brotherliness and justice, and educate selfishness, in a way I leave economists to describe.

“In any given case, the more the employer receives the less will be left for the employed; or, in other words, the more is taken in the form of profits the less will be given in wages.”

“One may be permitted to doubt whether, except among the poor themselves, for whose prejudices on this subject there is no difficulty in accounting, there has ever yet been in any class of society a sincere and earnest desire that wages should be high. There has been plenty of desire to keep down the poor rate; but, that done, people have been very willing that the working-classes should be ill-off. Nearly all who are not labourers themselves are employers of labour, and are not sorry to get the commodity cheap.”

“Employers are in a permanent conspiracy to keep wages down.”

“Wherever there is great property there is great inequality. For one very rich man there must be at least five hundred poor, and the affluence of the few supposes the indigence of the many.”

The economic foundations of our system do not well bear the ethical sunlight. Neither of the two factors of wealth, apart from labour, is free from a suspicion of its rightfulness, however ample is its justification on the lower grounds of expediency, as is fully admitted in the present stage of society.

Capital increases by interest. Interest is certainly a needful spur in an individualistic system of society, indispensable to quicken the energies and ambitions and prudences on which, as on the lower rounds of life’s ladder, men begin to mount. While men continue to compete instead of co-operate, it is wholly warrantable and necessary. But it never has succeeded in vindicating itself beyond question before the bar of ethical principles. That it seems to have done so is owing to the blinding force of customary morality. Religion has generally condemned it. The Roman Church still identifies interest with usury. Protestantism’s

sanction is extorted by the evident necessity of it in the present state of society. It is allowed, as Moses permitted divorce of the Indiana kind, for the hardness of men's hearts.

Land is so identified with individual ownership that any question of the justice of such ownership seems to us utter fanaticism. Yet, whenever the case is carried to the supreme tribunal and laid before the enlightened conscience, it grows dubious, to say the least. Land was the one thing men once deemed unquestionably wrong to hold apart from their fellows. Whatever individual proprietorship might be allowed in tools and houses and flocks, all mankind were unanimous in regarding land as common property; Nature's provision for the needs of all; God's gift to the family of man, to be used as brothers use the house table. Whole races so think still. Those who in our most progressive societies yearn after the pattern showed upon the Mount, even though it deny the law of the market, echo this voice of the childhood of the race. They say, Land is like water, air, sunlight, no man's creation, all men's endowment, inalienable for ever from the people at large. The ripest reason of our highest authorities reaffirms this judgment of the conscience. Herbert Spencer says, "Not only have the present land tenures an indefensible origin, but it is impossible to discover any mode in which land can become private property."

John Stuart Mill lays down the sweeping principle, "The land of Ireland, the land of every country, belongs to the people of that country." He amplifies this statement thus: "When the 'sacredness of property' is talked of, it should always be remembered that any such sacredness does not belong in the same degree to landed property. No man made the land. It is the original inheritance of the whole species. Its appropriation is wholly a question of expediency. When private property in land is not expedient, it is unjust."

Rent remains to this day the *pons asinorum* of all tyros in political economy, the problem where even some of the masters involve themselves hopelessly in seeking to justify, ethically, private proprietorship of land.

If ethically unsound, it is no wonder, need I say it here, that our civilisation has naturally tended to decay. And this is what we are at last beginning reluctantly to learn. The more thoroughly preventive philanthropy diagnoses the disorders of society, the more clearly does it become apparent that back of all symptomatic ailments there is a constitutional malady, that the very life forces of a competitive civilisation are feeding the cancerous tissue which spreads starvation, sickness, and sin.

The proletariat is the waste thrown down by our industrial mechanism. The tramp, who developed a half-decade ago into such huge proportions, over whom the Social Science Associations were so perplexed, whom Legislatures sought to exorcise by laws recalling the Elizabethan statutes of blood and iron, proved after all a product of the industrial stagnation, and not of the total depravity of the working man's heart, and has disappeared as a serious problem with the reopening of employment. The pauper was probably unknown in the early Communism, as he is cer-

tainly unknown now in our little American Communisms and in the Communes of Russia. Even the lazy learn to work there without stocks or stone-breaking.

I had occasion to study the facts of the social evil, some years ago, in aiding to found a midnight mission; and I learned, that which all who have looked into the matter probably know,—that insufficient wages, unsteady employment, enforced idleness, too early commencement of labour in childhood, and consequent defectiveness of education, the withdrawal of motherly influence from the home under the necessity of woman's work to eke out the support of the family,—direct results all of our industrial system,—have more to do with prostitution than has lust.

Who that has looked below the surface of the problem of intemperance does not know that it is not so much a crime to be repressed by statutory prohibition as a disease to be cured by better homes, purer air, more wholesome food, less wearing work, less carking cares, and greater interest and pleasure in the daily labour,—conditions withheld in our individualistic system from the great mass of labourers.

We may deplore the existing morals of trade, and try all the alleviations Mr. Spencer suggests in his admirable essay; but the demoralization will continue as long as the homely description given by Tregarva remains true to facts: "Go where you will, in town or country, you'll find half a dozen shops struggling for a custom that would only keep up one; and so they're forced to undersell one another. And, when they've got down prices all they can, by fair means, they're forced to get them down lower by foul,—to sand the sugar and sloe-leave the tea and put Satan only that prompts them knows what into the bread; and then they don't thrive, they can't thrive. God's curse must be on them. They begin by trying to oust each other and eat each other up; and, while they're eating up their neighbours, their neighbours eat up them; and so they all come to ruin together."

All these social evils strike down their tap-roots beneath the very groundwork of our civilization. They are the *sequela* of the fever of individualism firing the social system. The tremendous force of selfishness, once freed from the strong box in which Communism shut it up, threw off the venerable bonds of fellowship, broke through the sacred laws of morality, and developed a fierceness of greed which became a root of all evil, socially. Selfishness has proven itself the nullification of true order in a general "ooze and thaw of wrong."

What a terrific indictment of our economical system is presented in the simplest statement of the results of ages of competitive civilization! A few living in idle luxury, the great mass toiling slavishly from ten to eighteen hours a day; the producers of all wealth receiving just enough to keep above the hunger level; women taking the place of men in the weary work of the factory, consuming the mothering powers of body, mind, and soul, wherein lie the hopes of humanity; children, who should be accumulating in wise play the capital for life, discounting it in advance in prolonged and unwholesome tasks; mechanism competing with manhood in the "labour market," crowding man out from the cunning

crafts in which he once won his best education, sinking him to the cheap mechanical attendant upon the costly intelligent automaton; the greed of gain stimulating a cut-throat competition, which undersells men where it used to sell them, schools the business world in the arts of fraud, prostitutes government to the money-lust of the wealthy, converts trade into what a Parliamentary report frankly called "war," lays waste nations in the strategic campaigns of this most desolating of struggles, and periodically collapses wealth in bankruptcy; the inspiration of selfishness giving to the world a revelation of natural law which formulates over this disorder the *Codex Satanis*, sets up against the authority of the Mount the authority of the market, rules out ethical law from the basic sphere of life, sustains all appeals of avarice from the court of equity, narcotizes conscience with the statutes of irresponsibility, and leaves to the blind working of demand and supply the equation of the conditions of life for the great mass of human beings; society vainly striving to correct with the left hand of charity the wrongs which the right hand of injustice is creating; our very progress whirling us along at a rate that strains all bands of fellowship, exhausts the endurance of the feeble, and flinging off their relaxing grasp hurls them out into the débris of soul dust that strews the pathway of our world through time.

Well might John Stuart Mill confess that such facts "make out against the case either against the existing order of society, or against the position of man himself in this world." We are tempted to call the science of such a society "the philosophy of despair resting on an arithmetic of ruin."

Is society, then, hopelessly retrograding? By no means. Dark as is this picture, it is the shadow-depth cast by the strong white light of our high noon of civilization, which tells of a new phase of social revolution opening beyond the meridian. With our eyes upon the long, slow pendulum swing of the historic movement of society, we recognise the significance of the disorders of our civilisation, and discern the secret of their correction. Between individualism and Communism, society has oscillated in rhythmic alternations, whose sweeps have been counted by ages, each movement carrying humanity into conditions fatal to its continuance, and then being drawn slowly back by polar forces only to swing out into the antipodal extreme; civilisation mounting higher through these successive reactions, and centring towards the golden mean, the happy equipoise of these two essential forces. Feeling only the sweep of this force of individualism, we might imagine civilisation rushing into certain destruction, as many prophesy; but below the surface currents there pulse, even now, to our perception, the forces of an opposite movement, long gathering head and at last checking the centrifugal rush of society; and, out in the aphelion of its pathway, the orbit of civilisation rounds into a new sweep down "the ringing grooves of change" backward toward Communism.

This is the meaning of the recoil everywhere making itself felt from the economic system in which has been formulated the principles of our order; of the stir in the deep under-waters of society, setting steadily against the whole trend of competitive

civilisation. This new movement assumes different forms, and takes different names in different lands. It mingles itself in some countries with political currents, as in Russia; and occasionally loses any distinctively economic character in a wild outburst of all the turbulent elements, a civic craze, as in the war of the Parisian Commune in 1871, when the stream suddenly becomes a whirlpool, and sucks all counter-currents into a maddening vortex that engulfs society. Substantially, however, Russian Nihilism, German Socialism, French Communism (distinguishable always from the purely political system of the commune, civic autonomy), English Trades-Unionism, and the legion varieties of labour organisations in America, are the changing crystallisations of the huge mass characterised by the *Nation* as "the party of discontent." The discontent is often groundless, as against society, being caused in reality by the personal faults and follies of the discontented, by the "laws mighty and brazen" which press so hard round all life. It is often inflamed by ignorance and diverted by demagogism from its legitimate aim to further selfish schemes. Not unfrequently, also, it is the cloak under which dishonesty seeks to shirk its just responsibilities. Nevertheless, at bottom, this discontent grounds itself upon the admitted evils of our civilisation. There is thus massing over against our order the sullen forces of labour, in a recoil admeasured by the resistance of the increasing enlightenment and increasing power of the class most oppressed by our civilisation. It is still largely a vague revolt against the existing order, the aimless striking out of men who do not see very clearly, but who feel very keenly with Tregarva, "Somebody deserves to be whopped for all this." It is, however, rapidly becoming a conviction that the disorders and wrongs of civilisation are not the mere accidents of our social system but its legitimate and inevitable products, and a determination to reconstruct society. Brains are no longer confined to the cultured classes. Poor men are studying social science, with the keen insight born of suffering and spurred by the stinging sense of wrong. They are applying the ethical stethoscope to the vital parts of the social organism, sounding every suspected organ, diagnosing the patient with an honest frankness undisturbed by traditions, undismayed before authority, and unseduced by interest. In the social revolution of the nineteenth century, which is following the political revolution of the eighteenth century, the venerable economic wrongs of civilisation are docketed for trial immediately after the hoary governmental wrongs have been adjudged. The next "suspect" to be called before the bar of the people is property. Each problem of property, however fundamental, however axiomatic we deem it, is to be reopened and worked out to a new conclusion which may turn out other than that set down in the books. That equation will be sought in terms of ethics. While tender-hearted philanthropists have been studying to alleviate the secondary and symptomatic disorders of society, socialistic thinkers have been seeking a constitutional cure, and propose now a radical alternative.

The social revolution is evolving its philosophy of property rights, as the political revolution evolved its philosophy of personal rights. This new philosophy of Socialism, an ism colouring itself

according to the idiosyncrasies of nations and individuals, yet preserving one character in all its phases. All of its schools unite in finding the essential evil of the social organism in the excess of individualism, and in prescribing, in large doses, the alterative of association. Saint-Simon, Proudhon, Fourier, Karl Marx, Lassalle, Bakunin, Herzen, and Owen agree in their diagnosis, and differ in their therapeutics only as to the form and measure of the one specific to be used. The common production and the just distribution of wealth are to cure the maladies created by the private production and the selfish distribution of wealth. The joint-stock association of capital and labour of Fourier, the non-interest-bearing credit banks of Proudhon, the co-operative capital of Marx, the New Harmony of Owen, the Mir of Russia, are but varying forms of one principle,—co-work for a common wealth, in whose brotherly production and distribution the good of each shall be subserved by the good of all,

Till each man finds his own in all men's good,  
And all men work in noble brotherhood.

Much that is supposed to be essential to Socialism is really accidental, the colouring of circumstance. Socialism is ordinarily identified with State organisation and direction of the co-operative industry and trade; but this is only the idiosyncrasy of the French and German mind, educated under a bureaucracy, accustomed to look to it for the initiative in all matters, and naturally, therefore modelling a Socialistic State. Russian Socialism makes the local autonomic Commune, the Mir, the spring and centre of society. Its ideal is "the federation of free unions of working men."

Socialism is frequently identified with Communism, as popularly understood,—the Communism which, as in our American local societies, holds all real property in common, divides the yield of labour equally among its members, irrespective of relative skill and service, and leaves scarcely any place for personal possessions. A few Socialists, out of Russia, are perhaps such thorough-going Communists. There are, however, no stronger opponents of literal Communism than the leading Socialists. They are wise enough to discern that this obliteration of individualism would be fatal to progress; and their systems would leave large play for this force, and would secure its action by the retention of private property, real and personal. The Socialist dream of huge industrial and trade organisations, which shall regulate all production and exchange, under the supervision perhaps of the State is simply an extension of the principle of co-operation, in no wise interfering with the present system of property.

Nevertheless, of this "ism," as of how many others, the sage's word holds true: "They builded wiser than they knew." Meaning only co-operation, the Socialists swell the current that sets toward Communism, in the large sense in which I use the term. No one can attentively study these various systems without perceiving that, call them by what name we will, they are in reality communistic; that their tendency is to narrow the area of private property and enlarge the ensphering body of common property; that their ideal is a real commonwealth, from which rises the inspiration kindling the enthusiasm of their fellows.



Behind all European Socialism, pressing it on, looms up Russia.

Russian Socialism believes itself destined to inspire and guide the whole European movement.

"There are only two real questions," said Herzen,—“the social question and the Russian question; and these two are one. . . . Socialism will unite the two factions, the European revolutionary with the Panslavonian.”

In the same article, Herzen says: “The deserts of the Wolga and the Oural have been, from all time, the bivouac of peoples in migration; their waiting-rooms and places of meeting; the laboratory of nations, where in silence destiny has prepared those swarms of savages, to let them loose upon the dying peoples, upon civilisation in consumption, in order to make an end of them. . . . The Russian question is the new apparition of the barbarians, scenting the death agony, screaming their *memento mori* in the ears of the Old World, and ready to put it out of the way if it will not die of its own accord.”

For this regenerating task, Slavic philosophy thinks the Slavic force has been held back so long in the history of Europe. These peoples are to inundate Europe with their ideas, to build on the decadent social system of the old world their own new world. The fundamental Russian institution is the Mir,—the collective proprietorship of the soil, and its equal and periodic apportionment among the members of the community. On this basis, the Russian Genius is seeking to rear the superstructure of her society. The people are expecting now an ukase to divide among them the whole Russian soil, still largely held by the aristocracy. “Land and Liberty” is the significant watchword of the revolution. Working men in distant cities keep their membership in the native commune, model their industrial organisations upon the Mir, and aspire to “a confederation of autonomous communes.” Russian influence, according to a remarkable article in the *Contemporary Review* for August, 1881, is gradually dominating European Socialism. This is what might be expected of the youngest, freshest, largest race of Europe. And Russia is Communism.

“Is there,” asked Herzen, “in the nineteenth century any other serious question besides that of communism and the partition of the land?”

No wonder that Cavour said, as reported of him, that the Russian Commune will create more dangers to Western Europe than any army.

If out of the political revolution, precipitated by the attack of the forces of discontent in the eighteenth century upon the divine rights of kings to govern wrong, there issued the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, they may not be far wrong who predict that out of the social revolution, to be precipitated by the attack of the forces of discontent in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries on the natural right of the market to regulate wrong, there will issue the proprietorship of the people, by the people, and for the people,—the social commonwealth after the political republic.

Such a set of this reactionary current in society will convince most men that, whatsoever its volume and force, it is not a return-

ing sweep in the cycling ascent of humanity, but a direct backward movement along the straight line of progress, an ebb-tide of the waters of civilization. The fact that the pattern of this "ism" is framed in the childhood of the world, and that the childhood of the world, and that the child races are its fashioners, will confirm their belief that it is a return to childishness, forgetful of that vision of the good time coming for the weary peoples of the earth whereinto, as the prophet saw, "a little child shall lead them."

The leading economists of the most orthodox English school give abundant testimony to the coincidence of this socialistic movement with the lines of true progress. Herbert Spencer devotes a chapter in the *Data of Ethics* to unfolding the place of this movement in the evolution of society. John Stuart Mill furnishes all the premises Socialism needs from which to draw its conclusions, and even pressed on himself to most of these conclusions. His death left a fragmentary essay, since published, which ranks him clearly with the Socialists of the chair.

The historic method which we have followed gives us, however, that bird's-eye view which best indicates the relation of this new "ism." As we have already seen, the retrospect of history leads us to expect a natural return toward Communism when the individualistic system has run *in extremis*. The signs of the present indicate this position, and identify the social movement with such a recoil. This of itself should assure us that we are witnessing nature's corrective action.

It may dispose us to the wise attitude of Gamaliel toward a new and prejudiced movement if, from this backward look along the natural evolution of society, we turn our eyes forward, and, following the tendencies legitimately working in society, can see them developing in this direction from within by purely natural processes.

In each of the three great institutes of society there lies bedded a core of Communism, whose development, under quickening conditions, we are now experiencing.

The family is at its core a Communism. This original and natural association of mankind gives free play to the individuality, and evolves in its tender culture the spiritual personality; but to the earliest point whither we can trace it, and through all its changing forms, it has been, as it still remains, a realised Communism. It has one common store, draws from one common purse, partakes of one common table, dwells in one common home. Personal possessions there may be for each member of the household and special purses for some, but all private property is ensphered within a common property. How could there be the life in common which makes the family so divine an institution, unless this soul of the home, this spiritual communion, had its enclothing body, this material Communism? The social crystallization which forms upon the family must be in some form a Communism.

The Church is, at its core, a Communism. It certainly opens abundant scope for the energies, and supplies abundant motive power to the interests of the individual. Indeed, its failures seem to me to grow chiefly out of its disproportionate cultivation of the

individuality. For the Church is also, as we are perhaps not sufficiently reminded, the organization for the evolution of the sacred social order, the kingdom of heaven slowly coming forth upon the earth, the sphere for the true inter-relation of the true individualities. The Church holds at once the ideals of individuality and of association. It is a republic which has of necessity its *res publicæ*; and these public things constitute it a commonwealth, a communion of spirit, which, without interfering with private possessions, tends to sublimate them into a free Communism.

The historic foundations of the Christian Church were laid in the Hebrew polity, which, whether in an original plan by Moses or in subsequent designs overlaying his rough draft, whether actually operative at any period or only a paper constitution, was a genuine Communism. This constitution nationalised the land of Canaan; vested the title in the head of the State, Jehovah; apportioned it among the families of the tribes; limited the term of all transfers between the people; vacated all real estate bargains at the end of every fifty years, restoring then to each family its inalienable right to its share of the soil; and thus prevented the accumulation of great estates and any possible monopoly of the first resources of life. It passed all debtors through an act of bankruptcy every seven years, and guarded thus against the enslaving action of debt, which has repeated itself so commonly in history. It even pronounced all interest usury, and thus radically estopped the manifold oppressions of unscrupulous capital that every society has experienced. This polity thus subsoiled Israel with a real Communism. It is certainly curious that the portion of the Church which professes to regard the Old Testament as divinely dictated and oracularly authoritative should so successfully dodge this disagreeable fact. The children of this world find it hard sometimes to prove wiser than the children of light.

The plan of Jesus, in so far as seeing clearly we may speak positively, followed this historic groundwork. If we follow Luke's Gospel as a trustworthy guide, we cannot miss the broadly drawn idiosyncrasy of the Nazarene; and if we discredit Luke, and see in this delineation the tracings of Essenic tradition and the colourings of socialistic writing, yet the features of the Christ therein sketched appear in the portraiture of the other evangelists, though in milder light, and we need not hesitate to trust the picture outlined.

Jesus was a pronounced Communist,—not indeed such as we conjure up when the irreverent *bon mot* of Camille Desmoulins echoes in our ears, but rather such as rises before us in the lofty confession of that crotchety, grand soul, John Ruskin: "For indeed I am myself a Communist of the old school, reddest of the red. . . . We Communists of the old school think that our property belongs to everybody and everybody's property to us."

Jesus appears to have always lived in a Communism. For thirty years he was a member of the Family Commune in the Nazarite carpenter's home. During the three years of his public life, he was the centre of the little brotherhood of thirteen which he himself formed, and which seems to have had one purse in

common, from which they drew for the common needs. The members of that Communism literally gave up all their possessions to follow the Master.

The constant attitude of Jesus toward the society of his day buttressed this example. He evidently was at one with the Hebrew prophets in their radical judgment on the competitive civilisation of Israel. It was repulsive to him as fostering the prudential virtues we so highly esteem and he so lightly valued, as cultivating the material, worldly, selfish instincts in which he found the secret of human ill. His language to the rich was radical. "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God." The counsel of perfection he offered the rich young ruler was, "Go, sell that thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven, and come follow me." He warned men against the love of money, the motor of our civilisation, and saw in Mammon, the gain-god, the social Satan whose service is irreconcilable with the service of God. He opened his ministry, according to Luke, by reading in the synagogue of his native village this passage from Isaiah: "The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach good tidings to the poor . . . to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord;" according to Mark, "preaching the glad tidings of the kingdom of God," the social regeneration. As plainly as words and deeds could speak, Jesus regarded a competitive civilisation not merely as falling short of the divine ideals of social life, but as running counter to them; and he sharply turned the faces of those who sought the kingdom of the Good One and his righteousness away from the kingdom of the Evil One and his unrighteousness. He was so understood by his hearers, and derided for his Quixotic teaching. The ethics of Jesus found no *nidus* in our social system: his religion asphyxiated in its atmosphere. Amid the evils growing out of a society based on private property and subordinating public things to personal things, common interests to individual interests, he held out, as the hope of man, a true Communism.

But this Communism of Jesus was no coarse, hard, literal system laid down as the order of society before the world was ready for it, decreed arbitrarily by statute and to be enforced rigidly by ecclesiastical authority. It was left for the enactment of "the law-making power within," when inspired from himself. It was, as Renan finely says, "the delicate communism of a flock of God children." The elder brother lived it, and thus breathed its spirit within the other children.

When his spirit breathed forth again from their souls, his ideal shaped itself in their aspirations, the natural response to that inspiration. The full-flooding sense of a life in common, awakened in these happy children of the heavenly Father, submerged the highest, driest levels of selfishness, overflowed the coast-lines of private property, obliterated all boundaries of *meum* and *tuum*, and spreading over the nascent Church resolved the communion of the disciples into the Communism whose record on the shores of time still marks the high-water reach of the Christian spirit. "And all that believeth were together, and had all things common; . . . and they sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all,

according as any man had need." Beautiful, spontaneous, momentary crystallization of the forces of Christian socialism into the figure of the ideal order. Too delicate to endure, like all premature fruit, it would have decayed, as it soon showed signs of doing, into social putrescence, if it had not been swept away in the overthrow of Jerusalem and its little Christian community. Too ethereal to bear the coming down from "the thin air of life's supremest heights," that vision has lived on in the memory of the Church as the transfiguration of society, unto which in every age of renewed inspiration the social aspiration should rise. From that time on, each new movement of spiritual life has revived this dream of the Mount, and stirred some effort at its realization. When we rightly restore the early Church, we shall probably find a great number of communistic societies, Christian Essenism in one form and another. Through the later periods of church history, each wave of impulse toward personal holiness was followed by a wave of impulse toward social justice, in the brotherhoods and sisterhoods, the mendicant orders and communistic sects, of the Dark Ages and the Middle Ages. The Reformation, with its mighty spiritual quickening, spawned on Europe a swarm of inchoate socialisms, fanatical, grotesque, impossible; witnessing nevertheless to the yearnings of new life. German pietism, probably the simplest, sweetest type of spiritual life produced by modern Christianity, has tended toward socialism; and our American communistic societies have been chiefly the work of these literal disciples of the Nazarene. America has curiously suggested the relation between individual inspiration and social aspiration in religion. There has been a rhythmical alternation between these two movements. Each wave of revivalism has been followed by a wave of socialism. After Nettleton, in 1817, came Robert Owen, in 1824; after Finney, in 1831-33, came the Fourierite enthusiasm, in 1842-43; after the great awakening of 1857, the social movement which might have followed was withheld by the civil war; after the practical Moody has come the practical co-operative efforts now being widely made. First the regeneration of the soul, then the regeneration of society. No dislike we may feel for the methods of either of these movements should blind us to their inter-relation and their combined trend.

Wherever the local churches are alive to-day, they are feeling the urgency of the social problem, and are, even though unconsciously, seeking its solution in that unwritten Communism which holds every gift and power as a trust for the common service, all wealth a stewardship for the common needs of the brotherhood. In the house of the Christian stands the table of the All-Father, where the children gather from the common meal of the community. Abiding sign of society's salvation from slavery and strife and every sin of selfishness, in the holy communion which must ultimately build round itself a righteous Communism!

The deepening life of the Church and its growing pressure against the unsympathetic environment of our competitive civilization must produce tenser yearnings of the Christian conscience to realize its ideals of the common life in some "ism" of common property. Following upon other revivals, such as we all believe

in,—the upflowings within the soul of the Eternal Spirit ensphering us all, in whom we live and move and have our being,—there will come other efforts after a Christian brotherhood; local churches perhaps essaying some form of voluntary Communism; which will fail only to be tried again, till gradually that spring blossom of the Pentecost opens into the full-blown fruit of summer, and, the spirit filling all men, it shall come to pass that the multitude of them that believe shall be of one heart and soul, and not one of them shall say that aught of the things which he possesses is his own, but they will have all things common.

Thus will that notable judgment of a well-known economist fulfil itself, as the Christian ideal slowly possesses humanity: "If Christianity were taught and understood conformably to the spirit of its Founder, the existing social organization could not last a day."

Thus, too, will verify itself the great word of Mazzini to those seeking a human brotherhood without any uplook to a divine fatherhood: "Every political question in this age is rapidly becoming a social question, and every social question a religious question."

*(To be continued).*



## Ghosts.

### ACT III.

*(The room as before. All the doors stand open. The lamp is still burning on the table. It is dark out of doors ; there is only a faint glimmer of fire in the background to the left. MRS. ALVING, with a large handkerchief over her head, stands up in the Conservatory and looks out. REGINA, also with a handkerchief over her head, stands a little behind her).*

MRS. ALVING. It's all burnt. Down to the ground !

REGINA. It's burning in the cellars still.

MRS. ALVING. How is it Oswald doesn't come up here? There's nothing whatever to save.

REGINA. Would you like me to go down to him with his hat ?

MRS. ALVING. Hasn't he got his hat with him ?

REGINA. *(Pointing to the hall.)* No ; there it hangs.

MRS. ALVING. Let it be. He must be coming up soon, now. I will go and look for myself. *(She goes out through the garden door).*

MR. MANDERS. *(Comes in from the hall.)* Isn't Mrs. Alving here ?

REGINA. She's just this moment gone down into the garden.

MR. MANDERS. This is the most terrible night I ever lived through.

REGINA. Yes ; isn't it a dreadful misfortune, Sir ?

MR. MANDERS. Oh ! don't talk about it ! I can hardly bear to think of it.

REGINA. But how can it possibly have happened ?

MR. MANDERS. Don't ask me, Regina ! How can I know that ? And do *you*, too ?—Isn't it enough for your father ?—

REGINA. What about him ?

MR. MANDERS. Oh ! he has driven me clean out of my mind—

ENGSTRAND. *(Comes through the hall.)* Your Reverence !

MR. MANDERS. *(Turns round in terror.)* Are you after me here, too ?

ENGSTRAND. Yes, the Lord strike me dead ! Oh ! gracious me ! But it's an awfully ugly business, your Reverence.

MR. MANDERS. *(Walks to and fro.)* Alas ! alas !

REGINA. What is the matter ?

ENGSTRAND. Why, it all came of that there prayer meeting, you see. *(Softly.)* The bird's caught now, my darling child. *(Aloud.)* And to think that it's my fault, that it's his Reverence's fault !

MR. MANDERS. But I assure you, Engstrand——

ENGSTRAND. But there wasn't another soul except your Reverence who had anything to do with lights in there.

MR. MANDERS. (*Stands still*). Ah! so you persist in saying. But I certainly can't recollect that I ever had a light in my hand.

ENGSTRAND. And I saw so certain and clear that your Reverence took the light and snuffed it with your fingers and threw away what you snuffed among the shavings.

MR. MANDERS. And you actually saw that?

ENGSTRAND. Yes. I saw it as plain as a pike-staff.

MR. MANDERS. It is quite beyond my comprehension. Besides it has never been my habit to snuff a light with my fingers.

ENGSTRAND. And a beastly dirty trick it looked, that it did! But can it turn out such a dangerous job, your Reverence?

MR. MANDERS. (*Walks restlessly to and fro*). Oh! don't ask me.

ENGSTRAND. (*Walks with him*). And your Reverence hadn't insured it, neither?

MR. MANDERS. (*Continuing to walk up and down*). No, no, no; you've heard that already.

ENGSTRAND. (*Following him*). It ain't insured. And then he goes right down there and sets a light to the whole lot of it. Oh! lor', Oh! lor', what a misfortune!

MR. MANDERS. (*Wipes the sweat from his forehead*). Ay, you may well say that, Engstrand.

ENGSTRAND. And to think that the likes of it could happen with a benevolent Institution, that was to be of use to town and country as the sayin' is! The newspapers won't handle your Reverence very gentle, I don't expect.

MR. MANDERS. No; that's just what I am turning over in my mind. That's almost the worst feature in the whole thing. All those hateful attacks and accusations! Oh! it is a terrible thing only to imagine it.

MRS. ALVING. (*Comes in from the garden*). He can't be persuaded to go away till the fire is quite out.

MR. MANDERS. Ah! there you are, Mrs. Alving!

MRS. ALVING. So you have got out of preaching your discourse on the Festival, Mr. Manders.

MR. MANDERS. Oh! I should so gladly——

MRS. ALVING. (*In an undertone*). It was best that it happened as it did. That Orphanage would have turned out no blessing to anybody.

MR. MANDERS. Don't you think so?

MRS. ALVING. Do you think it would?

MR. MANDERS. But it was an enormous pity, all the same.

MRS. ALVING. We will speak of it in plain language as a piece of business.—Are you waiting for Mr. Manders, Engstrand?

ENGSTRAND. (*At the hall door*). Ay, Ma'am; indeed I am.

MRS. ALVING. Then sit down meanwhile.

ENGSTRAND. I thank you kindly, Ma'am; I can easy stand.

MRS. ALVING. (*To MR. MANDERS*). I suppose you are going away now by the steamer?

MR. MANDERS. Yes, it goes in an hour's time.

MRS. ALVING. Be so good as to take all the papers with you



again. I won't hear another word about that affair. I have got other matters to think about.

MR. MANDERS. Mrs. Alving—

MRS. ALVING. Later on I shall send you a Power of Attorney to settle everything as you yourself please.

MR. MANDERS. That I shall be most sincerely glad to take upon myself. The original destination of the gift must now be completely changed, alas!

MRS. ALVING. Of course it must.

MR. MANDERS. Well, I think, first of all, I shall arrange that the part of the estate known as Sunnyside shall become part of the parish lands. The road cannot be said to be wholly valueless in any part. It will always be able to be turned to account for some purpose or other. And the current account that lies at the Savings Bank I could perhaps suitably apply to support some undertaking or other that might be said to be a gain for the town.

MRS. ALVING. Do exactly as you please. The whole matter is now one of complete indifference to me.

ENGSTRAND. Give a thought to my Sailors' Home, your Reverence.

MR. MANDERS. Yes, that's not a bad suggestion. Well, that must be considered.

ENGSTRAND. Damn considerin' it—Oh! lor'!

MR. MANDERS. (*With a sigh*). And I'm sorry to say I don't know how long I shall be able to remain mixed up with these things—whether public opinion may not compel me to retire. It entirely depends upon the result of the evidence given on the enquiry into the fire—

MRS. ALVING. What are you talking about?

MR. MANDERS,—and the result can by no means be known beforehand.

ENGSTRAND. (*Comes nearer*). Ay, ay, but in course it can. For here stands Jacob Engstrand and me.

MR. MANDERS. Well, well, but—?

ENGSTRAND. (*More softly*). And Jacob Engstrand ain't the man to desert a worthy benefactor in the hour of need, as the sayin' is.

MR. MANDERS. Yes, but my dear fellow—how—?

ENGSTRAND. Jacob Engstrand ought to be considered as a guardian angel, he ought, your Reverence.

MR. MANDERS. No, no, I certainly can't accept that.

ENGSTRAND. Oh! it'll turn out so, all the same. I know a party as has taken the blame on himself for other parties before now, I do.

MR. MANDERS. Jacob! (*wrings his hand*), you are a rare character. Well, you shall be helped to get your Sailors' Home. That you may rely upon. (*ENGSTRAND tries to thank him, but cannot, for emotion.* MR. MANDERS *hangs his travelling bag over his shoulders*). And now let's be off. We two are journeying together.

ENGSTRAND. (*At the dining-room door, softly to REGINA*). You come along too, girl. You shall live as snug as the yolk in an egg.

REGINA. (*Throws her head back*). Merci!

(*She goes out into the hall and fetches MR. MANDERS's travelling coat*).

MR. MANDERS. Goodbye, Mrs. Alving! and may the spirit of

Order and Law make its entry into this dwelling, and that right soon.

MRS. ALVING. Goodbye, Mr. Manders.

(*She goes up towards the conservatory, as she sees OSWALD coming in through the garden door.*)

ENGSTRAND. (*While he and REGINA help MR. MANDERS get his coat on.*) Goodbye, darling child. And if any trouble should come to you, you know where Jacob Engstrand is to be found. (*Softly.*) Little Harbour Street. Hm! (*To MRS. ALVING and OSWALD.*) And the house for travelling sailors shall be called "Captain Alving's Home," that it shall! And if I'm spared to carry on that house after my own pattern, I dare venture to say that it shall be worthy of the poor dear gentleman's name.

MR. MANDERS. (*In the doorway.*) Hm—Hm—Now come, my dear Engstrand. Good bye! Good-bye!

(*He and ENGSTRAND go out through the hall.*)

OSWALD. (*Walks away towards the table.*) What sort of a house was it he was talking about?

MRS. ALVING. Oh! it was only a kind of Home that he and Mr. Manders want to set up.

OSWALD. It will get burnt down like that one yonder.

MRS. ALVING. What makes you think so?

OSWALD. Everything will get burnt. There won't remain a single thing that is in memory of father. Here am I, too, going about and burning up.

(*REGINA looks amazed at him.*)

MRS. ALVING. Oswald! you ought not to have remained so long down there, my poor boy!

OSWALD. (*Sits down by the table.*) I almost think you must be right.

MRS. ALVING. Let me dry your face, Oswald, you are quite wet. (*She dries him with her pocket handkerchief.*)

OSWALD. (*Stares indifferently in front of him.*) Thanks, mother.

MRS. ALVING. Are you not tired, Oswald? I daresay you would like to go to sleep?

OSWALD. (*Trembling with fear.*) No, no—not sleep. I never sleep. I only pretend to. (*Sadly.*) That will come soon enough.

MRS. ALVING. (*Looking anxiously at him.*) Oh! you really are ill, whatever else you may choose to say, my darling boy.

REGINA. (*Breathlessly.*) Is Mr. Alving ill?

OSWALD. (*Impatiently.*) Oh! do shut all the doors! This deadly fear. . . .

MRS. ALVING. Shut them, Regina.

(*REGINA shuts them and remains standing by the hall door. MRS. ALVING takes her handkerchief off. REGINA does the same. MRS. ALVING draws a chair across to OSWALD'S and sits by him.*)

MRS. ALVING. There! now; I am going to sit by you.

OSWALD. Ah! do. And Regina shall stay in here, too. Regina shall always be with me. You'll give me a helping hand, Regina, won't you?

REGINA. I don't understand—

MRS. ALVING. A helping hand?

OSWALD. Yes, when there is any need for it.

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MRS. ALVING. Oswald, have you not your mother to give you a helping hand?

OSWALD. You? (*Smiles*). No, mother; that helping hand you will never give me. (*Laughs sadly*). You! ha! ha! (*Looks earnestly at her*). Otherwise you ought to be the one to do it, though. (*Impetuously*). Why can't you come and speak to me, Regina? Why don't you call me 'Oswald'?

REGINA. (*Softly*). I don't think my mistress would like it.

MRS. ALVING. In a little while you shall have leave to do it. And come over here, too, and sit down by us.

(*REGINA sits down quietly and hesitatingly on the other side of the table*).

MRS. ALVING. And now, my poor suffering boy, I am going to take the burdens off your mind.

OSWALD. You, mother?

MRS. ALVING. All that you call 'worry' and 'anxiety' and 'reproaches.'

OSWALD. And you believe you can do it, do you?

MRS. ALVING. Yes, now I can, Oswald. You got talking before about enjoying life; and at that moment it was as though a fresh light had been shed for me over all things throughout my whole life.

OSWALD. (*Shakes his head*). I don't know anything about all that.

MRS. ALVING. You ought to have known your father when he was quite a young lieutenant. There was a power of enjoying life brimming over in him, indeed!

OSWALD. Yes, I know there was.

MRS. ALVING. It was like a fine day only to look at him. And then that inexhaustible strength and fullness of life that there was in him!

OSWALD. Well?

MRS. ALVING. And then such a child of enjoyment as he was, for he *was* like a child at that time—had to go and live here at home in a poky little town, where there was nothing happy to enjoy, but only amusements; he had to do without an object in life; he had only an official post; he could see no work into which he could throw himself heart and soul; he had only business details to attend to; he had not single comrade capable of feeling what sort of thing enjoyment of life is—only loungers and boon companions—

OSWALD. Mother!

MRS. ALVING. . . and so that happened which was sure to happen.

OSWALD. And what was sure to happen?

MRS. ALVING. You said yourself, earlier this evening, how it would be with you if you stayed at home.

OSWALD. Do you mean to say by that, that Father —?

MRS. ALVING. Your poor father found no outlet for the overpowering vigour of enjoyment which was in him. Nor did I bring any brightness into his home, either.

OSWALD. Nor you, either?

MRS. ALVING. They had taught me something about Duties and so on, which I had always accepted as true. Everything was marked out into Duties—into my Duties and his Duties, and—I

am afraid I made home intolerable for your poor father, Oswald.

OSWALD. Why did you never write me anything about all this?

MRS. ALVING. Never before have I seen it in such a way that I could stir up the matter with you, who were his son.

OSWALD. And how did you see it, then?

MRS. ALVING (*slowly*). I saw only the one thing, that your father was a broken down man before you were born.

OSWALD (*in a choked voice*). Ah! (*he rises and walks away to the window.*)

MRS. ALVING. And so, day and night, I dwelt on the one thought that by rights Regina belonged here in the house,—just like my own son.

OSWALD (*turning round quickly*). Regina!

REGINA (*gasps and asks with bated breath*). I?

MRS. ALVING. Yes, now you know it, both of you.

OSWALD. Regina!

REGINA (*to herself*). So Mother was one of that kind after all.

MRS. ALVING. Your mother was good in many ways, Regina.

REGINA. Yes, but she was one of that kind, all the same. Oh! often enough I've thought she must have been;—but,— Well, if you please, Ma'am, may I be allowed to go away at once, this very moment.

MRS. ALVING. Do you really wish it, Regina?

REGINA. Yes, indeed I do.

MRS. ALVING. Of course you can do as you will; but. . .

OSWALD (*walks towards Regina*). Go away now? You belong here, of course.

REGINA. *Merci*, Mr. Alving;—Yes, now I may be allowed to say Oswald. But it wasn't in that way I meant to do it.

MRS. ALVING. Regina, I have not been frank with you.

REGINA. No; it would be a sin to say you had. If I'd known that Oswald was ill, why . . . And now too that it never can come to be anything serious between us . . . Oh! I really can't stay out here in the country and wear myself out nursing sick people.

OSWALD. Can't you for one who is so near to you?

REGINA. No; that I can't. A poor girl must make the best of her young days, or she may come to find herself without a rag to her back before she knows where she is. And I want to enjoy my life, too, Ma'am.

MRS. ALVING. Yes, alas! you do. But don't throw yourself away, Regina.

REGINA. Oh! if it turns out so, it will turn out so. If Oswald takes after his father, I take after my mother, I daresay. May I ask, ma'am, if Mr. Manders knows for certain this about me?

MRS. ALVING. Mr. Manders knows all about it.

REGINA (*puts on her handkerchief hastily*). Well, then, I'd better set to work and get away from this place by the steamer as fast as I can. Mr. Manders is so nice to deal with; and I must say I think I'm as likely to get hold of a little of that money as he is—that brute of a carpenter.

MRS. ALVING. You are heartily welcome to it, Regina.

REGINA (*looks stiffly at her*). You might just as well have brought

me up as the child of a man in a good position, ma'am, it would have been more suitable for me. (*Throws her head back.*) But it's done now—it doesn't matter! (*With a bitter side glance at the corked bottle.*) All the same, I may still come to drink champagne with people of position,—that I may, yet.

MRS. ALVING. And if you ever need a home, Regina, come to me.

REGINA. No, ma'am. Many thanks. Mr. Manders will look after me nicely, I know. And if there's any trouble up, I know of one house where I've a right to belong.

MRS. ALVING. Which is that?

REGINA. 'Captain Alving's Home.'

MRS. ALVING. Regina—now I see it—you're going to your ruin.

REGINA. Oh, stuff! Good-bye. (*She nods and goes out through the hall.*)

OSWALD (*stands at the window and looks out*). Is she gone?

MRS. ALVING. Yes.

OSWALD (*murmuring aside to himself*). Ah, now! that was a pity.

MRS. ALVING (*goes behind him and lays her hands on his shoulders*). Oswald, my dear boy; has it shaken you very much?

OSWALD (*turns his face towards her*). All that about Father, do you mean?

MRS. ALVING. Yes, about your unhappy father. I am so afraid it will have been too much for you.

OSWALD. Why should you fancy it will? Of course it came upon me as an immense surprise, but it can't matter much to me, after all that's said and done.

MRS. ALVING (*takes her hands off him*). Can't matter! That your father was so awfully wretched!

OSWALD. Of course. I can feel sympathy for him as I could for anybody else; but—

MRS. ALVING. Nothing else? For your own father!

OSWALD (*impatiently*). Oh, there! 'father,' 'father'! After all, I never knew anything of Father. I don't remember anything about him except—that he once made me sick.

MRS. ALVING. That's an awful thought! Should not a child feel love for his father, all the same?

OSWALD. What! when a child has nothing to thank his father for? has never known him? Do you really cling to the old superstition?—you who are so enlightened in every other direction?

MRS. ALVING. And can it be nothing but superstition?

OSWALD. Yes; you can easily see it for yourself, mother. It is just one of those opinions which are set going in the world and so—

MRS. ALVING (*deeply moved*). GHOSTS!

OSWALD (*crossing the floor*). Yes; you might call them Ghosts.

MRS. ALVING (*in an outburst*). Oswald! then you don't love me, either!

OSWALD. You, I do know, at any rate.

MRS. ALVING. Yes, you know me; but is that all?

OSWALD. And of course I know how fond you are of me, and for that I ought to be very much obliged to you. And you can be so extremely useful to me now that I am ill.

MRS. ALVING. Yes, can't I, Oswald? Oh! I could almost bless your illness which drove you home to me. For I can see very plainly I don't possess you, you have yet to be won.

OSWALD (*impatiently*). Yes, yes, yes; all those are just so many phrases. You must recollect I am a sick man, Mother. I can't be so taken up with other people; I have enough to do in thinking about myself.

MRS. ALVING. (*humbly*). I shall be easily satisfied and patient.

OSWALD. And cheerful, too, Mother.

MRS. ALVING. Yes, my dear boy, you are quite right. (*Goes towards him.*) Have I taken all worry and self-reproach from you now?

OSWALD. Yes; you have done that. But who's to take the anxiety now?

MRS. ALVING. The anxiety?

OSWALD (*walks across the floor*). One could have got Regina to do it.

MRS. ALVING. I don't understand you. What is all this about anxiety—and Regina?

OSWALD. Is it very late at night, Mother?

MRS. ALVING. It is early morning. (*She looks out in the conservatory.*) The day is beginning to dawn over the hills. And the weather is fine, Oswald. In a little while you will see the sun.

OSWALD. I'm glad of that. Oh! there may be many things and much for me to be glad about and live for——

MRS. ALVING. I should think there would, indeed!

OSWALD. Even if I can't work, so——

MRS. ALVING. Oh! you will soon be able to work again, my boy. Why! now you have no longer got all those worrying and depressing thoughts to go brooding over.

OSWALD. Well, it was a good thing that you were able to roll all those fancies away. And when I have only got that one thing more over (*sits on the sofa*). Now we will have a little chat, Mother.

MRS. ALVING! Yes, let us. (*She pushes an arm-chair towards the sofa and sits down close to him.*)

OSWALD. And meantime the sun will be rising and then you will know it all. And then I shan't have that anxiety any longer.

MRS. ALVING. What is that I am to know?

OSWALD (*without listening to her*). Mother, wasn't this what you said earlier this evening; that there was not a single thing in the world you would not do for me if I asked you to do it?

MRS. ALVING. Yes, to be sure I said it.

OSWALD. And you'll stick to it, Mother?

MRS. ALVING. You may rely on that, my dear and only boy! I live for nothing in the world but you only.

OSWALD. All right, then. Now you shall hear. Mother, you have a strong and powerful mind, I know. Now you are to sit quite still when you hear what it is.

MRS. ALVING. But what dreadful thing can it be?

OSWALD. You are not to scream out. Do you hear? Do you promise me that? We'll sit and chat about it quite quietly. Do you promise me this, Mother?

MRS. ALVING. Yes, yes: I promise you that. But only tell me.

OSWALD. Well, now you must know that all that about fatigue, and that about my not being able to bear to think about work—all that is not the illness itself—

MRS. ALVING. Then what is the illness itself?

OSWALD. The disease I have inherited—that (*he points to his forehead and adds very softly*)—that is seated here.

MRS. ALVING (*almost voiceless*). Oswald! No, no!

OSWALD. Don't scream. I can't bear it. Yes, you know, it sits here—waiting. And it may break out any day and hour whatever.

MRS. ALVING. Oh! what a dread!

OSWALD. Now, only do just be quiet. That's how it stands with me—

MRS. ALVING (*jumps up*). This isn't true, Oswald. It is impossible. It can't be so.

OSWALD. I have had one attack down there abroad. It was soon over. But when I got to know what had been the matter with me, then the anxiety came over me so madly and it seemed to pursue me: and so I set off home to you as fast as I could.

MRS. ALVING. Then this was the anxiety.

OSWALD. Yes, for it's so indescribably awful, you know. Oh! if it had been merely an ordinary mortal illness! For I am not so afraid of dying, though I should like to live as long as I can.

MRS. ALVING. Yes, yes, Oswald, you must do so.

OSWALD. But this is so awfully terrible! To be turned into a weak baby again! To have to be fed! To have—Oh! it is past all telling!

MRS. ALVING. The child has his mother to wait on him.

OSWALD. (*Jumps up*). No, never; that's just what I won't have. I can't endure to think that perhaps I should lie in that state for many years,—get old and grey. And you might perhaps die yourself, meanwhile. (*Sits in MRS. ALVING'S chair*). For the doctor said it would not necessarily prove mortal immediately. He called it a sort of softening of the brain—or something of the kind. (*Smiles sadly*). I think that expression sounds so nice. It always sets me thinking of cherry-coloured silk drapery—something that is soft to stroke down.

MRS. ALVING. (*Screams*). Oswald!

OSWALD (*jumps up and paces the room*). And now you have taken Regina from me. If I'd only had her! She would have given me the helping hand, I know.

MRS. ALVING (*goes to him*). What do you mean by that, my dearly loved son? Is there any helping hand in the world that I wouldn't give you?

OSWALD. When I was recovering after my attack in Paris, the doctor told me that when it came again—and it will come again—there was no more hope.

MRS. ALVING. And he was heartless enough to—

OSWALD. I wished him to tell me. I told him I had preparations to make. (*He smiles cunningly*) And so I had. (*He takes a little box from his breast-coat pocket and opens it*). Mother, do you see these?

MRS. ALVING. What is that?

OSWALD. Morphia powder?

MRS. ALVING (*looks frightened at him*). Oswald, my boy?

OSWALD. I have accumulated the contents of twelve capsules and put them together.

MRS. ALVING (*snatches at it*). Give me the box, Oswald.

OSWALD. Not yet, Mother. (*He hides the box again in his pocket*).

MRS. ALVING. I shall never survive this.

OSWALD. It must be survived. Now if I had Regina here, I should have told her how it was with me, and asked her for the last helping hand. She would have helped me. I'm certain she would.

MRS. ALVING. Never.

OSWALD. When the dreadful thing had come upon me, and she saw me lying there, helpless as a little new-born baby, beyond all help, lost, hopeless, past all saving——

MRS. ALVING. Never for all the world would Regina have done this.

OSWALD. Regina would have done it. Regina was so gloriously light-hearted. And she would soon have wearied of nursing such a sick person as I——

MRS. ALVING. Then Heaven be praised that Regina is not here.

OSWALD. Well, then, you must be the one to give me the helping hand.

MRS. ALVING (*screams aloud*). I!

OSWALD. Who should do it if not you?

MRS. ALVING. I, your mother?

OSWALD. That's the very reason why.

MRS. ALVING. I, who gave you life!

OSWALD. I never asked you to give me life. And what sort of a life is it that you have given me? I will not have it. You shall take it back again.

MRS. ALVING. Help! help! (*She runs out into the hall*).

OSWALD (*going after her*). Don't go away from me. Where do you want to go to?

MRS. ALVING (*in the hall*). To fetch the doctor to you, Oswald. Let me go out.

OSWALD (*standing still*). You will not go out. And no one shall come in. (*A key is turned in a lock*).

MRS. ALVING (*comes in again*). Oswald—Oswald!—my child!

OSWALD (*follows her*). Have you a mother's heart for me and yet can see me suffer all this deathly anxiety?

MRS. ALVING (*after a moment's silence, says calmly*). Here is my hand upon it.

OSWALD. Will you?

MRS. ALVING. If it becomes necessary. But it will not become necessary. No; no; it will never be possible.

OSWALD. Well, let us hope so. And let us live together as long as we can, any how. Thank you, Mother. (*He sits down in the arm chair which Mrs. Alving moved to the sofa. Day is breaking. The lamp is still burning on the table*).

MRS. ALVING (*drawing near cautiously*). Do you feel calm, now?

OSWALD. Yes.

MRS. ALVING (*bending over him*). It has been a dreadful fancy of



yours, Oswald. Nothing but a fancy, You have not been able to bear all that harrowing story. But now you shall rest a bit, at home with your own mother, my own darling boy. Everything you point to you shall have, just as when you were a little boy. There now! The attack is over now. You see how quickly it went by. Oh! I was sure it would. And do you see, Oswald, what an exquisite day we are going to have? The brightest sunshine! Now you will really be able to see your home. (*She goes to the table and puts the lamp out. Sunrise. The glacier mountain tops in the background lie in a flood of morning light.*)

OSWALD (*sits in the arm chair with his back towards the background, without moving. Suddenly he says*) Mother, give me the sun.

MRS. ALVING (*by the table looks in amazement at him.*) What do you say?

OSWALD (*repeats stupidly and voicelessly.*) The sun, the sun!

MRS. ALVING (*goes to him.*) Oswald, what is the matter with you? (*Oswald seems to fall into a heap in the chair: all his muscles give way; his face is expressionless, his eyes stare feebly. Mrs. Alving totters with fear.*) What is this? (*cries out*) Oswald, what is the matter with you? (*falls on her knees beside him and shakes him.*) Oswald, Oswald! Look at me! Don't you know me?

OSWALD (*tonelessly as before.*) The sun, the sun!

MRS. ALVING (*springs up in despair, thrusts her hands into her hair and screams.*) I can't bear it (*whispers as though petrified*) I can't bear it! Never! (*suddenly.*) Where has he got it, then? (*quick as an arrow she feels over his breast.*) Here! (*shrinks back a few steps and screams*) No, no, no! Yes! No, no! (*She stands a few steps from him with her hands buried in her hair and stares at him in speechless terror.*)

OSWALD (*sits motionless as before and says.*) The sun! The sun!



## Socialism and National Sobriety.

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SOCIALISM is many-sided. To me it has but one possible phase, the action of conscience in national life, guided by the teachings and inspired by the example of the Lord Jesus Christ. Apart from such sanction, Socialism does not satisfy me either as a theory of conduct or as a practical reform. I know, however, that there are Socialists who, while seeking the same end, will not agree with me in this definition of the new force which is working so powerfully amongst all civilized people. Be that so; yet I hope that it is possible to enlist the sympathies of those who disagree with my conception of Socialism, for the proposals which I venture to make in this paper.

The question I propose to discuss is, I venture to think, one with which Socialists ought to have something to say and do. The drinking customs of this country are, unhappily, so notorious that there will be no need for me to prove either their extent or character. There is drink at our birth, marriage and death. The habit permeates our whole business and social life. It is the resource of thousands in their sorrow and their joy. It intrudes with most pernicious effect into our workshops and places of trade. In fact it has become a kind of second nature, a national heredity, and in its extreme forms, our national vice. No Socialist can let this question alone. Every principle both moral and humanitarian which we profess must compel us to deal with the matter with a strong hand. It will be convenient if, in brief, I touch upon one or two points in which Socialists, whether abstainers or not, are bound to give their attention to the trade in drink and to the social habits connected with the use of drink.

Socialists, if they are such in any sensible and intelligent degree, must deal with the drink trade because it is beyond all other trades harmful to the wage-earner and much too favourable to the capitalist. The wealth of brewers, like their piety, is almost a proverb, only the one is much more real than the other. The value of public-house property is still notorious. No other business so enhances the value of the property it uses, while no other trade so depreciates all property contiguous to the locality in which it is carried on. Now, Socialists complain, and rightly so, of the unfair division of products in all trades as between the employer and the

employed, the capitalist and the worker. If there is any justice in this complaint against ordinary trades, it may be made with ten-fold force against the trade in drink. This robbery of the workman by the big brewers begins in the malt-house, goes on in every barrel of beer, or bottle of spirits and wine, continues its operation in the retail of the drink, and fleeces the customer all round. With enormous profits at one end and little work, we have at the other poor pay, bad drink, and unjust dealing with the drinker. The servants of the trade are, in comparison with the capitalists engaged in it, worse paid than the match-box makers, the East-end tailors, and the sack-makers. If we want a big field for our first fight with capital we shall find none more favourable for our enthusiasm and for just reform than in the drink trade.

In the matter of "hours of work," this trade sins against the worker more than any other. From six in the morning to ten, eleven and twelve at night is the working-day in the retail part of this trade, while in other departments, it is to a great extent work without the full Sunday's rest. Where, too, are the bank holidays in this business? And let it not be forgotten that in the public-houses most of these overworked and underpaid people are young girls. Is it nothing to us as fathers and mothers that such should be the case? Can we fold our hand while all this goes on? We, at least some of us, say hard things against the long hours in drapers' and milliners' shops, and there is a demand by some semi-Socialists for the application of the Factory Act to such places. But surely the first reform in the hours of work ought to come in that business over which *now* the law has control.

In the drink trade, not only does the capitalist make monstrous profits and the workers get low wages and long hours, but the customer is taxed to an enormous extent. Of course some people will greatly rejoice at this. Upon moral grounds I greatly sympathize with them; but upon no just principle of taxation can I approve of the unparalleled amount of taxes raised through the Excise. All of it comes out of the pocket of the customer, and he is, am sorry to say, often one of the working-class. From the Socialist point of view this taxation of the wage-earners is not fair, and we ought not in principle, to condone it. If it is thought desirable to make drink dear, that may be done, but not by a system of taxation which relieves the wealthy at the expense of the poor, and lightens the burdens of the rich by adding to those of the toilers. In these three respects—the enormous profits of the capitalists in the trade, the poor wage and long hours of most of the workers engaged in it, and the unfair taxation enforced upon the poorer classes to the great advantage of the rich—in these respects the drink trade stands condemned by every principle dear to all Socialists.

But on other, quite other, and higher grounds, we must endeavour to deal with the drink trade and the drinking habits of the people. The social, moral, and individual effects of the trade, or rather of the drink, are such as to need no elaborate re-statement or proof. There are associated with the drink trade such a mass and variety of evils that the mere enumeration of them is literally appalling. More than half the distress amongst the poor, both in villages and in towns and cities, is associated if not caused by excessive or un-

wise drinking. With what other trade, I ask, is crime so intimately connected as with the public-house trade? May not the same be said in regard to prostitution. How intimately too is ignorance, juvenile depravity, and a score of other social evils connected with drinking. Can Socialists hide this fact from themselves? Is it the highest wisdom to attempt to deal with these evils and yet to leave the drink trade and the habit of drinking alone? No! If we follow the effects of frequenting public-houses, the habit of Monday, Saturday night, and Sunday drinking, upon the individual what do we see? As Socialists we want good work done, with the highest motives, for good wages. What does drink do for that? Makes it impossible in the case of thousands of men who, otherwise, would be the finest operatives, and the best workmen in every trade. Every drinker who passes beyond the limits of a very severe moderation makes himself a less capable workman and citizen. Bad workmen bring wages down, are the worst of "knob-sticks", are the first victims of the capitalist "grind," and handicap every other fellow-workman. But every drinker who spends as thousands do, an undue proportion of his wage in drink does harm to his co-workers. He deals at the very shop, where hours are longest, wages poor, and the master's profits enormous. He becomes a bad workman, keeps a poorly furnished house, wears indifferent clothes, begets sickly children, adds to the force of fever and epidemics, makes paupers, and becomes more of a burden to the commonwealth than a strong, brave, capable citizen. And worse evils than even these ensue—evils from which the rich man can hide away, but from which honest, sober Socialists cannot. Public-houses, drinking, irregular work, incompetent workmen, and the hundred-and-one other evil concomitants of this trade, depress business, deteriorate localities, create slums, raise rents for bad houses, and compel honest folk to live with surroundings of oaths, vice and sin from which it is the work of Socialists to free them.

Drink shops and drinking are the greatest foes to Socialism. Most people think otherwise. They think that the Socialist is a mean, ill-dressed, lounging and bitter man, the frequenter of low "pubs" and the companion of indolent, idle, and dissolute men. The Socialists of London are not that. And they never will be. They do not draw their recruits from that class. The frequenters of the public house may play an important part in the Social Revolution that is coming; but they will be found on the side of the capitalist, the Tory, and the defender of every abuse. To the Socialist the friends of the publican are the most dangerous of foes. A drinking Socialist is unreliable, easily "got at," and not the man to go through with his work. In every aspect, then, the trade in drink and the habit of drinking, save with exact and severe restraint, are against Socialism and against all its highest and noblest aims.

The question is, how shall Socialists deal with this matter. For brevity's sake I will give my judgment and in a measure, for the present, suppress my reasons.

The application of Socialistic principles to this trade are, both in theory and in practice, not difficult. It is a public trade, intended for the use of the people; in its original intention almost

as much so as the village pump, the common highway and the common land. It never was intended to be a private venture. As there are markets for food, so there are places for public resort for the "accommodation of man and beast," and the refreshment of travellers and men of business. The business of a publican has been, from time immemorial, for the public. The wishes and will of the public ought to be considered, even apart from Socialistic principles, in the management of the "public"-house trade. But further, in some measure our principles have been, in part, applied to the trade, and it is regulated by the Government, licensed and to a certain degree controlled. We must demand that this principle shall be carried out to its full extent. How far? Can Socialists go in for total prohibition? Certainly, if that be the will of the people. But I do not hesitate to say that such a proposal will never be carried in England. It may be possible in new countries; but, at least for the present, it is not within the range of practical politics. But regulation, control, and absolute possession of the trade for the public weal is not only possible, but necessary. One of the great needs of the future will be a proper public house! We shall require that more than ever, in every village, town, and city, according to the population and the public requirements.

What sort of a public house shall it be? Not a mere drink shop, where the capitalist makes money, where the workers are under-paid and over-worked, where bad articles are sold, heavily taxed, shamefully adulterated, and with the effect that the worst possible habits of life are cherished and developed—crime, poverty, and misery. The public house of the future must be a place of public resort, provided by the municipality, under indirect popular control and managed for the public good. It should be a Place of Rest for travellers, with needful accommodation; a Public Hall to be used for village, town, and city purposes; a Restaurant of the best order, where at reasonable prices food and drink can be obtained. It should also be a Place of Recreation, containing a play ground for children, and I would say for men also; reading room, free library, laundry, baths, writing room, waiting room, rooms for classes in technical subjects, and higher grades of education; and also a room for common worship, to be used under orderly arrangements, by the whole citizenship of the municipality as they may desire. A public house, under the control of a popularly elected municipality, the profits to be used, if any, for public purposes, such as the care of the sick, the old, the poor, and the needy, with some help to education. An ideal, say some. Yes, for the present; but nothing impossible upon socialistic principles, or to socialistic hopes. A public house, in which drink should be but one of many things supplied, and that under rules by which mere drinking should not be easy.

But it may be said, when you have done this, what then? Men will drink. Doubtless, but if Socialists have their way, that habit will not be easy. In the Socialist's scheme the *Individual* will, I am bound to confess, have less mere freedom, or rather license, than now. In the public house I have suggested, much would be done to help men and women to be sober, to practise self-restraint, and to live worthy and happy lives. If they elect to do

otherwise, they will be dealt with. Socialists will not permit men and women to go on in a life of drunkenness. A repetition of five shillings and costs will give place to much more drastic treatment of obdurate drinking. There will be a strong public opinion against all ways of waste, both of character and of possession. The habitual drunkard will be put under restraint, as being next door to a criminal! The Socialists do not mean to let men do as they like with themselves. Parental responsibility as to the state of the home, the feeding and clothing of children, and their education will be enforced; public decency and morals, and the general conduct of the individual will be much more a matter of public action than now, and the drinker will not be allowed to ruin himself, his wife, his children, and harm the State as we find it to day. With shorter hours of work, better earnings, a fair share of profits; with brighter homes, more education, and recreation, there will be less temptation to drink. Idleness will not be permitted, nor will waste. In the new community the individual will have the fullest scope for a strong, industrious, healthy, and happy life; but he will have much less temptation to, and much less opportunity for a life of vice. If, however, he yields to the less temptation he will be dealt with in a manner more severe than pleasant. The critics of this paper will be many. It will not satisfy the strong abstainer; it may offend some Socialists; it will excite the scorn it may be of the tippler and his friends. Yet it may do good. Socialists are bound to consider the question. In the general programme of the future the public house and the drink make up so large an item that they will demand and deserve especial attention. For the present I admit that my public house is but a castle built in the air; but there is much comfort in the thought that all things which have been done were first only real to the thinker and the dreamer. It will more than content me if this article should lead many Socialists to consider, with practical purpose, the question of NATIONAL SOBRIETY.

GEO. S. REANEY.



## Serdinand Sreiligrath.

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IN August 1845 Freiligrath wrote his "Leipzig's Todten," and in February, 1846, the "Requiescat," that grand song of labouring humanity, which no translation can adequately reproduce, for it is written with warm heart's blood. However, rather than pass it over altogether, I will quote two verses of it in Mary Howitt's translation :

Whoe'er the ponderous hammer wields ;  
 Whoe'er compels the earth to flourish ;  
 Or reaps the golden harvest fields,  
 A wife and little ones to nourish ;  
 Whoever guides the laden bark ;  
 Or, where the mazy wheels are turning,  
 Toils at the loom till after dark,  
 Food for his white-haired children earning ;

To him be honour and renown !  
 Honour to handicraft and tillage ;  
 To every sweat-drop falling down  
 In crowded mill or lonesome village !  
 All honour to the plodding swain  
 Who holds the plough ! Be't too awarded  
 To him who toils with soul and brain,  
 And starves ! Pass him not unregarded.

And now appeared his "Ca ira," in which he stands forth as the singer of the Revolution, from which alone he now looked for salvation ; the Revolution which was to sweep away all injustice, all wrong. There are only six poems in the tiny volume, which lies before me in its original form of faded yellow paper with the "Ca ira" in dim red letters. But what poems ! Rudolf Gottshall has happily called the earlier poets of that time the stormy petrels of the Revolution, "Freiligrath," he says, "in his 'Ca ira' is the storm itself." The first "Vor den Fahrt," is written in the rhythm of the "Marseillaise" ; the second is "Eispalast," in which he compares the State to the Palace of Ice built on the frozen Neva and swept away in its thaw to the sea. "Von Unten auf" is the reflections of a stoker on a Rhine steamer, which carries the King

and Queen to Stolzenfels, whilst he looks out of his engine-room to snatch a breath of air.

In "Wie man's macht," he prophesies how the arsenals shall be stormed by the people, arms seized and distributed, and uniforms allotted all round.

The volume closes with the wonderfully defiant lines, "Springen," in which he compares the world to a game of chess and tells how he is hunted by the caprices of the game from land to land. Little he recks this, however, while the ocean roared round Norway's free peasant homes, while from France sounded the clash of broken chains, while England never yet had refused shelter to a hunted man, while a friend's hand still beckoned from the banks of the Ohio.

As far as I know no translation of these remarkable poems has ever been even attempted, and I doubt whether any rendering could touch the original with its white heat of indignation, with its sonorous verse where you hear the crash of the ice, the rattle of the bullets, the dull thud of the engines. They must always be considered as the most remarkable of political poems of that or of any age. It is not so much the cry of party that stirs one so deeply in reading these volcanic effusions, as the cry of suffering and down-trodden humanity. It is the voice of a poet, who, regardless of what may be the consequence to himself, utters what he considers right and true; and it is that which has given them their immense power and influence, and it is that and that alone which gives them a poetical value to-day, quite apart from strife and faction. With these poems, Freiligrath became the chosen singer of the Revolution.

But after their publication even Switzerland was no longer a safe abode for him, and he therefore turned his steps to England, although he knew that he should have to enter the commercial life he had quitted so gladly, for the sake of earning a livelihood for the wife and family now growing up around him. Uncomplainingly he acquiesced in the inevitable, and in February, 1846, he was in London. He had had hopes of entering into a house of business at once, but in this he was disappointed. He found a situation, however, presently in the house of Messrs. Huth where he remained till 1848. True, he had many offers of help; notably from William and Mary Howitt, Lord Lytton (then Sir Edward Bulwer), and from Longfellow, who urged him earnestly to come over and settle in America, offers that filled him with affectionate gratitude to the end of his life. But it was not to be. He had his eye turned ever to Germany and to the revolution which he knew must come and which he so eagerly expected. The literary work of these two years is not large, his time being taken up by office work, which, it may not be out of place to say here, was invariably performed with the most zealous conscientiousness, now as at all other times of his life. But his poem, "Ireland," written in the year of the famine, will not easily be forgotten; while his wonderful translations of Hood's "Song of the Shirt," and "The Bridge of Sighs" date from the same year. Of the first named poem I will quote one verse in Mary Howitt's sympathetic translation:



A wailing cry sweeps like a blast  
 The length and breadth of Ireland through,  
 The west wind which every casement passed  
 Brought to mine ear that wail of sorrow.  
 Faint, as a dying man's last sigh,  
 Came o'er the waves, my heart-strings searing,  
 The cry of woe, the hunger cry,  
 The death cry of poor weeping Erin.

And then came the Revolution in Italy, in France, and all over Germany; and Freiligrath, in those wildly agitated months, poured out his soul in strains as earnest and fiery as any in the "Ca Ira." In "Im Hochland feil der erste Schuss," in "Die Republik," and in "Schwarz-Roth-Gold" he hails the revolution with all the glad and deep emotion his soul was capable of. But already on the 25th of March he sings his wonderful song, "Berlin," in which he grieves for the fallen of the 18th, and warns against oppression and reaction. And then he left his shelter in England, and the month of June found him, together with his family, in Düsseldorf, ready to take his part in the struggle for freedom. His next poem was a political variation of Burn's poem, "For a' that," and is entitled "Trotz alledem!" Sharp and bitter as is the language contained in it, it is far eclipsed by the next poem, the famous "The Dead to the Living." This poem spread all over Germany in an incredibly short time, and was received everywhere with the wildest enthusiasm. This was written in the last days of July, and on the 4th of August it was moved that the poet should be made responsible for the revolutionary instigations contained in his verses. Freiligrath was, however, not interfered with until the end of the month, when he was arrested and put on his trial early in October of the same year. He was triumphantly acquitted, and his return home was made the scene of a striking popular demonstration. The poem is too well known to need much quotation, but a short extract (in the late Mr. Bayard Taylor's translation) may serve to shew its *sava indignatio*:

Too much of scorn, too much of shame, heaped daily on your head—  
 Wrath and Revenge *must* still be left,—believe it, from the Dead!  
 It *does* remain, and it awakes—it shall and must awake!  
 The Revolution, half complete, yet wholly forth will break!  
 It waits the hour to rise in power, like an up-rolling storm,  
 With lifted arms and streaming hair, a wild and mighty form!  
 It grasps the rusted gun once more, and swings the battered blade,  
 While the red banners flap the air from every barricade!  
 Those banners lead the German Guards, the armies of the Free—  
 Till princes fly their blazing thrones and hasten towards the sea!  
 The boding eagles leave the land—the lion's claws are shorn—  
 The sovereign people, roused and bold, await the Future's morn!

Undaunted by persecution, Freiligrath now moved to Cologne, to become one of the editors of the New Rhenish Gazette, with Karl Marx. In the feuilleton of this paper appeared his poems: "Wien," "Blum," "Ungarn," (finely translated by Ernest Jones); his indignant verses against Cavaignac, "Reveillé," and in May, 1849, his defiant "Farewell of the New Rhenish Gazette." I can here only quote the two last verses of this fine poem in Ernest Jones' translation, which like all his renderings of Freiligrath, combine the poetry and the vigour of the original to a remarkable degree.

Farewell! farewell! thou turbulent life!  
 Farewell to ye! armies engaging.  
 Farewell! cloud canopied field of strife!  
 Where the greatness of war is raging.  
 Farewell! but not for ever farewell!  
 They can *not* kill the spirit, my brother,  
 In thunder I'll rise on the field where I fell,  
 More boldly to fight out another.

When the last of crown's like glass shall break,  
 On the scene our sorrows have haunted,  
 And the people the last dread "Guilty" shall speak,  
 By your side ye shall find me undaunted.  
 On Rhine or on Danube, in word and deed,  
 You shall witness, true to his vow,  
 On the wrecks of thrones, in the midst of the free,  
 The rebel, who greets you now!"

Freiligrath remained a year in Cologne after the collapse of the Gazette, and published his volume, "*Zwischen den Garben*," in which he for the first time inserted his "*O lieb so lang Du lieben kannst*." As poems of special interest may still be mentioned: "*Klänge des Memnons*"; "*Kreuzigung*" with its grand historic background; and the vivid and glowing "*Hospitalschiff*," a poem which appears to me one of the most characteristic of Freiligrath's earlier writings, and whose absence from the first volume I have always regretted. Most of the others have been alluded to at the time of their production. Translations from Alphonse de Lamartine, Longfellow, Wordsworth, Hood, Allan Cunningham, and from Scott's Border Minstrelsy complete the volume.

He now went to live near Düsseldorf, where he stayed till May, 1851. He had been molested in many ways, and had, for the last two years, never been sure of being tolerated anywhere. The second part of his "*Neuere politische und soziale Gedichte*" being now ready for publication, he foresaw another lawsuit with probable arrest, to avoid which he once more sought the shores of England. He got off safely, and as he had foreseen, was indicted immediately afterwards for conspiracy against the State. Public advertisements for his capture were issued by the Government, to which he replied in the *Cologne Gazette*, repudiating that such had been his intentions. His next endeavour was to find regular work to do, which, difficult in London at any time, was trebly so to him now. Many houses declared that their doors would not be open to him. And it required all his energy and self-reliance to bear up against the tide which was setting so strongly against him. The appearance of his new poems too was, commercially speaking, not in his favour. The volume opens with "*Revolution*," which the fine translation of Ernest Jones has rendered familiar to the readers of this magazine some short time ago. Then comes a translation of Pierre Dupont, "*Brod*"; and then occurs the remarkable poem, "*Am Birkenbaum*," in which traits of the poet's own youth are blended with the "second sight" of the Westphalian people, culminating in the vision, grandly described, of the death of the last monarch in Europe. "*Nach England*" is the earnest outcry of the exiled poet, who vows that he will not allow the toil of every-day work to obstruct his poesy—a vow most nobly kept! His touching "*Christmas Song for my*"

Children" is well known; and again the volume closes with translations from Hood's and Barry Cornwall's socialistic poems.

In London he set to work compiling two Anthologies, until he should find some new opening. One is his, "Rose, Thistle, and Shamrock," which has for years remained the favourite selection from English poetry with the German public. The other is a German anthology, "Dichtung und Dichter," in which he strove to illustrate the different schools and forms of poetry by the poets themselves. As may be imagined this volume is a very monument of the most detailed and minute knowledge of the entire German literature, put together with the unerring taste and fine discrimination of a poet.

After a year he succeeded in obtaining a situation with a German house where he remained three years. He left this house in May, 1855, and again he was for a whole year without a situation; but in the winter of this year, he began and completed his translation of Longfellow's "Hiawatha." In June 1856, he was chosen as Manager of the London Branch of the General Bank of Switzerland, which post he retained until its dissolution in 1865.

Going back to the first year of his second exile, it may here be briefly said, that Freiligrath, seeing the hopelessness of the political situation in Germany as well as the impossibility of aiding with any efforts of his own, silently and quietly settled down to the work which he had found. During the next seventeen years we see him keeping aloof from all party faction and refraining from participation in the many dissensions that arose among the London refugees of 1848. From time to time he wrote a poem, which instantly made its way through all papers of the Fatherland, testifying to the undiminished popularity of the exiled poet. Such poems were "On the death of Johanna Kinkel," which has been translated with much tender feeling by the late Adelaide Anne Proctor, from whose translation I may be allowed to quote one verse; —

" Like soldiers in a fight we stand  
To lay a comrade low,  
As if upon this foreign land  
Shot by a cruel foe.  
Our exile is a battle field,  
And thou the first to fall;  
We have our cause, we cannot yield,  
One hope, one aim, for all!"

To the Schiller Centenary in London he contributed a noble cantata; also writing a second for the Germans in America. A poetic appeal for the sick and ageing poet, Julius Mosen, resulted in the latter being able to bring out his works in a collected form. On Ludwig Uhland's last birthday, Freiligrath greeted him with a poem of loving reverence, and thus, although he did not write much, yet that little showed, that although exiled he was not estranged from his country. As usual, translating went on hand in hand with other work, this being a constant and favourite recreation of the poet. From about this time date the translations of Burns' exquisite epistles as well as numerous songs of Herrick.

It was in 1865 that, owing to the dissolution of the Bank of Switzerland, he saw himself, at the approach of age, threatened

again with trouble and uncertainty. The political horizon, too, grew dark and sombre, and in the summer of 1866 he gave expression to his feelings in his "Westphalian Summer Song," and later on in "Nadel und Draht" and "Allerlei Fanken," in which his sentiments find yet further expression. In the last fine poem there is the same glowing hope and belief in a united Germany, as had ever breathed in his most fervent aspirations.

It was now that the idea of a testimonial originated with the faithful friends in Barmen, who had remained true to him in all these years, and helpful when need was sorest. The poet was asked whether he would accept such a testimonial as was contemplated. He answered that he would right gladly if it came from the German people. For their sake had he given up all prospects in life and uncomplainingly endured a twenty years' exile; only at their hands would he accept his reward. The result was the "Freiligrath Dotation," which enabled the ageing poet to return to Germany in 1868, to spend the rest of his life in the country he had so loyally served, and he settled at Stuttgart. Only two years later the unexpected cyclone of 1870 burst over Germany, and Freiligrath hurled his "Hurrah, Germania" and "So wird es gescheh'n" into the first battle thunders. Long had he abstained from political song, but anger and righteous indignation were the red heat in which these splendid prophecies were fashioned. His song to his eldest son, "An Wolfgang im Felde," shows us the noble humanity of the poet; while the "Trumpet of Gravelotte" is in its pathos and utter simplicity of form, one of the finest war ballads in existence. In December he sang his touching "Freiwillige vor!" and concluded the series by his grand poem and dedication, "An Deutschland," with which he prefaces his collected works. Later on, he was wont to say quietly: "The unity of Germany has been achieved, not in the way we once dreamed of, but achieved nevertheless." This was in answer to some few who wondered that the revolutionary poet of 1848 had sung his war songs of 1870! The poems may be safely left to posterity, who will regard them as a fitting conclusion to a strangely-stirred and varied life. From now, to his death in March, 1876, Freiligrath wrote many of those poems which Goethe calls "Gelegenheits-Gedichte," in which is shown all the sunny humour with which the poet was peculiarly gifted, as all who remember him know full well. They may be read in his collected works, where also are to be found all his translations, which certainly deserve more than a passing mention at the end of an article, ranging as they do from Shakespeare and Spenser to Walt Whitman and Bret Harte. But it is not possible for me to do more than allude to them.

And so a remarkable and rich life lies concluded before us. The poet who was mourned by a nation, lives in its memory; and his songs, although the occasion for them has past away, remain now as then, keen-edged weapons against injustice, oppression and tyranny.

KATE FREILIGRATH-KREKER.



## The Unemployed.

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“**WITH** the working people again it is not so well. Unlucky ! For there are from twenty to twenty-five million of them. Whom, however, we lump together into a kind of compendious unity—monstrous but dim, far off—as the *canaille*, or more humanely as the masses . . . . Dreary, languid, do these struggle in their obscure remoteness ; their hearts cheerless, their diet thin. For them in this world rises no Era of Hope ; hardly now in the other, —if it be not hope in the gloomy rest of death—for their faith too is failing. Untaught, un comforted, unfed ! A dumb generation ; their voice only an inarticulate cry : spokesman in the King’s Council, in the world’s forum, they have none that finds credence. At rare intervals they will fling down their hoes and hammers ; flock hither and thither ; dangerous, aimless ; get the length even of Versailles. Turgot is altering the Corn Trade ; abrogating the absurdest Corn Laws : there is dearth, real or even were it ‘ fictitious,’ an indubitable scarcity of bread. And so, on the second day of May, 1775, these waste multitudes do here, at Versailles Chateau, in wide-spread wretchedness, in sallow faces, squalor, winged raggedness, present, as in legible hieroglyphic writing, their petition of grievances. . . . They have seen the King’s face ; their Petition of Grievances has been, if not read, looked at. For answer, two of them are hanged on ‘ a new gallows, forty-feet high,’ and the rest driven back to their dens—for a time.” The words in which Carlyle describes the condition of the French working-class prior to the Revolution of 1789, is applicable word for word to the condition of the English working-classes in this year 1885. To assert this is sufficient to raise a smile on the countenance of the well-to-do upper or middle-class Englishman. As a rule he knows nothing of the conditions under which the workers exist, and in addition he is self-deceived by a curious process of which he himself is altogether ignorant. The deception is practised on him by the public press, on which he depends entirely for all information on social questions. The first thing demanded of a newspaper by its proprietor is that it shall pay a large profit. Profits in all cases can only be obtained by means of advertisements, and advertisements can never be obtained by an extreme paper, that is, a paper which states truthfully the condi-

tion and feeling of the people. Hence no editor or writer of a single journal dares to write with a free hand the actual state of the case, for it would frighten their patrons, and what would become of the profits of the proprietor. The middle-class like their journals to repeat in rather clearer language their own ideas, and thus they go stumbling along, self-deceived because no journal will be tolerated which ventures to suggest that they are living in a fool's paradise, but they will be ere long rudely awakened by facts. They hire their statisticians as they do their journalists, and the Giffens, the Levis, and other figure-fudgers help to swell the general sense of contentment with which they regard this best of all possible worlds. In fact the statisticians are their most pleasant friends, perhaps; for while they prove that everybody is getting much better off, yet there is still sufficient room for the working-classes to improve their condition,—by their own efforts, of course—to prevent the feeling of satiety which might overwhelm the world if everybody were well off.

It is hopeless to think that anything but the logic of events will ever awaken these self-drugged dreamers. And yet the facts are patent to all who will regard what is passing under their eyes. Take the most pressing question of the day, the distress among the unemployed. It is only within the last few months that the press has admitted the existence of any exceptional distress though the industrial crisis has been going on for about two years. Even now on all sides it is minimised, and the press mentions it apologetically more as if it were a providential arrangement for affording scope to the charity of the rich, than a national disaster which unless met by vigorous and effective measures, threatens to be the commencement of a period of anarchy as certainly as it must be one of revolution. Curious too is the comfort which the press derives from the fact that the distress is equally great in all civilised countries. It would hardly seem to be matter for congratulation that other countries are equally unfortunate; it can only be accounted for by an analogy taken from the lower regions, where devils are said to be comforted by the fact that other poor devils are equally badly off with themselves.

What then are the facts to-day? We are face to face with an industrial depression as severe and far more widely spread than the Lancashire cotton famine of 1862-68. Take London first. Go into any street where workmen live and you will find that on an average something like 50 per cent. are out of work. Census of this character have been taken by the Social-Democratic Federation in different parts of London. At Clerkenwell there were found in Eastern Street, 67 in employment, 33 out of employment, 5 in partial work, in Pine Street, 19 in work, 27 out of work, 2 with a few days work in the week. In a street at Bow by no means of the poorest class, there were found to be 25 men in work, 39 men out of work, and 2 in partial employment. In Paddington and parts of Marylebone, investigations have led to similar results. A visit to any of the dock gates at 8 o'clock any morning, will convince the most sceptical of the numbers of unemployed. There from any hour between 8 and 12, men may be seen literally fighting for the privilege of earning a few pence. Many of them

are so exhausted from want of food that they are unable to do the work when they have got inside, while to see them come out in the evening is the most heartrending sight that can be conceived, men with large frames who ought to be strong as horses, tottering and staggering out exhausted with the severity of their labour. Again in St. James's Park any morning at 11 o'clock, thousands of unemployed may be seen in Birdcage Walk and outside St. James's Palace, not the loafers one sees there generally, but men who have been looking for work up till 10 or 11 o'clock, and have given up hopes of a job for that day. On the Saturday before the demonstration of the unemployed took place on the Embankment a comrade and I began to address these men in St. James' Park. We were moved on by the police and a crowd of some 1,500 men followed us from the Park to the Embankment, where they listened earnestly and patiently to the suggestions we made for nearly an hour. There was no horseplay, but they were sober, anxious, desperate men, ready to hear any suggestions for remedying their terrible plight. Again employers of skilled and unskilled labour alike are inundated daily with applications for work. But instead of taking on fresh hands every day men are being discharged. There is less work in the docks, the railways are discharging men, all trade in the East-end is stagnant. Such is the actual state of London, and in stating that 50 per cent. of the working-classes are out of work or at least only in partial work, the assertion is borne out by the returns of the various trade societies in the metropolis. One trade union alone has paid in the last quarter in London £1,200 to members out of work. If we turn to the provinces the outlook is as dreary as in the metropolis itself. The distress among the shipwrights on the Tyne, the Clyde, the Tees, and the Wear, has forced itself so obtrusively on public attention that it is hardly necessary to dwell on it here. When I was in Glasgow in October last the distress was appalling, while very recently the Mayors of Sunderland and Jarrow have made public appeals on behalf of the starving in their respective towns. In Birmingham three months ago it was admitted by the municipal authorities that there were between 3,000 and 4,000 unable to get any work. In Nottingham there have been constant demonstrations of the unemployed, while in Hull, Bristol, and many of the centres of the cotton industry, the misery of the workers is almost unprecedented. Space will not allow me to touch on the condition of each industrial centre, but the coal-mining is such an important industry on which so many others hang, that I will just say a few words on the situation. There is not actual want of employment, though many mines are working short time, but wages are terribly low, not enough to keep body and soul together. In the Durham and Cleveland district, where probably the strongest trades' union in England exists, wages are only at 19s. a-week, while the miners of South Staffordshire are receiving only 14s. to 16s. With distress, starvation and despair surrounding us on every side the press of the country dismisses this unprecedented situation in half-a-dozen lines and turns to some topic more congenial to its proprietors and constituents. "The prophets prophesy falsely; and my people love to have it so—and what shall be done in the end thereof."

The journal which takes for its motto "Be just and fear not," sneers at the Demonstration of the unemployed held under the auspices of the Social Democratic Federation, and says "Never did starving men receive poorer consolation than that afforded by the socialist speakers who told them that what they wanted was land and capital." Now Socialists, not being for the most part newspaper proprietors, shipowners, or owners of iron-works, cannot feed their fellow-workers. But they can show how the workers are robbed and how depressions arise, and they can further show how alone that robbery can be stopped and how industrial depressions can be avoided. It can only be done permanently by nationalizing the means of production.

But it is untrue to say that this is the only suggestion which is made by Socialists to meet the present distress. There have been laid before the Government certain proposals which are economically sound, and which could be carried out immediately by a vigorous executive. First it is proposed that all works of public utility should be commenced at once. For instance, here in London it is well known that the south bank of the Thames has for a long while needed embanking. Then the new buildings for the Admiralty and War Office might be put in hand immediately. The Local Government Board, through its mouth-piece, Mr. G. W. E. Russell, intimated to the deputation of unemployed that the Board would grant permission to local bodies to raise loans for the carrying out of useful works. In many districts of London streets want paving, baths and wash-houses erecting, sewerage constructing, and the like. Such steps as these promptly taken would alleviate the immediate distress, and would put large numbers in work besides those actually employed on the public works. If the Government want a precedent they cannot do better than refer back to the Lancashire Cotton Famine. At that time public works such as those above enumerated, were commenced within a fortnight! A loan of £1,500,000 was advanced to local bodies at  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., and the works were satisfactorily carried out; the most remarkable feature being that the cost of administration was less than 3s. 6d. per cent. For this fact Sir R. Rawlinson, himself the chief organiser of the works, is authority. What was done in 1864 can surely be done in 1885.

The error committed was that no other measures followed the immediate relief which was afforded by the institution of these works. A revival in trade ensued, and no precautions were taken to prevent the recurrence of similar industrial depression. The legislation of a governing class is always from hand to mouth, unless it is accompanied by strong pressure from without.

Simultaneously with the starting of these public works a short Act should be passed giving the Metropolitan Board of Works powers to erect artizans' dwellings as well as to pull them down. Nothing more senseless could have been devised than to give the Board of Works only such powers as would necessarily increase the overcrowding of the working classes. This mistake should be corrected with the rapid action which the House of Commons showed itself capable of by the passing of the Explosives Act. The building of artizans' dwellings should then be commenced on the



sites which have been so long vacant throughout the metropolis. In Tooley Street, Clerkenwell Rd., Gray's Inn Rd., in St. Pancras and many other localities, sites are available. More work would be thus afforded, while there would be a nearer prospect of relieving overcrowding and bad housing than is afforded by the suggestions of the Royal Commission.

This being done, a Bill limiting the hours of work to eight in all trades should be quickly passed. The limiting the hours of labour would greatly increase the opportunities of employment. To take the railways alone, the men are kept at work at least twelve hours, and very often fourteen and sixteen hours. To reduce the hours of labour by law to eight, would mean the employment of half as many men again as are now employed in this industry, and if we look at the published returns of the railway companies, it is clear that they can well afford to pay more for the labour by which the whole machine is kept going. The total working expenditure of the railways of the United Kingdom amounts to thirty-seven millions odd, while the net receipts, that is the shareholders' profits, are thirty-three millions. Out of the working expenditure, not more than eleven millions are paid in wages at an outside estimate, while much of that sum even goes to highly-paid managers and directors, the amount which the actual workers take being thus further reduced. Clearly then, the shareholders even under the present system might well afford to employ half as many men again without much loss to themselves, while the increased certainty of safety in travelling would be an enormous advantage to the general public.

What could be done in the railways could equally well be done in factories and shops. When we see accounts of young men and young women working twelve to fifteen hours a day in shops, it must be clear to everyone that for the sake of the well-being of the community, legislative interference of a stringent character is absolutely necessary. But many, even of the workers, fear that an eight hours' Bill would drive away trade from the country, and that it is better for some to be overworked and some without work rather than that all should be without work. But if we examine the working of the Factory Acts, we find that the curtailment of the hours of labour led to the invention of machinery running at increased speed, which made up for the shortened hours of labour. No trade whatever was lost to the country. The same thing would occur again on the reduction of the labour day to eight hours: it is for this reason that if it were attempted to stop here in the social revolution, the lot of the workers would, in a short time, be as deplorable as it is to-day. The advantages of shortening the hours of labour are that more leisure would be given to the working-classes, and in the first instance employment would be given to a larger number of workers. Thus a breathing space would be given for the peaceful accomplishment of the industrial revolution of the Nineteenth Century.

If we turn again to another proposition, put forward by the Social-Democratic Federation, that "light relief works should be started for women or men who are incapable of heavy labour," it will be seen that this, too, is a perfectly practicable proposal. For example, if there is one subject on which the national conscience

has been aroused, it is on the sweating system. And yet policemen's clothes, and some post-office and army uniforms are regularly given out to "sweaters," who only pay their unfortunate employes rates of wages which enable them to make 5s. to 6s. a week by the most strenuous exertion. Their condition surely calls for some attention at the hands of a Government. What is to prevent factories from being built, not necessarily in our crowded towns, but outside, where, under wholesome conditions, the work which is now done in fever-stricken garrets and sweaters' dens might be carried on for the benefit of all concerned.

Lastly, there is the proposal to cultivate and work with improved machinery all land, which, in the opinion of skilled agriculturists, it would best pay to cultivate. To be an agriculturist to-day requires an encyclopædic knowledge which it is very certain that most of our farmers do not possess. Thousands of acres of land now out of cultivation could be worked to pay under the direction of skilled men. Many of the unemployed who have been driven into the towns would gladly be at work on the land once more at a sufficient rate of wages. The advantage to the country at large in raising more of our food supplies at home must be manifest to all.

Such are the prospects which Socialists put forward as stepping stones to a complete revolution. As I have already pointed out they are but stepping stones; for if the public works such as I dwelt on above are started and abandoned when this crisis is over, without for instance, giving power to the various local bodies all over the country to deal with the question of the housing of the poor; and if this be done without being followed up by an eight hour's Bill, all the trouble under which the workers are now suffering, will return with redoubled force.

It will be necessary, therefore, to carry forward simultaneously, or at any rate closely after these reforms, a rapid nationalisation of the various industries. It has often been pointed out by Socialists that the railways and shipping industries which are entirely owned by shareholders and entirely worked by paid servants could be worked by the State at once. The joint stock system is but a step towards nationalisation, and many industries have arrived at this period of economic development, and are ready to be worked by the nation for the benefit of the nation.

These are the proposals of Socialists by which a peaceful re-organisation of Society may be commenced. Refuse all reform and anarchy will be brought about! Attempt to stop reform short at any point saying, "Thus far and no farther," and again anarchy will be upon you! Is this foolish talking? Let those who imagine so step down and hear what these workers are saying. It is impossible to form an estimate of their real opinions from parish teas, emigration committees, Sunday schoolteachers, and the like. Talk to men in a workmen's train and again and again you will hear the tale that they are ready to do anything to put a stop to the present state of things.

One of the speakers at the demonstration was stopped in the streets by a man, a French polisher by trade, who had been out of work for four months. He gravely suggested that a raid should be organised on the bakers' shops. Nor is such talk confined to

single individuals. Knots of men in the East End are constantly discussing similar questions. The feeling of bitterness is also spreading to the upper ranks of labour. Two years ago it would have been impossible for Thomas Burt to have made such a speech as he made a short time back to the working men of Paris, denouncing capitalists, stock-jobbers, loan-mongers, and the like. Again, for three years Socialism has been preached at the street corners and in the clubs of London. The causes of their misery have been pointed out to workers. I myself in speaking at a large number of open-air and other meetings have never failed to gain the sympathy of the working-class portion of my audience. This may not mean much at the time, but when trouble comes upon them they remember what they have heard from Socialist speakers. Warned by the failure of the Chartists of 1848, who stirred the provinces but left London alone, we are to-day directing all our efforts to stirring the nation of five millions which lives around the centre of capitalism. Every day events go to prove that we have to a great extent stirred them, while provincial centres are being greatly influenced by our example and our branches. The demonstration of the 16th February on the Thames Embankment, when, in spite of pouring rain, some 7,000 unemployed men assembled to march and demand work from the Government showed the real temper of the working classes much more than was allowed by the capitalist press. All the speakers were most enthusiastically received, the men there perfectly understood what was said, and endorsed every word of it. If further proof is needed it will be seen in the demonstration of the working classes which is to be held under the auspices of the Social-Democratic Federation on Sunday, April 12th.

These being the facts, the distress being very real, and the temper of the working classes very bitter, what is the Government prepared to do? Is it in a position to refuse a demand for work backed by such a show of force. In Egypt, the Soudan and South Africa, every available soldier is required. The Russian advance on Herat demands troops for India. Lord Spencer writes piteously that he will not be responsible for Ireland if any more troops are taken away, and earthworks are being thrown up within the walls of Dublin Castle. The Highland Crofters are ready to press their claims on the attention of the Government by force if need be, scant attention having been paid to their peaceful agitation. In addition to all this the governing classes have not got a single ally on the Continent, while the relation with our Australian colonies, in spite of tall talk about Federation, is more than strained.

Such is the state of affairs. Is this the time to play with the forces of Revolution? Patriotism is a dead word to the working classes. "The land is not our land, we have no lot or part or interest with our governing classes. Their misfortune is our opportunity." The truth of this language cannot be denied; and Socialists, unlike the Farmers' Alliance who thought it would not be polite to harass the Government during the last session, mean to press the Government as hard as possible at the present juncture. If they yield at all, as yield they must to the reasonable

requests of the working classes, it will be our business to urge forward reform after reform till the revolution is accomplished. Socialists are men with an ideal, but we shall not be content to have our ideal realised 200 years hence, whilst thousands are going down to the grave daily without a gleam of better things brightening any portion of their lives. We the men of to-day wish to enjoy the benefits of the Social Revolution and to secure that end we press forward.

The governing classes are being constantly warned of the gravity of the situation. Will they take the warning, or will it be left for future historians to point out the blindness which prevented them from seeing the plainest signs of anarchy which are around them to-day? If they refuse ostrich-like to recognise them and to initiate a peaceful revolution, then on them will rest alike the murder of the workers by starvation of to-day, and the universal anarchy and misery of to-morrow.

R. PERCY B. FROST.



## To-Day and To-Morrow.

Let us arise and quit ourselves like men  
Nor be of those who hug their gold ; and say :  
“ To-morrow shall be with us as to-day  
Yet more abundant ; ” Far beyond their ken  
Lies the to-morrow we would strive for ; when  
None shall upon his brother's shoulder lay  
The burden that himself should bear, none pray  
For life and hope yet die unheeded then.

To-day we sow ; To-morrow we shall reap ;  
We hope To-day ; To-morrow we shall see ;  
To-day the goal is clear, but not the way  
To reach it. If To-day we work and weep,  
Yet when To-morrow cometh—it shall be  
The brighter for the conflict of To-day !

MARY GRACE WALKER.

## The Terriers and the Rats and the Mice and the Cats.\*

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### A FABLE.

*(Reprinted from "Songs of the Governing Classes").*

Once on a time—no matter how  
(By force of teeth, or mere "bow-wow,"  
Let studious minds determine)—  
The Terriers upon Ratland seized  
Its natives hunted, worried, teas'd,  
In short—exactly what they pleas'd,  
Did with the whiskered vermin.

They eat them up, when bones ran short  
They chased them to their holes for sport,  
They seized their garnered riches,  
The toothsome cheese—the ripen'd grain,  
Monopolised the sunny plain,  
Leaving the Rats the loathsome drain,  
The gutters, swamps, and ditches.

Coincidence is hist'ry's joy,  
And while the Terriers fierce destroy,  
Hunt, trample, rob, and feed on,  
The ever multiplying Rats,  
The ancient warlike race of Cats,  
Against the Mice in neighb'ring flats,  
Like principles proceed on.

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\* This reprint is dedicated, without permission, to any English working class "leaders" who may be beginning to fancy themselves Terriers.

And so the Rats and Mice are cowed,  
 And so the Cats and Terriers proud,  
     Live in triumphant clover ;  
 The Terriers for the Rats make laws,  
 Cat legislation Mousedom awes,  
 Each conquered people—teeth or claws  
     Held *in terrorem* over.

Spite of the Terriers throve the Rats,  
 Not quite so well beneath the Cats  
     Got on the pigmy friskers.  
 Right jolly dogs the Terriers were,  
 For bones and pastime all their care  
 (Besides the Rats would sometimes dare  
     To shew their teeth and whiskers !)

So long as Tripe and Lights galore  
 Were in the Lordly kennel's store,  
     The Rats might live and welcome ;  
 Nay—(birds and coneys deft to chase)—  
 Their Rulers gave them sun and space  
 Only in dearth and famine's case,  
     Then would the subjects' knell come !

Not so the Cats—not so the Mice ;  
 Grimalkin's tastes are high and nice,  
     And Mousey's views fastidious.  
 Cat never likes to leave the house  
 O'er plains to run, in streams to scuse,—  
 Familiarity with Mouse  
     Were profanation hideous !

'Tis Mouse's place to yield him food  
 On Mouse's ever teeming brood,  
     'Tis his to feed and fatten.  
 He by the chimney corner sits  
 In velvet coat and silken "mits"  
 Watching his spotless, thriving kits  
     Who but on mouse flesh batten.

But Mice are small, quick-witted wights,  
 With large, round eyes that see great lights ;  
     To live and feed and revel  
 They felt their right, and nowise scared,  
 (Save prudently) their tyrants dared  
 To criticize—and schemes prepared  
     To send them to the devil.

They met in corners and in holes,  
 These small conspirators with souls  
     For Truth and Action mighty.  
 Their themes—Existence, Corn, and Cheese,  
 On which their purring tyrants seize,  
 No panic fears their councils freeze,  
     No visions wild or flighty

Their projects mar. Mere common sense  
 Directs their plans—"The Cats must hence  
 And we about must bring it.  
 Many must die ere ends our wrong;  
 Speak, Orators! the weak make strong,  
 Each singing Mouse that knows a song  
 That's warlike, let him sing it."

The plans were ripe. The dozing Cats  
 On velvet chairs and fringed mats,  
 Began to feel uneasy.  
 A needle through the cushion pokes;  
 A lighted match the whisker smokes;  
 ('Tis wondrous how the smallest folks  
 Whom you have wrong'd can tease ye!)

And now a coat of furry silk  
 Is dabbled with pitch; and now, of milk,  
 A saucer rare is shattered.  
 And now a snow white paw that yet  
 Ne'er damp contamination met,  
 Steps on a marbled floor with wet  
 And slimy mud bespattered.

Up went the Lordly backs with rage,  
 "So, ho! the pigmies dare to wage  
 A war with us!" they muttered.  
 "Quick measures prompt we'll make suffice"—  
 Their claws they sharpened in a trice;  
 A thousand palpitating Mice  
 About their court yards fluttered.

But little Mice have kindred wide,  
 For every little mangled hide  
 Of victim sleek and glossy,  
 A score of bead-like eyes burn bright  
 For vengeance—in the cellar's night,  
 In workshop's gloom, on gran'ry's height,  
 Out in the cornfield mossy.

From far and near the myriads came,  
 Vengeance and Right, the pigmies claim—  
 "Down with the Traps and Poison!"  
 White gleam the teeth and red the eye;  
 The Tyrant cats torn piece-meal die,  
 Or panic-stricken, howl and fly,  
 Pressed by the madd'ning noise on.

The Mice were freed! The Cats who fled,  
 With draggled fur and eyes all red,  
 And most with haunches gory—  
 All blinded by their wild'ring fear,  
 Plunged swimming o'er the neigh'ring mere  
 To Ratland; and I've kept till here  
 The marrow of my story.

The Terriers met them on the shore :  
They had been ancient foes before,  
But still the Curs were kindly.  
They gave them milk, and fire and food,  
Marvelling in their houndish mood,  
How Cats to rule an insect brood  
Of Mice, could fail so blindly.

Answered the Cats, "Nay, marvel we,  
If little Mice so dauntless be,  
How you the Rats can master—  
A fiercer race." The Terriers laugh'd,  
"Had you but learnt our plans to graft  
On yours, you'd had a certain raft,  
To cling to in disaster."

The Cats in chorus mew'd, "Explain,  
Oh teach us how to pow'r regain,  
And, faith, those mice shall rue it !"  
The Terriers said, "'Tis now too late,  
You should have earned their love, not hate ;  
We our fierce Rats conciliate,  
And this is how we do it :

"When game and birds are far from cheap,  
And we, a little extra deep,  
Are forced for private eating,  
Into the Rats to dip—and they  
Turn rusty, and their tusks display  
(As once they will do in a way),  
With reeds and spear grass, meeting,

"We beckon out the biggest rat,  
And ask him with a friendly pat,  
To join our side—the merrier.  
We teach him how to bark ; with shears,  
We dock his tail and trim his ears,  
Give him some bones to calm his fears,  
*And tell him he's a Terrier.*"

R. B BROUGH.







# TO-DAY.

No. 16.—APRIL, 1885.

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## Cashel Byron's Profession.

BY GEORGE BERNARD SHAW,

AUTHOR OF "AN UNSOCIAL SOCIALIST," "THE IRRATIONAL KNOT," &c.

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### PROLOGUE.

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#### I.

MONCRIEF House, Panley Common. Scholastic establishment for the sons of gentlemen, &c.

Panley Common, viewed from the back windows of Moncrief House, is a tract of grass, furze, and rushes, stretching away to the western horizon.

One wet spring afternoon the sky was full of broken clouds, and the common was swept by their shadows, between which patches of green and yellow gorse were bright in the broken sunlight. The hills to the northward were obscured by a heavy shower, traces of which were drying off the slates of the school, a square white building, formerly a gentleman's country house. In front of it was a well-kept lawn with a few clipt holly trees. At the rear, quarter of an acre of land was enclosed for the use of the boys. Strollers on the common could hear, at certain hours, a hubbub of voices and racing footsteps from within the boundary wall. Sometimes, when the strollers were boys themselves, they climbed to the coping, and saw on the other side a piece of common trampled bare and brown, with a few square yards of concrete, so worn into hollows as to be unfit for its original use as a ball alley. Also a long shed, a pump, a door defaced by innumerable incised inscriptions, the back of the house in much worse repair than the front, and about fifty boys in tailless jackets and broad turned-down collars. When the fifty boys perceived a

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stranger on the wall, they rushed to the spot with a wild halloo, overwhelmed him with insult and defiance, and dislodged him by a volley of clods, stones, lumps of bread, and such other projectiles as were at hand.

On this rainy spring afternoon, a brougham stood at the door of Moncrief House. The coachman, enveloped in a white india-rubber coat, was bestirring himself a little after the recent shower. Within doors, in the drawing-room, Dr. Moncrief was conversing with a stately lady aged about thirty-five, elegantly dressed, of attractive manner, and only falling short of absolute beauty in her complexion, which was deficient in freshness.

"No progress whatever, I am sorry to say," the doctor was remarking.

"That is very disappointing," said the lady, contracting her brows.

"It is natural that you should feel disappointed," replied the doctor. "I would myself earnestly advise you to try the effect of placing him at some other—" The doctor stopped. The lady's face had lit up with a wonderful smile; and she had raised her hand with a bewitching gesture of protest.

"Oh no, Dr. Moncrief," she said. "I am not disappointed with *you*; but I am all the more angry with Cashel because I know that if he makes no progress with you, it must be his own fault. As to taking him away, that is out of the question. I should not have a moment's peace if he were out of your care. I will speak to him very seriously about his conduct before I leave to-day. You will give him another trial, will you not?"

"Certainly. With the greatest pleasure," exclaimed the doctor, confusing himself by an inept attempt at gallantry. "He shall stay as long as you please. But"—here the doctor became grave again—"you cannot too strongly urge upon him the importance of hard work at the present time, which may be said to be the turning point of his career as a student. He is now nearly seventeen; and he has so little inclination for study that I doubt whether he could pass the examination necessary to entering one of the universities. You probably wish him to take a degree before he chooses a profession."

"Yes, of course," said the lady vaguely, evidently assenting to the doctor's remark rather than expressing a conviction of her own. "What profession would you advise for him? You know so much better than I."

"Hum!" said Dr. Moncrief, puzzled. "That would doubtless depend to some extent on his own taste—"

"Not at all," said the lady, interrupting him with vivacity. "What does he know about the world, poor boy? His own taste is sure to be something ridiculous. Very likely he would want to go on the stage, like me."

"Oh! Then you would not encourage any tendency of that sort?"

"Most decidedly not. I hope he has no such idea."

"Not that I am aware of. He shows so little ambition to excel in any particular branch that I should say his choice of a pro-

fession may be best determined by his parents. I am, of course, ignorant whether his relatives possess influence likely to be of use to him. That is often the chief point to be considered, particularly in cases like your son's, where no special aptitude manifests itself."

"I am the only relative he ever had, poor fellow," said the lady, with a pensive smile. Then, seeing an expression of astonishment on the doctor's face, she added quickly, "They are all dead."

"Dear me!"

"However," she continued, "I have no doubt I can make plenty of interest for him. But it is difficult to get anything now-a-days without passing competitive examinations. He really must work. If he is lazy he ought to be punished."

The doctor looked perplexed. "The fact is," he said, "your son can hardly be dealt with as a child any longer. He is still quite a boy in his habits and ideas; but physically he is rapidly springing up into a young man. That reminds me of another point on which I will ask you to speak earnestly to him. I must tell you that he has attained some distinction among his school fellows here as an athlete. Within due bounds I do not discourage bodily exercises: they are a recognized part of our system. But I am sorry to say that Cashel has not escaped that tendency to violence which sometimes results from the possession of unusual strength and dexterity. He actually fought with one of the village youths in the main street of Panley some months ago. The matter did not come to my ears immediately; and, when it did, I allowed it to pass unnoticed, as he had interfered, it seems, to protect one of the smaller boys. Unfortunately, he was guilty of a much more serious fault a little later. He and a companion of his had obtained leave from me to walk to Panley Abbey together. I afterwards found that their real object was to witness a prizefight that took place—illegally, of course—on the common. Apart from the deception practised, I think the taste they betrayed a dangerous one; and I felt bound to punish them by a severe imposition, and restriction to the grounds for six weeks. I do not hold, however, that everything has been done in these cases when a boy has been punished. I set a high value on a mother's influence for softening the natural roughness of boys."

"I don't think he minds what I say to him in the least," said the lady, with a sympathetic air, as if she pitied the doctor in a matter that chiefly concerned him. "I will speak to him about it of course. Fighting is an unbearable habit. His father's people were always fighting; and they never did any good in the world."

"If you will be so kind. There are just the three points: the necessity for greater—much greater—application to his studies; a word to him on the subject of rough habits; and to sound him as to his choice of a career. I agree with you in not attaching much importance to his ideas on that subject as yet. Still, even a boyish fancy may be turned to account in rousing the energies of a lad."

"Quite so," assented the lady. "I will certainly give him a lecture."

The doctor looked at her mistrustfully, thinking perhaps that she herself would be the better for a lecture on her duties as a mother. But he did not dare to tell her so: indeed, having a prejudice to

the effect that actresses were deficient in natural feeling, he doubted the use of daring. He also feared that the subject of her son was beginning to bore her; and, though a doctor of divinity, he was as reluctant as other men to be found wanting in address by a pretty woman. So he rang the bell, and bade the servant send Master Cashel Byron. Presently a door was heard to open below; and a buzz of distant voices became audible. The doctor fidgeted and tried to think of something to say; but his invention failed him: he sat in silence whilst the inarticulate buzz rose into a shouting of "By-ron!" "Cash!" the latter cry imitated from the summons usually addressed to cashiers in haberdashers' shops. Finally there was a piercing yell of "Mam-ma-a-a-a-ah!" apparently in explanation of the demand for Byron's attendance in the drawing-room. The doctor reddened. Mrs. Byron smiled. Then the door below closed, shutting out the tumult; and footsteps were heard on the stairs.

"Come in," cried the doctor encouragingly.

Master Cashel Byron entered blushing; made his way awkwardly to his mother; and kissed the critical expression which was on her upturned face as she examined his appearance. Being only seventeen, he had not yet acquired a taste for kissing. He ineptly gave Mrs. Byron quite a shock by the collision of their teeth. Conscious of the failure, he drew himself upright, and tried to hide his hands, which were exceedingly dirty, in the scanty folds of his jacket. He was a well grown youth, with neck and shoulders already strongly formed, and short auburn hair curling in little rings close to his scalp. He had blue eyes, and an expression of boyish good humour, which, however, did not convey any assurance of good temper.

"How do you do, Cashel?" said Mrs. Byron, in a queenly manner, after a prolonged look at him.

"Very well, thanks," said he, grinning and avoiding her eye.

"Sit down, Byron," said the doctor. Byron suddenly forgot how to sit down, and looked irresolutely from one chair to another. The doctor made a brief excuse, and left the room; much to the relief of his pupil.

"You have grown greatly, Cashel. And I am afraid you are very awkward." Cashel coloured and looked gloomy.

"I do not know what to do with you," continued Mrs. Byron.

"Dr. Moncrief tells me that you are very idle and rough."

"I am not," said Cashel sulkily. "It is bec—"

"There is no use in contradicting me in that fashion," said Mrs. Byron, interrupting him sharply. "I am sure that whatever Dr. Moncrief says is perfectly true."

"He is always talking like that," said Cashel plaintively. "I can't learn Latin and Greek; and I don't see what good they are. I work as hard as any of the rest—except the regular stewards perhaps. As to my being rough, that is all because I was out one day with Gully Molesworth; and we saw a crowd on the common; and when we went to see what was up it was two men fighting. It wasn't our fault that they came there to fight."

"Yes: I have no doubt that you have fifty good excuses, Cashel. But I will not allow any fighting; and you really must

work harder. Do you ever think of how hard *I* have to work to pay Dr. Moncrief one hundred and twenty pounds a year for you?"

"I work as hard as I can. Old Moncrief seems to think that a fellow ought to do nothing else from morning 'til night but write Latin verses. Tatham, that the doctor thinks such a genius, does all his constringing from cribs. If I had a crib I could constring as well—very likely better."

"You are very idle, Cashel: I am sure of that. It is too provoking to throw away so much money every year for nothing. Besides, you must soon be thinking of a profession."

"I shall go into the army," said Cashel. "It is the only profession for a gentleman."

Mrs. Byron looked at him for a moment as if amazed at his presumption. But she checked herself and only said, "I am afraid you will have to choose some less expensive profession than that. Besides, you would have to pass an examination to enable you to enter the army; and how can you do that unless you study?"

"Oh, I shall do that all right enough when the time comes."

"Dear, dear! You are beginning to speak so coarsely, Cashel. After all the pains I took with you at home."

"I speak the same as other people," he replied sullenly. "I don't see the use of being so jolly particular over every syllable. I used to have to stand no end of chaff about my way of speaking. The fellows here know all about you, of course."

"All about me?" repeated Mrs. Byron, looking at him curiously.

"All about your being on the stage, I mean," said Cashel. "You complain of my fighting; but I should have a precious bad time of it if I didn't lick the chaff out of some of them."

Mrs. Byron smiled doubtfully to herself, and remained silent and thoughtful for a moment. Then she rose and said, glancing at the weather, "I must go now, Cashel, before another shower begins. And do, pray, try to learn something, and to polish your manners a little. You will have to go to Cambridge soon, you know."

"Cambridge!" exclaimed Cashel, excited. "When, mamma? When?"

"Oh, I don't know. Not yet. As soon as Dr. Moncrief says you are fit to go."

"That will be long enough," said Cashel, much dejected by this reply. "He will not turn £120 a year out of doors in a hurry. He kept big Inglis here until he was past twenty. Look here, mamma: might I go at the end of this half? I feel sure I should do better at Cambridge than here."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Byron decidedly. "I do not expect to have to take you away from Dr. Moncrief for the next eighteen months at least, and not then unless you work properly. Now don't grumble, Cashel: you annoy me exceedingly when you do. I am sorry I mentioned Cambridge to you."

"I would rather go to some other school, then," said Cashel ruefully. "Old Moncrief is so awfully down on me."

"You only want to leave because you are expected to work here; and that is the very reason I wish you to stay."

Cashel made no reply; but his face darkened ominously.

"I have a word to say to the doctor before I go," she added, re-seating herself. "You may return to your play now. Good-bye, Cashel." And she again raised her face to be kissed.

"Good-bye," said Cashel huskily as he turned towards the door, pretending that he had not noticed her action.

"Cashel!" she said, with emphatic surprise. "Are you sulky?"

"No," he retorted angrily. "I haven't said anything. I suppose my manners are not good enough. I'm very sorry; but I can't help it."

"Very well," said Mrs. Byron firmly. "You can go, Cashel. I am not pleased with you."

Cashel walked out of the room and slammed the door. At the foot of the staircase he was stopped by a boy about a year younger than himself, who accosted him eagerly.

"How much did she give you?" he whispered.

"Not a halfpenny," replied Cashel, grinding his teeth.

"Oh, I say!" exclaimed the other, much disappointed. "That was beastly mean."

"She's as mean as she can be," said Cashel. "It's all old Monkey's fault. He has been cramming her with lies about me. But she's just as bad as he is. I tell you, Gully, I hate my mother."

"Oh, come!" said Gully, shocked. "That's a little too strong, old chap. But she certainly ought to have stood something."

"I don't know what you intend to do, Gully; but I mean to bolt. If she thinks I am going to stick here for the next two years, she is jolly much mistaken."

"It would be an awful lark to bolt," said Gully with a chuckle. "But," he added seriously, "if you really mean it; by George, I'll go too! Wilson has just given me a thousand lines; and I'll be hanged if I do them."

"Gully," said Cashel, his eyes sparkling: "I should like to see one of those chaps we saw on the common pitch into the doctor—get him on the ropes, you know."

Gully's mouth watered. "Yes," he said breathlessly; "particularly the fellow they called the Fibber. Just one round would be enough for the old beggar. Let's come out into the playground: I shall catch it if I am found here."

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## II.

That night there was just sufficient light struggling through the clouds to make Panley Common visible as a black expanse, against the lightest tone of which a piece of ebony would have appeared pale. Not a human being was stirring within a mile of Moncrief House, the chimneys of which, ghostly white on the side next the moon, threw long shadows on the silver-grey slates. The stillness had just been broken by the stroke of a quarter past twelve from a distant church tower, when, from the obscurity of one of these chimney shadows, a head emerged. It belonged to a boy, whose body presently wriggled through an open skylight.

When his shoulders were through, he turned himself face upwards, seized the minature gable in which the skylight was set, drew himself completely out, and made his way stealthily down to the parapet. He was immediately followed by another boy.

The door of Moncrief House was at the left hand corner of the front, and was surmounted by a tall porch, the top of which was flat and could be used as a balcony. A wall, of the same height as the porch, connected the house front with the boundary wall, and formed part of the enclosure of a fruit garden which lay at the side of the house between the lawn and the playground. When the two boys had crept along the parapet to a point directly above the porch, they stopped, and each lowered a pair of boots to the balcony by means of fishing lines. When the boots were safely landed, their owners let the lines drop, and re-entered the house by another skylight. A minute elapsed. Then they reappeared on the top of the porch, having come out through the window to which it served as a balcony. Here they put on their boots, and stepped on to the wall of the fruit garden. As they crawled along it, the hindmost boy whispered,

"I say, Cashy."

"Shut up, will you," replied the other under his breath.

"What's wrong?"

"I should like to have one more go at old mother Moncrief's pear tree: that's all."

"There are no pears on it at this season, you fool."

"I know. This is the last time we shall go this road, Cashy. Usen't it to be a lark? Eh?"

"If you dont shut up, it wont be the last time; for you'll be caught. Now for it."

Cashel had reached the outer wall, and he finished his sentence by dropping from it to the common. Gully held his breath for some moments after the noise made by his companion's striking the ground. Then he demanded in a whisper whether all was right.

"Yes," returned Cashel impatiently. "Drop as soft as you can."

Gully obeyed; and was so careful lest his descent should shake the earth and awake the doctor, that his feet shrank from the concussion; and he alighted in a sitting posture, and remained there, looking up at Cashel with a stunned expression.

"Crikey!" he ejaculated presently. "That was a buster."

"Get up, I tell you," said Cashel. "I never saw such a jolly ass as you are. Here, up with you! Have you got your wind back?"

"I should think so. Bet you twopence I'll be first at the cross roads. I say: let's pull the bell at the front gate and give an awful yell before we start. They'll never catch us."

"Yes," said Cashel ironically: "I fancy I see myself doing it, or you either. Now then. One, two, three, and away."

They ran off together, and reached the cross roads about eight minutes later: Gully completely out of breath, and Cashel nearly so. Here, according to their plan, Gully was to take the north road and run to Scotland, where he felt sure that his uncle's gamekeeper would hide him. Cashel was to go to sea, where, he



argued, he could, if his affairs became desperate, turn pirate, and achieve eminence in that profession by adding a chivalrous humanity to the ruder virtues for which it is already famous.

Cashel waited until Gully had recovered from his race. Then he said,

"Now, old fellow. We've got to separate."

Gully, thus confronted with the lonely realities of his scheme, did not like the prospect. After a moments reflection he exclaimed,

"Damme, old chap, but I'll come with you. Scotland may go and be hanged."

But Cashel, being the stronger of the two, was as anxious to get rid of Gully as Gully was to cling to him. "No," he said; "I'm going to rough it; and you wouldnt be able for that. You're not strong enough for a sea life. Why, man, those sailor fellows are as hard as nails; and even they can hardly stand it."

"Well, then, do you come with me," urged Gully. "My uncle's gamekeeper wont mind. He's a jolly good sort; and we shall have no end of shooting."

"That's all very well for you, Gully; but I dont know your uncle; and I'm not going to put myself under a compliment to his gamekeeper. Besides, we should run too much risk of being caught if we went through the country together. Of course I should be only too glad if we could stick to one another; but it wouldnt do: I feel certain we should be nabbed. Goodbye."

"But wait a minute," pleaded Gully. "Suppose they do try to catch us: we shall have a better chance against them if there are two of us."

"Stuff!" said Cashel. "That's all boyish nonsense. There will be at least six policemen sent after us; and even if I did my very best, I could barely lick two if they came on together. And you would hardly be able for one. You just keep moving, and dont go near any railway station; and you will get to Scotland all safe enough. Look here: we have wasted five minutes already. I have got my wind now; and I must be off. Goodbye."

Gully disdained to press his company on Cashel any further. "Goodbye," he said, mournfully shaking his hand, "Success, old chap."

"Success," echoed Cashel, grasping Gully's hand with a pang of remorse for leaving him. "I'll write to you as soon as I have anything to tell you. I may be some months, you know, before I get regularly settled."

He gave Gully a final squeeze, released him, and darted off along the road leading to Panley Village. Gully looked after him for a moment, and then ran away Scotlandwards.

Panley Village consisted of a High Street, with an old fashioned inn at one end, a modern railway station and bridge at the other, and a pump and pound midway between. Cashel stood for a while in the shadow under the bridge before venturing along the broad moonlit street. Seeing no one, he stepped out at a brisk walking pace; for he had by this time reflected that it was not possible to run all the way to the Spanish main. There was, however, another person stirring in the village besides Cashel. This was Mr. Wilson, Dr. Moncrief's professor of mathematics, who was

returning from a visit to the theatre. Mr. Wilson had an impression that theatres were wicked places, to be visited by respectable men only on rare occasions and by stealth. The only plays he went openly to witness were those of Shakspeare; and his favourite was "As you like it": Rosalind in tights having an attraction for him which he missed in Lady Macbeth in petticoats. On this evening he had seen Rosalind impersonated by a famous actress, who had come to a neighbouring town on a starring tour. After the performance he had returned to Panley, supped there with a friend, and was now making his way back to Moncrief House, of which he had been entrusted with the key. He was in a frame of mind favourable for the capture of a runaway boy. An habitual delight in being too clever for his pupils, fostered by frequently overreaching them in mathematics, was just now stimulated by the effect of a liberal supper and the roguish consciousness of having been to the play. He saw and recognized Cashel as he approached the village pound. Understanding the situation at once, he hid behind the pump, waited until the unsuspecting truant was passing within arm's length, and then stepped out and seized him by the collar of his jacket.

"Well, sir," he said. "What are you doing here at this hour? Eh?"

Cashel, scared and white, looked up at him, and could not answer a word.

"Come along with me," said Wilson sternly.

Cashel suffered himself to be led for some twenty yards. Then he stopped and burst into tears.

"There is no use in my going back," he said sobbing. "I have never done any good there. I can't go back."

"Indeed," said Wilson, with magisterial sarcasm. "We shall try to make you do better in future." And he forced the fugitive to resume his march.

Cashel, bitterly humiliated by his own tears, and exasperated by a certain cold triumph which his captor evinced on witnessing them, did not go many steps further without protest.

"You needn't hold me," he said angrily: "I can walk without being held." The master tightened his grasp and pushed his captive forward. "I won't run away, sir," said Cashel more humbly, shedding fresh tears. "Please let me go," he added in a suffocated voice, trying to turn his face towards his captor. But Wilson twisted him back again, and urged him still onward. Cashel cried out passionately, "Let me go," and struggled to break loose.

"Come, come, Byron," said the master, controlling him with a broad strong hand; "none of your nonsense, sir."

Then Cashel suddenly slipped out of his jacket, turned on Wilson, and struck up at him savagely with his right fist. The master received the blow just beside the point of his chin; and his eyes seemed to Cashel to roll up and fall back into his head with the shock. He drooped forward for a moment, and fell in a heap face downwards. Cashel recoiled, wringing his hand to relieve the tingling of his knuckles, and terrified by the thought that he had committed murder. But Wilson presently moved and dispelled

that misgiving. Some of Cashel's fury returned as he shook his fist at his prostrate adversary, and, exclaiming, "*You* wont brag much of having seen me cry," wrenched the jacket from him with unnecessary violence, and darted away at full speed.

Mr. Wilson, though he was soon conscious and able to rise, did not feel disposed to stir for a long time. He began to moan, with a dazed faith that someone would eventually come to him with sympathy and assistance. Five minutes elapsed, and brought nothing but increased cold and pain. It occurred to him that if the police found him they would suppose him to be drunk; also that it was his duty to go to them and give the alarm. He rose, and, after a struggle with dizziness and nausea, concluded that his most pressing duty was to get to bed, and leave Dr. Moncrief to recapture his ruffianly pupil as best he could.

Accordingly, at half-past one o'clock, the doctor was roused by a knocking at his chamber-door, outside which he presently found his professor of mathematics, bruised, muddy, and apparently inebriated. Five minutes elapsed before Wilson could get his principal's mind on the right track. Then the boys were awakened and the roll called. Byron and Molesworth were reported absent. No one had seen them go: no one had the least suspicion of how they had got out of the house. One little boy mentioned the skylight; but, observing a threatening expression on the faces of a few of the bigger boys, who were fond of fruit, he did not press his suggestion, and submitted to be snubbed by the doctor for having made it. It was nearly three o'clock before the alarm reached the village, where the authorities tacitly declined to trouble themselves about it until morning. The doctor, convinced that the lad had gone to his mother, did not believe that any search was necessary, and contented himself with writing a note to Mrs. Byron describing the attack on Mr. Wilson, and expressing regret that no proposal having for its object the readmission of Master Byron to the academy could be entertained.

The pursuit was now directed entirely after Molesworth, as it was plain, from Mr. Wilson's narrative, that he had separated from Cashel outside Panley. Information was soon forthcoming. Peasants in all parts of the country had seen, they said, "a lad that might be him." The search lasted until five o'clock next afternoon, when it was rendered superfluous by the appearance of Gully in person, footsore and repentant. After parting from Cashel and walking two miles, he had lost heart and turned back. Half way to the cross roads he had reproached himself with cowardice, and resumed his flight. This time he placed eight miles betwixt himself and Moncrief House. Then he left the road to make a short cut through a plantation, and went astray. After wandering until morning, thinking dejectedly of the story of the babes in the wood, he saw a woman working in a field, and asked her the shortest way to Scotland. She had never heard of Scotland; and when he asked her the way to Panley, she lost patience and threatened to set her dog at him. This discouraged him so much that he was afraid to speak to the other strangers whom he met. Having the sun as a compass, he oscillated between Scotland and Panley according to the fluctuation of his courage. At last he yielded to

hunger, fatigue, and loneliness ; devoted his remaining energy to the task of getting back to school ; struck the common at last ; and hastened to surrender himself to the doctor, who menaced him with immediate expulsion. Gully was greatly concerned at the prospect of being compelled to leave the place he had just run away from ; and earnestly begged the doctor to give him another chance. His prayer was granted. After a prolonged lecture, the doctor, in consideration of the facts that Gully had been seduced by the example of a desperate associate, that he had proved the sincerity of his repentance by coming back of his own accord, and had not been accessory to the concussion of the brain from which Mr. Wilson supposed himself to be suffering, accepted his promise of amendment and gave him a free pardon. It should be added that Gully kept his promise, and, being now the oldest pupil, graced his position by becoming a moderately studious, and, on occasion, even a sensible lad.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Byron, not suspecting the importance of the doctor's note, and happening to be in a hurry when it arrived, laid it by unopened, intending to read it at her leisure. She would have forgotten it altogether but for a second note which came two days later, requesting some acknowledgment of the previous communication. On learning the truth she immediately drove to Moncrief House, and there abused the doctor as he had never been abused in his life before ; after which she begged his pardon, and implored him to assist her to recover her darling boy. When he suggested that she should offer a reward for information and capture, she indignantly refused to spend a farthing on the little ingrate ; wept and accused herself of having driven him away by her unkindness ; stormed and accused the doctor of having treated him harshly ; and finally said that she would give £100 to have him back, but that she would never speak to him again. The doctor promised to undertake the search, and would have promised anything to get rid of his visitor. A reward of £50 was offered. But whether the fear of falling into the clutches of the law for murderous assault stimulated Cashel to extraordinary precaution, or whether he had contrived to leave the country in the four days which elapsed between his flight and the offer of the reward, the doctor's efforts were unsuccessful ; and he had to confess their failure to Mrs. Byron. She agreeably surprised him by writing a pleasant letter to the effect that it was very provoking, and that she could never thank him sufficiently for all the trouble he had taken. And so the matter dropped.

Long after that generation of scholars had passed away from Moncrief House, the name of Cashel Byron was remembered there as that of a hero who, after many fabulous exploits, had licked a master and bolted to the Spanish main.

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### III.

There was at this time in the city of Melbourne, in Australia, a whitewashed building, above the door of which was a board inscribed GYMNASIUM AND SCHOOL OF ARMS. In the

long narrow entry hung a framed manuscript which set forth that Ned Skene, ex-champion of England and the Colonies, was to be heard of within daily by gentlemen desirous of becoming proficient in the art of self-defence. Also the terms on which Mrs. Skene, assisted by a competent staff of professors, would give lessons in dancing, deportment, and calisthenics.

One evening a man sat smoking on a common wooden chair outside the door of this establishment. On the ground beside him were some tin tacks and a hammer, with which he had just nailed to the doorpost a card on which was written in a woman's hand-writing: "*Wanted, a male attendant who can keep accounts. Inquire within.*" The smoker was a powerful man, with a thick neck that swelled out beneath his broad flat ear lobes. He had small eyes, and large teeth over which his lips were slightly parted in a good-humoured but cunning smile. His hair was black and close cut; his skin indurated; and the bridge of his nose smashed level with his face. The tip, however, was uninjured. It was squab and glossy, and, by giving the whole feature an air of being on the point of expanding to its original shape, produced a snubbed expression which relieved the otherwise formidable aspect of the man, and recommended him as probably a modest and affable fellow when sober and unprovoked. He seemed about fifty years of age, and was clad in a straw hat and a suit of white linen.

He had just finished his pipe when a youth stopped to read the card on the doorpost. This youth was attired in a coarse sailor's jersey and a pair of grey tweed trousers which he had considerably outgrown.

"Looking for a job?" inquired the ex-champion of England and the Colonies.

The youth blushed and replied, "Yes. I should like to get something to do."

Mr. Skene stared at him with stern curiosity. His professional pursuits had familiarized him with the manners and speech of English gentlemen; and he immediately recognized the shabby sailor lad as one of that class.

"Perhaps you're a scholar," said the prizefighter, after a moment's reflection.

"I have been at school; but I didnt learn much there," replied the youth. "I think I could book-keep by double entry," he added, glancing at the card.

"Double entry! What's that?"

"It's the way merchants' books are kept. It is called so because everything is entered twice over."

"Ah!" said Skene, unfavourably impressed by the system: "once is enough for me. What's your weight?"

"I dont know," said the lad with a grin.

"Not know your own weight!" exclaimed Skene. "That aint the way to get on in life."

"I havent been weighed since I was in England," said the other, beginning to get the better of his shyness. "I was eight stone four then; so you see I am only a light weight."

"And what do you know about light weights? Perhaps, being so well educated, you know how to fight. Eh?"

"I don't think I could fight you," said the youth, with another grin.

Skene chuckled; and the stranger, with boyish communicativeness, gave him an account of a real fight (meaning apparently one between professional pugilists) which he had seen in England. He went on to describe how he had himself knocked down a master with one blow when running away from school. Skene received this sceptically, and cross examined the narrator as to the manner and effect of the blow, with the result of convincing himself that the story was true. At the end of quarter of an hour, the lad had commended himself so favourably by his conversation that the champion took him into the gymnasium, weighed him, measured him, and finally handed him a pair of boxing gloves and invited him to show what he was made of. The youth, though impressed by the prizefighter's attitude with a hopeless sense of the impossibility of reaching him, rushed boldly at him several times, knocking his face on each occasion against Skene's left fist, which seemed to be ubiquitous, and to have the property of imparting the consistency of iron to padded leather. At last the novice directed a frantic assault at the champion's nose, rising on his toes in his excitement as he did so. Skene struck up the blow with his right arm; and the impetuous youth spun and stumbled away until he fell supine in a corner, rapping his head smartly on the floor at the same time. He rose with unabated cheerfulness and offered to continue the combat; but Skene declined any further exercise just then, and, much pleased with his novice's game, promised to give him a scientific education and make a man of him.

The champion now sent for his wife, whom he revered as a pre-eminently sensible and well mannered woman. The new comer could see in her only a ridiculous dancing mistress; but he treated her with great deference, and thereby improved the favourable opinion which Skene had already formed of him. He related to her how, after running away from school, he had made his way to Liverpool; gone to the docks; and contrived to hide himself on board a ship bound for Australia. Also how he had suffered severely from hunger and thirst before he discovered himself; and how, notwithstanding his unpopular position as stowaway, he had been fairly treated as soon as he had shown that he was willing to work. And in proof that he was still willing, and had profited by his maritime experience, he offered to sweep the floor of the gymnasium then and there. This proposal convinced the Skenes, who had listened to his story like children listening to a fairy tale, that he was not too much of a gentleman to do rough work; and it was presently arranged that he should thenceforth board and lodge with them, have five shillings a week for pocket money, and be man of all work, servant, gymnasium attendant, clerk, and apprentice to the ex-champion of England and the Colonies.

He soon found his bargain no easy one. The gymnasium was open from nine in the morning until eleven at night; and the athletic gentlemen who came there not only ordered him about without ceremony, but varied the monotony of being set at

naught by the invincible Skene by practising what he taught them on the person of his apprentice, whom they pounded with great relish, and threw backwards, forwards, and over their shoulders as though he had been but a senseless effigy, provided for that purpose. Meanwhile the champion looked on and laughed, being too lazy to redeem his promise of teaching the novice to defend himself. The latter, however, watched the lessons which he saw daily given to others; and, before the end of a month, he so completely turned the tables on the amateur pugilists of Melbourne that Skene one day took occasion to remark that he was growing uncommon clever, but that gentlemen liked to be played easy with, and that he should be careful not to knock them about too much. Besides these bodily exertions, he had to keep account of gloves and foils sold and bought, and of the fees due both to Mr. and Mrs. Skene. This was the most irksome part of his duty; for he wrote a large schoolboy hand, and was not quick at figures. When he at last began to assist his master in giving lessons, the accounts had fallen into arrear; and Mrs. Skene had to resume her former care of them: a circumstance which gratified her husband, who regarded it as a fresh triumph of her superior intelligence. Then a Chinaman was engaged to do the more menial work of the establishment. "Skene's Novice," as he was now generally called, was elevated to the rank of assistant professor to the champion, and became a person of some consequence in the gymnasium.

He had been there more than nine months, and had developed from an active youth into an athletic young man of eighteen, when an important conversation took place between him and his principal. It was evening; and the only persons in the gymnasium were Ned Skene, who sat smoking at his ease with his coat off, and the novice, who had just come downstairs from his bedroom, where he had been preparing for a visit to the theatre.

"Well, my gentleman," said Skene mockingly: "you're a fancy man, you are. Gloves, too! They're too small for you. Dont you get hittin' nobody with them on, or you'll mebbe sprain your wrist."

"Not much fear of that," said the novice, looking at his watch, and, finding that he had some minutes to spare, sitting down opposite Skene.

"No," assented the champion. "When you rise to be a regular professional, you wont care to spar with nobody without you're well paid for it."

"I may say I am in the profession already. You dont call me an amateur, do you?"

"Oh no," said Skene soothingly: "not so bad as that. But mind you, my boy, I dont call no man a fighting man what aint been in the ring. You're a sparrer, and a clever, pretty sparrer; but sparring aint the real thing. Some day, please God, we'll make up a little match for you, and show what you can do without the gloves."

"I would just as soon have the gloves off as on," said the novice, a little sulkily.

"That's because you have a heart as big as a lion," said Skene,

patting him on the shoulder. But the novice, who was accustomed to hear his master pay the same compliment to his patrons whenever they were seized with fits of boasting (which usually happened when they got beaten), looked obdurate and said nothing.

"Sam Ducket of Milltown was here to-day while you was out giving Captain Noble his lesson," continued Skene, watching his apprentice's face cunningly. "Now Sam is a real fighting man, if you like."

"I dont think much of him. He's a liar, for one thing."

"That's a failing of the profession. I dont mind telling *you* so," said Skene mournfully. Now the novice had found out this for himself already. He never, for instance, believed the accounts which his master gave of the accidents and conspiracies which had lead to his being defeated three times in the ring. However, as Skene had won fifteen battles, his next remark was undeniable. "Men fight none the worse for being liars. Sam Ducket bet Ebony Muley in twenty minutes."

"Yes," said the novice scornfully; "and what is Ebony Muley? A wretched old nigger nearly sixty years old, who is drunk seven days in the week, and would sell a fight for a glass of brandy! Ducket ought to have knocked him out of time in seventy seconds. Ducket has no science."

"Not a bit," said Ned. "But he has lots of game."

"Pshaw! Come now, Ned; you know as well as I do that that is one of the stalest commonplaces going. If a fellow knows how to box, they always say he has science but no pluck. If he doesnt know his right hand from his left, they say that he isnt clever, but that he is full of game."

Skene looked with secret wonder at his pupil, whose powers of observation and expression sometimes seemed to him almost to rival those of Mrs. Skene. "Sam was saying something like that to-day," he remarked. "He says you're only a sparrer, and that you'd fall down with fright if you was put into a twenty-four foot ring."

The novice flushed. "I wish I had been here when Sam Ducket said that."

"Why, what could you ha 'done to him?" said Skene, his small eyes twinkling.

"I'd have punched his head: that's what I could and would have done to him."

"Why man, he'd eat you."

"He might. And he might eat you too, Ned, if he had salt enough with you. He talks big because he knows I have no money; and he pretends he wont strip for less than fifty pounds a-side."

"No money!" cried Skene. "I know them as'll make up fifty pound before twelve to-morrow for any man as I will answer for. There'd be a start for a young man! Why, my fust fight was for five shillings in Tott'nam Fields; and proud I was when I won it. I dont want to set you on to fight a crack like Sam Ducket anyway against your inclinations; but dont go for to say that money isnt to be had. Let Ned Skene pint to a young man and say 'That's the young man as Ned backs'; and others will come for'ard—aye, crowds of 'em."



The novice hesitated. "Do you think I ought to, Ned?" he said.

"That aint for me to say," said Skene doggedly. "I know what I would ha' said at your age. But perhaps you're right to be cautious. I tell you the truth, I wouldnt care to see you whipped by the like of Sam Duckett."

"Will you train me if I challenge him?"

"Will I train you!" echoed Skene, rising with enthusiasm. "Aye will I train you, and put my money on you too; and you shall knock fireworks out of him, my boy, as sure as my name's Ned Skene."

"Then," cried the novice, reddening with excitement, "I'll fight him. And if I lick him, you will have to hand over your belt as champion of the colonies to me."

"So I will," said Skene affectionately. "Dont stay out late; and dont for your life touch a drop of liquor. You must go into training to-morrow."

This was Cashel Byron's first professional engagement.

END OF THE PROLOGUE.

(*To be continued*).



## An Enemy of Society.

"HANC PESTEM REIPUBLICÆ."—*Cicero*.

Methought I saw a dark, defiant face  
 With fierce lips set in everlasting scorn,  
 And backward-blown wild locks, by storm-blasts torn.  
 Sad eyes, deep-caverned, not without the grace  
 Of tenderness, that found no resting-place  
 In that despairing world whereinto born  
 He knew not how to make it less forlorn,  
 And so defied, and died: men call him base.

I saw this man: before his feet there knelt  
 A hunted, haggard slave, with fettered limbs  
 And branded cheek, and, "Nay—thy lot is mine,"  
 Smiled he, and raising, flung an arm round him.  
 "Who art thou?" And before I heard, I felt  
 His answer, "Lucius Sergius Catiline."

A. WERNER.

## Communism.

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THE State, the social organism crowning itself with a governing head,—as the body drawn around the soul of society,—might be expected to show a structure corresponding to the form unconsciously stamped in the family, to the ideal cherished in the Church. And, if we lay bare the anatomy of society, we shall find that its nervous system is a fine-fibred Communism, which, as the body increasingly becomes the expression of the soul, is spiritualizing the more material vascular system and working out a slow transfiguration. An organism implies separate members and functions co-ordinated into a common life. It cannot be an organism without having an individual organs; but it is an organism, inasmuch as these are bound together in a corporate oneness which has all things common. The true growth of any organism, of the social organism, is to be found in the ascendancy of this organic life in common over the functional life in separateness; in the equalizing of the circulation through every member of the body, in the carrying on of that secretion from the blood which each organ makes for its own upbuilding so that its private enrichment shall but subserve the commonwealth, and all the parts shall say, "We are members one of another."

The natural movement of society then should show to-day a twofold action,—the repression of excessive individualism and the stimulation of defective association, with a consequent narrowing of the area of common property; which is the double tendency we see working under purely economic laws.

Economists are the authority for declaring that prices, profits, and interest are slowly sinking toward a minimum.

The shrinkage of prices and profits means that the natural limits of individual fortunes are gradually narrowing. Colossal fortunes, it is true, are still to be accumulated, and show no sign of speedily disappearing from the earth. But colossal fortunes are always of doubtful legitimacy, if not of open illegitimacy, and are therefore unnatural. They are the running to seed of the system of private property, a premonition of decay, a call for the scythe. They have perhaps never been so vast as now since the Roman Empire, and therein is their interpretation. They introduced the decline and fall of Rome. They drained off the blood

of the Empire, and exhausted its corporate life in feeding their cancerous growth. We might fear that modern society would succumb to this impoverishing wealth, if we did not feel that its very dangerousness was producing a reaction which holds out the hope of ridding the system of these fungoid growths. One Jay Gould does more to dispose the average man to regard favourably the most radical measure for the limitation of private fortunes, a graduated income-tax, than the most fiery arguments of Socialists. We are to-day in the meeting of the waters. The ebb-tide is still running strongly out, while the flood-tide is setting in beneath the surface. The millionaire will some day be an economic fossil, a social plesiosaur; though that day is not to-morrow.

The shrinkage of interest—a world-wide phenomenon—means that nature's forces are preparing for the abolition of the non-productive classes who now live in luxury. When there is no increase of money except as it is married to work, then most literally will the law be obeyed,—“If any man will not work, neither shall he eat.” And when all work, there will be more bread eaten, and less cake. As the needs of society make burdensome a class living apart from legitimate labour, above the comparatively modest affluence which such toil alone can win, the conditions of society are making it impossible.

Equality is the goal toward which economic forces are working, as liberty was the goal toward which political forces have been working, and fraternity is the crown and conciliation of both.

Economic laws are at the same time working naturally toward widening the area and intensifying the action of association, in every sphere of the business world. Alike, in trade, in manufactures, and in agriculture, this current is perceptible. Its volume and momentum increase yearly. Capital is rapidly passing out of the stage of individual action into a period of associative action. It is everywhere combining and thus multiplying its power. We are in the age of the joint-stock company. Private property, for its own preservation and increase, is developing into associative property. Commodities can be produced and exchanged most cheaply on a large scale, and thus private capital is being forced into corporate capital. A new personality appears in law,—the corporation. Corporations may be soulless, but they certainly are not bodiless. They have already assumed gigantic proportions. Their immensity is the measure of the wealth that is being created and held in common.

Labour is slowly learning the lesson that capital has first mastered. In union there is wealth as well as strength. The small savings of individuals, which separately were powerless to make the average workman more than a mere hired hand, are being thrown together into a common fund, and thus they create credit and capital for the association, on which the members lift themselves to comfort and independence. Co-operation is preached everywhere with the enthusiasm of a new gospel. Co-operative stores, co-operative manufactures, co-operative building societies, co-operative credit banks, are springing up marvellously. Co-operation already has a history and a noble one. Its power to-day is wholly unrealised by those who have not studied its growth.

Agriculture, the slowest industry in change, is feeling the new current. While France has successfully applied co-operation to industrial production, England to distribution, Germany to the creation of capital, the United States seem likely to develop first its application to agriculture. Creameries, cheeseries, etc., late and rapid growths, show that farmers are finding that they can combine with great economy of time and labour, and thus secure larger profits. The expensive machinery of modern agriculture suggests conjoint ownership. The sudden growth in the far West of Bonanza Farms is one of the most striking signs of that abnormal development of individualism which threatens danger to the corporate life, and so begins to rally the organic forces toward a crisis and a new epoch. Farms half the size of a State will crush the competition of small farmers, or drive them to combine in order to compete.

Competition is thus begetting co-operation.

Above these purely economic developments, in the varied spheres of social life, this same principle is working to build up an increasing body of common properties. The multiplicity of interests shared among men leads to a steady growth of societies, clubs, and organisations of all sorts, having social, literary, musical, artistic, scientific, philosophic aims in common, and holding thereto more or less of common property—from the minute-book of the youth's debating society up to the West End clubs.

The social crystallization is dissolving and recombining in forms of higher association.

This process, traceable everywhere through the economic and social world, is working slowly upward toward the development of a State which shall be the organic expression of a real commonwealth, in a vast body of common property. Even now, government, local and general, discharges a multiplicity of functions for which it necessarily holds and manages a very large public property. It opens roads and streets, paves, lights, and sweeps them; constructs and works sewerage systems; owns, as the ward of the people, all unappropriated lands, all lines of natural transportation, rivers, lakes, sea-coasts, and surveys, lights, guards them; distributes letters through huge postal organisations; observes the weather from its scattered signal stations; secures property and person by costly fire and police departments; administers justice through its courts and prisons; educates the children of the people in its hosts of school-houses; watches over the public's bodily well-being through its Boards of Health; cares for the poor, the sick, the maimed, the insane; washes the public in free baths, recreates it in free parks, amuses it in free gardens and museums, and does all sorts of similar things in a way which should fill the soul of the *laissez-faire* theorist with horror and disgust, but which none the less adds vastly to the general "health and wealth." In this huge of body of State properties, each citizen is co-proprietor, and thus a member of an actual Communism.

The tendency is steadily in the direction of multiplying these common services on the part of the State, and thus of adding to

these common properties. Many confluent streams swell this current. As the social organism develops an ever-heightening complexity,—its inevitable progress according to Mr. Spencer's well-known *dictum*,—the presence of a co-ordinating brain becomes more essential in the head. To preserve harmonious interaction among these complex functions, the supervision and superintendence of the State are more constantly demanded. The increasingly scientific character of agriculture and industry calls for that large direction of investigation and experiment which the State alone can supply. The growth of international relations binds countries together in interests which governments alone can watch and foster. Departments thus multiply and enlarge, and the store of public properties grows continually.

The rapid concentration of capital which is everywhere seen—many small dealers disappearing in one large dealer, rival firms gravitating into a few all-swallowing firms, competing companies consolidating into enormous corporations—cannot be stopped. Too many forces are working together to bring about this movement. Neither is it to be wholly deplored. Since doing business on a large scale cheapens production and lessens the cost of exchange, it thus makes for the general good, so long as work is open for those who are thus displaced.

But in America the dangerous power these monopolies are developing, the burdensome taxation they lay upon trade, the demoralizing influence they are exerting upon legislation, the utter indifference they display to the public interests, the unscrupulous tyranny they use in pushing their selfish schemes at the cost of the people, are creating a sentiment which will ere long compel governmental supervision.

Governmental control passes easily into governmental ownership. For its own dignity and independence, its own security and perpetuity, as well as for the good of the people, the State is thus being drawn into the discharge of one function after another of the corporate life. The State has already assumed the supervision of the railroad system in England, through a commission with juridical powers; has taken the first step in this direction in America in the Massachusetts Commission, and in the agitation for a national commission. It is considering the purchase of the railroads in Germany, and actually owns them in part or in whole in France, Italy, Belgium, and Russia. It has now for some years worked the telegraph system in England, with a great cheapening of rates. It is developing the *rôle* of the people's banker, not only in its traditional issue of currency, but in its institution of postal money orders, in its opening of governmental savings-banks connected with the postal system, in its putting forth in America bonds of ten dollars for the investment of the poor, and in its supervision of saving-banks by the States. These are signs of a widespread movement. If, as Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jr., says, we can expect the railroads and other corporations subserving common needs to be run in the interests of the public only by making the State own them, then to this ownership the State must sooner or later come. The steady growth of the organic life is asserting itself in the spreading conviction that

private interest cannot be allowed to stand in the way of the public interest, and that all rights must be held in trust for the common wealth. Society is increasingly asserting the interests of the many against the interests of the few, of the people against classes, of the public against individuals, and thus is unavoidably building up a common property, as the material housing of such a community.

This process is going on all around us, in the face of the minimizing of government inculcated by the scribes of political economy, and without any violent artificial intervention by the apostles of Socialism, solely by the action of natural forces too strong to be resisted. Thus, Wisdom is justified of all her children; and the ridiculed prophets of the ethical order behold economic and social laws working out their vision of the co-operative State.

It is in this way Socialism expects to realize slowly its long-cherished dream. The co-operative State is to be the flower of the process of integration now going on in society; the government's necessitated co-ordination of the associative action developed voluntarily among the people on an increasingly large scale; the ultimate generalization from co-operative trade and industrial organizations, the body of public property built around the spirit of "The Commons," the Republic of the Commonwealth.

Orthodox economy is at one with heterodoxy as to the fact of this on-going social evolution, and as to the general form of society in the future. Sober students look forward to the time when co-operation shall have completely revolutionized our industrial system and reconstructed society. Mr. Thornton writes, "Regarding the subject as soberly as I can, it seems to me impossible that the day should not arrive when, at most, all productive industry and most of all other industry will be, in one sense or other, co-operative; when the bulk of the employed will be their own employers; and when, of the portion who have other employers, most will be the participants in those employers' profits."

Mr. Mill writes: "In the co-operative movement, the permanency of which may now be considered as assured, we see exemplified the process of bringing about a change in society, which would combine the freedom and independence of the individual with the moral, intellectual, and commercial advantages of aggregate production; and which, without violence or spoliation or even any other sudden disturbance of existing habits and speculations, would realize, at least in the industrial department, the best aspirations of the democratic spirit, by putting an end to the division of society into the industrious and the idle, and effacing all social distinctions but those fairly earned by personal services and exertions. . . . As associations multiplied, they would tend more and more to absorb all work-people, except those who have too little understanding or too little virtue to be capable of learning to act on any other system than that of narrow selfishness. As this change proceeded, owners of capital would gradually find it to their advantage, instead of maintaining the struggle of the old system with work-people of only the worst description, to lend their capital to the associations; to do this at a diminishing rate of interest, and at last, perhaps, even to exchange their capital for

terminable annuities. In this or some such mode, the existing accumulations of capital might honestly, and by a kind of spontaneous process, become in the end the joint property of all who participate in their productive employment, a transformation which thus effected (and assuming, of course, that both sexes participate equally in the rights and in the government of the association) would be the nearest approach to social justice, and the most beneficial ordering of industrial affairs for the universal good, which it is possible at present to foresee."

Orthodox economy remains, however, incredulous of the dream of "The Co-operative State." Nevertheless, that dream was, in the brain of the wisest of philosophers, the profoundest of social and political students, "the Bible of the learned for twenty-two hundred years." Plato saw this vision centuries ago; and we have its mirrorings in "The Republic," that sublime ideal of a real government of a free people. This same dream has cheered the souls of earth's noblest thinkers through all the dark days since the great Greek, when, turning away from the shadows lying heavily upon the world, they have caught sight of the City of God coming down from heaven,—Utopia, *Nowhere* yet on earth in outward form, but in spirit so long seen and striven for that a rearrangement of the old elements may make it *Now-here*.

This dream may indeed prove a nightmare to disordered societies, and may shape itself in convulsions. Anarchic action there will be in this natural evolution of the social world, as there has been in the natural evolution of the physical world.—the violent effort of repressed forces to burst the hard crust of the old order, even as we see to-day in Europe. Karl Marx says, "Force is the accoucheur of every old society which is pregnant with a new one." That is true only in so far as civilization has made parturition an unnatural process, difficult, painful, and dangerous, necessitating often surgical obstetrics; sometimes even the Cæsarion operation of Terrorism and Nihilism. Freedom renders even the travail throes natural, and therefore easy and safe; and there is only "joy that a man is born into the world." And freedom is the political health into which mankind is being led. Revolutions will prove to be but cataclysms in the action of an evolution. Breakers, heavy and thunderous, there will be where the incoming tide meets the wash of the ebbing current, and the cresting wave will gather high and threatening against the backward suction of the undertow; but over the bar the seething sea will spread itself, calm and smiling, as, drawn by influences from above no hold of earth can check, the deep ocean swells up bays and rivers, creeks and tiny streams, sweeping the slimy places of corruption with the cleansing waters of a larger life, and spreading over dry and barren waste the freshness and fertility of the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.

What the form of the new order shall be, who dare precisely predict? This, however, we may assuredly know: "that body which shall be" will prove no resurrection of the material housing once and forever laid aside. Nature does not go back to the grave to pick up worn-out bodies. Continuing the soul which in its infancy shaped the body of the past, it fashions round it,

matured and developed, the body of the future ; a loftier likeness of the old in the new, a transfigured organisation. Every organism is a Communism, but man is not a reproduction of the oyster. Civilisation turned once, in the far-back past, away from the Communism which found no place for private property, and gave no play to individualism. To revert to *that* Communism would be retrogress not progress, the return to childhood in senility, in poverty if in purity, in ignorance if in innocence. Not thus is man to become a little child that he may enter the kingdom of heaven.

Ruskin finely says : " There is a singular sense in which the child may peculiarly be said to be the father of man. In many arts and attainments, the first and last stages of progress, the infancy and the consummation, have many features in common ; while the intermediate stages are wholly unlike either and are furthest from the right. Childhood often holds a truth with its feeble fingers which the grasp of manhood cannot retain, which it is the pride of utmost age to recover."

This is the progress of the race ; the action of that law of circularity which, urging civilisation round yet also up, brings society again into the same longitude where once it anchored ages since, but now in far higher latitude ; its symbol, the spiral. The world is sweeping round into the meridian of Communism, but it will prove the parallel of a nobler "ism" of common property than that of the past. The Communism of the future will not do away with private property, but will restrain it to healthful proportions, will subordinate its aggregate to the mass of wealth held in common, and will guard against its renewed dangerous development by subsoiling it with a deep, wide, firm basis of common property, held for the people by co-operative associations, economic, social, and religious, and by the State. In that commonage will probably be included all properties which shall prove themselves, in the experience of mankind, essential to the commonwealth, even, if needs be, to the collective ownership of the land, the instruments of production, and the means of exchange.

Between the opposite poles of individualism and association, in oscillating cycles, civilisation gravitates toward the poise of the pendulum, the golden mean of an institution of property in which all needful severalties of personal possession shall form freely within the ensphering body of a vast and noble Communism. The distant goal of this troublous age is once more a stationary period. In the far back past, the calm of the mountain lake, placid and pure as the snow-fields around it ; then the wild whirl of the mountain stream, delightedly escaping from stagnation, hurrying away from the old and tranquil haunts, reckless of where and how, so only that, obedient to the resistless yearning which stirs within its bosom, there is motion on ; plunging wildly in tumultuous freedom, here in the gay sunlight, there in the gloomy gorges, hurling over huge precipices in untried ventures, shaking into thin mist, splintering on craggy rocks, grinding into white foam in the seething whirlpool, but hasting on ; freshening the air for the dwellers in the valleys down which it scampers, greening the grass and goldening the grain and kissing the flowers with its dewy



breath till they blush into iris-hued ripples of delight ; anon bursting its embankments, pouring over the fields of patient industry, deluging, devastating, destroying ; spreading at length into the smooth-flowing river, which moves onward still, through mighty continents of being ; bearing the burdens of the people of the earth, exchanging their productions, building up fair cities and crowding them with wealth, causing the desert to blossom as the rose ; yet clogging here and there into slimy shallows and turgid marshes, where the poison gathered from the heedless life along its shores washes upon the ground and exhales into the air, and makes the great river, on which weary men must toil and from which thirsting men must drink. a deadly curse, blighting the regions round into a land of the shadow of death ; at last flowing into the broad sea, where all streams mingle and are one, where all evil elements are purified and precipitated, and clean and wholesome the great deep hushes into the calm of the Pacific, whose waters stir only with the long, low ground-swell and the gentle, steady trade-winds, while they flash beneath the bright beams of an eternal summer, and pulse with the movements of all varied and beautiful life round the happy islands where man is once more a child in the garden of the Lord, wherein stands the "tree of life . . . yielding its fruit every month ; and the leaves of the tree are for the healing of the nations ; and there shall be no curse any more."

From the mountain-tops, we may see the light of the dawning day on that far-off sea of peace, and cry, with Saint-Simon in his parting breath, "The future is ours."

R. HEBER NEWTON.



## Ten Years of English Poetry.

SWINBURNE, MORRIS, ROSSETTI, 1861 — 1871.

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**B**ETWEEN the first appearance of a great poet and his ultimate recognition as one—between the accomplishment of the work which is to win him immortality, and the final ascension of that work to “the abode where the eternal are,” there is generally a long interim of, for the most part, fruitless dispute and barren cavilling. “Our enemy is often our helper,” says Burke: and the fact that twenty years of generally adverse criticism has had no direr effect upon the three greatest poets of our own generation, than than to make both them and their work famous, is in itself as conclusive a proof that they are altogether beyond such criticism as it is certain evidence that such criticism is altogether unsound and unjust. It is always a valuable aid to a sound and just criticism of any matter, to take, wherever such is possible, some other criticism of the same subject as a kind of centre, or *point de repere* to work from.

At the moment nothing presents itself better suited to the present purpose, than the brief but comprehensive notice which Mr. Stopford Brooke has accorded these three poets in his *Primer of English literature*. On the last page of the first edition of that excellent little book, Mr. Brooke says, “Within the last ten years a new class of literary poets has arisen, who have no care for a present they think dull, for religious questions to which they see no end. They too have gone back to Greek and medieval and old Norse life for their subjects. They find much of their inspiration in Italy and in Chaucer; but they continue the love poetry, and the poetry of natural description. No English poetry exceeds Swinburne’s in varied melody; and the poems of Rossetti within their limited range, are instinct with passion at once subtle and intense. Of them all William Morris is the greatest, and of him much more is to be expected. At present he is our most delightful story-teller: he loses much by being too long, but we pardon the length for the ideal charm. The Death of Jason and the stories told month by month in the *Earthly*

Paradise, a Greek and a medieval story alternately, will long live to delight the holiday-times of men ; although it is some pity that it is foreign and not English story." The class of literary poets here mentioned might be more widely defined as a school of literary poets ; some flatulent critics have delighted in calling it the Pre-Raphaelite school of poets, though what that name means when applied to poetry, those who use it may be best able to explain : unexplained it seems about half as sensible as to call our next school of Alexandrian poetry (if we ever have one) the Pre-Turnerite school. But apart from this, the term Pre-Raphaelite, or any other such term, is misleading in such a case as this : it implies a common workmanship under a common master. Now strangely similar as the three great poets mentioned above may be in minor points, in some small mannerisms, and technicalities, they are eminently dissimilar in all those higher regions of thought and sound, which each has traversed in his own original way ; dissimilar in thought no less than in sound, in subject no less than in treatment. The faults and defects of one are to a great extent the faults and defects of all, but the peculiar greatness and high perfection of each are wholly and solely his own.

Mr. Rossetti, the eldest of the three, had completed several of his poems while the others were yet students, "dreaming in class-time ;" but Mr. Morris was the first to place any serious work before the public. He began by "rekindling the beauty of the Arthurian legend," and reviving the old ballad form.

It was no discredit to Mr. Morris then, and it cannot detract from his fame now to record, that his Arthurian poems were more than partially eclipsed by Mr. Tennyson's which were published in the following year. Whether the idyll be the best form for the poetic translation of this kind of legend may be matter of doubt, unless it be settled by the fact that Mr. Tennyson has employed this form for this purpose, and that here he is unapproachable by any poet who has ever lived.

In his ballads, which are cast in the simpler metres of the style, Mr. Morris attains a higher standard of perfection than in his poems ; but one may be allowed to doubt if he has here a "firmer tread" than the great poet by the light of whose genius he put forth the first-fruits of his work. Unless it be a greater thing to fill a verse with syllabic grace than with general perfection of thought and style, then assuredly it is not a greater thing to have written "Welland River" than to have written "Stratton Water." All the failings of Rossetti's ballad lean to virtue's side, while Mr. Morris has, wisely perhaps, stopped short of the point where such failings become possible. If Mr. Morris had not inscribed his first fruits to Rossetti, and if Mr. Swinburne had not generously acknowledged both his own and Mr. Morris's indebtedness to the poet-painter, it might be rather unfair to speak of these poems in connection with Rossetti. But in reading them one is often reminded of the fact that many of Rossetti's poems were written between 1847 and 1853. Not that Mr. Morris has imitated Rossetti, but he has been influenced by him. We know the bent of Rossetti's genius at this period, and we oftentimes catch a reflexion of it here.

To say more than this would be truly unjust, for the primal note of all Mr. Morris's work is originality; and where a man has given abundant proof of the possession of such a quality, it is scrupulously unfair to deny it to him in a single instance where it was partially shared by another.

The critic who should affirm that Mr. Morris had here imitated Rossetti, would be almost as blame-worthy as he who should assert that Mr. Morris had here followed Tennyson, albeit his work appeared before that of the laureate.

It is precisely the originality of these poems which makes them so noteworthy and so praiseworthy, and stamps their author as a distinct poet. It is not often so young a writer commences by being original; but these are the work of one who at the outset was not content to follow where another had passed, and who, having opened up a new path, preferred to cover a furlong of his own ground roughly, rather than run a league along any beaten track. It was also the novelty of this book which evoked the chief blame as well as the chief praise bestowed upon it—in other matters it was little noticed.

Far more noteworthy in the annals of contemporary literature will be the record of the appearance of Mr. Swinburne's first volume of collected poems. It was hardly to be expected that such unconventional poetry as "*Poems and Ballads*" would pass test with the conventional critics, even though they had hailed "*Atalanta*," and maintained a calm demeanour over "*Chastelard*." But by no comparison of precedent could it have been imagined what a "hideous roar" the "rout" would make over this new birth. Since the day when the ephemera of criticism were industriously blaspheming Shelley, while he of the giant's robe assiduously set himself to consign "*Endymion*" and its author to inexhumable oblivion, and made all his own fame infamous by this one notable blot; from that day when the Society for the Suppression of Vice licensed itself to deal in poetical criticism until now, nothing in all the wide range of English letters has met with such vehement reprobation, such fierce pouring forth of accumulated petty malignance, as, on its initial publication, assailed this first series of "*Poems and Ballads*."

One cannot imagine Mr. Swinburne being diffident, or deprecating criticism as Keats did; but one is fain to think that had he suspected what was lying in wait for him, he might have been tempted to have forestalled many of the opprobrious remarks which gained currency; to have somehow denied the "pressmen" their dish of hash, and warded off the storm a little from himself.

That he did not do this left him open to the far more effectual way employed by Byron in dealing with his critics. Both these men answered the weak whips of their chastisers with stinging scorpions; Byron in scathing satire, and Mr. Swinburne in fierce vindication of himself and his work; though not, as he made plain, to justify either himself or his work, but for the sake of his publishers, who, fearful for that "immortal part," their reputation, instantly commenced calling in the prints with all the haste they could.

It is too late in the day to attempt any analysis of the reviews

which called forth this defence, and one might with less presumption undertake to "justify the ways of God to man" than to justify Mr. Swinburne, even if he had not already justified himself an hundred times. The chief fact to be noted is that Mr. Swinburne's work, like the "Endymion" of Keats, like various works of Shelley, has held its own and won its way in spite of all the charges brought against it; a rational deduction from this is, that it would have won its way quite as easily if these charges had not been brought against it; and the final corollary to be inferred is that, therefore, it is lasting work, in other words, true poetry.

There having been occasion to mention Keats in this context, it may perhaps be pardonable to here make a slight digression in his favour. In a late issue of the "Quarterly Review,"\* an anonymous scribe, who discourses with more words than wisdom, on the three elegies, "Lycidas," "Adonais," and "In Memoriam," has been pleased to favour us with his opinion that "the review of Keats's works, which appeared so many years ago in the *Quarterly* was in reality sound and just, though perhaps rather sternly sound and just, as was always the case with Gifford." Unfortunately, this is not the only instance in which the most notorious case of critical malignance on poetical record has been wholly or partially extenuated or condoned. Even Mr. William Rossetti has countenanced it obliquely. In a prefatory notice prefixed to Messrs. Moxon's edition of Keats, this generally admirable and always conscientious critic says: "It would be equally untrue and futile to deny that some of the censure awarded by the critic was deserved—abundantly deserved." The article referred to by these critics is too long to detail here in full, but a précis will suffice. At the outset the reviewer frankly admits that he has not read "Endymion;" though he has made efforts almost as superhuman as the story itself to get through it, he cannot pass the first book. He doubts if Keats be the real name of the author, as he cannot conceive that any man in his senses would put his name to such a rhapsody, which is simply a mass of the most incongruous ideas couched in the most uncouth language. He says that the poet amuses himself and wearies his readers with an immeasurable game at *bout-rimés*; and calls Keats a copyist of Hunt, only more unintelligible, almost as rugged, twice as diffuse, and ten times more absurd and tiresome. Finally he winds up with this sentence: "We should have abstained from inflicting on him any of the tortures of the 'fierce hell' of criticism, which so terrify his imagination, if he had not begged to be spared in order that he might write more." Briefly this is the review which was "sound and just," and between the lines of it may be read the censure which was "abundantly deserved."

If Mr. Rossetti means that the immaturities which mar both the "literary style" and the "narrative plan" of *Endymion*, did indeed deserve some kind of honest censure, then we may allow his judgment to pass as speculative, even if we do not accept it as determinative. But to deny that Keats deserved the virulent and scurrilous censure heaped upon him in the pages of the *Quarterly*

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\* The July number, 1884.

is neither futile nor untruthful, for of genuine censure there is absolutely none, only sour dashes of banter and raillery.

It is rather pitiable to be under the obligation of requesting a fifth-form boy to re-study his Latin accidence, nevertheless it may sometimes be necessary for his own good. If the Quarterly reviewer of to-day, who thinks that Gifford's criticism of Keats was sound and just, will hearken and give heed to a little gratuitous advice, he will take the first opportunity of re-reading Keats and the back numbers of his literary organ, if he has read either before. And when he has discovered that there is in the English language a beautiful elegy called "Thyrsis," which, whether it compare for better or for worse with Mr. Tennyson's "In Memoriam" as poetry, is altogether above comparison with that poem as elegy; and when he has discerned that "Thyrsis" is nearly related to "Lycidas," and not totally estranged from "Adonais;" while "In Memoriam" is not even distantly allied to either—when he has discovered and discerned this, we shall be pleased to learn the result of his later studies in Keats and the back numbers. To view his ludicrous statement otherwise than as a blunder in the accidence of criticism, is but to add one more proof to the many already existing, that ordinary literary criticism is no higher, or better, or sounder to-day than it was half a century ago; that it is still what Wordsworth styled it then "an inglorious employment."

But to return to Mr. Swinburne. In defending his poems against the charge of immorality, Mr. Swinburne opened a very wide question; a question not merely interesting to the student of his own poetry, or to the art faculty of the present day only; but of high importance to all students, and more especially to all artists, in any department of their wide choice at any period: the question whether the moral element, the test of morality, be the test of art, and further whether the bounds of morality be the bounds of art. Mr. Swinburne's own answers to these questions do not appear to have given general satisfaction; though he certainly answered them clearly enough for the satisfaction of all, as regarded his own work; and apparently for his own satisfaction as regarded all work.

One would suppose it must be obvious to all educated outside Mr. Spurgeon's college, that the moral element, the test of morality, is not, and cannot be, the test of art: for although some, nay most, of the noblest art in the world has been produced by the sheer force of morality "touched by emotion," yet in times, especially these times, when morality is too seldom touched by emotion, we get works of high moral excellence, assuming the name and pretending to the form of art, but which are really as "dry as summer dust," and as inartistic; proving clearly, in this matter at least, that of itself morality can do nothing; nor in this case can its impotence be extenuated on the plea of good intentions. Unfortunately it is not quite so distinctly evident, nor so easily demonstrable, that the bounds of morality are, or should be, the bounds of art: for the bounds of morality in its relation to art do not yet seem to be definitely determined. For instance, Mr. Arnold says that the "Ode to a Grecian Urn" gives us the expression of a moral idea comparable with the deepest and gravest

### TO-DAY.

utterances of Shakespeare or of Milton. But Mr. Arnold's lord and master, Wordsworth, whom Mr. Arnold has confessed to be a great critic, considered this Ode very immoral, and denounced as "perfectly indecent" the lovely opening line—

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness.

So where are we?

Certainly Wordsworth's opinion was expressed some time ago, but then at any moment a Quarterly scribe may hop up and approve it as "sound and just."

However the quality which Wordsworth disparaged in this ode is not of the kind which condemns a work, and disclaims it as art. It is a quality of subject, not of the poet's mind, and no quality of subject can ever dethrone art; because no subject which is unworthy of art is capable of it. The worthiness of any subject for the purposes of art is always its capability, and on this side the domain of art is illimitable. It is the function of the artist to take some atom from the vast mass which lies to his hand and reproduce it as art. In order that he may do this, it is required of him that he shall treat his chosen subject in a spirit worthy of that subject. The minute he treats any subject in a spirit unworthy of it, in a spirit lower than the spirit of the subject itself, that minute his treatment ceases to be art. This will perhaps make clear what has been prefigured above, that no quality can condemn a work or disclaim it as art, which is not brought into that work by the artist, and for such qualities only as he brings into his work can he be held responsible; but for all these qualities he is responsible. Let him look to it! No man has any right to bring immorality into this world at all; so that the bounds of morality in the artist will always be the bounds of his art.

It would scarcely have been necessary to have entered upon the discussion of this question here, if Mr. Swinburne's early poems were not still held amenable to the charge of immorality.

Wherein does this monstrous quality lie? Neither the *Anactoria* nor the *Hermaphroditus* were decried and defamed in their original dress. They were not unfit subjects for art, or the art of them would have been impossible: it may be emphatically denied that Mr. Swinburne has debased either, therefore he has not forfeited their claim to art. Why all this outcry because a gem of ancient poetry, and a jewel of ancient sculpture have been translated into English verse?

In the *Hermaphroditus* Mr. Swinburne has done the same thing as Keats in the *Ode to a Grecian Urn*. He has translated sculpture into poetry, not with Keats' peculiar imaginative felicity, or verbal perfection, but certainly with more "criticism of life," so we may not wholly despair of some day being told that Mr. Swinburne's *Hermaphroditus* gives us the expression of a moral idea comparable with the deepest and gravest utterances of Shakespeare or of Milton. Artistically, both the *Anactoria* and *Hermaphroditus* are fine poems; but the first leaves an impression of feeling strained to possess a passion highly conceived, yet hardly attainable, and the second of an expression laboured to set forth an ideal beauty. The passionate sweetness and natural subtlety of inner and self-sustaining music in the *Anactoria* are

unmatched by any other poem in this book, or anywhere short of the first chorus of the "Litany of the Nations." But the passion itself is nowhere so fresh, the bitter sweet of this Sapphic fruit is noway comparable to that desire "more fell than anguish or the sea," which follows the account of a "republican marriage" in *Les Noyades*. Here the figure of the poem relates the fortune of a rough, red-handed lover, who having given all the passion of his soul for the scorn of a high-born maiden, was at last taken captive with her, and obtained favour of the gods to be bound to her, and drowned with her, according to the custom in the Loire.

"Not twice in the world shall the gods do thus," says the narrator of this brief tragedy:—

. . . . . But I,  
Though the gods gave all that a god can give,  
I had rather chosen the gift to die,  
Cease and be glad above all that live.  
For the Loire would have driven us down to the sea,  
And the sea would have pitched us from shoal to shoal;  
And I should have held you, and you held me,  
As flesh holds flesh, and the soul the soul.

There might have been but a moment's consciousness of this rapture—

But you would have felt my soul in a kiss,  
And known that once if I loved you well;  
And I would have given my soul for this  
To burn for ever in burning hell.

This may not be the ideality of love, but it is the reality of passion. The most ideal poem in this book is a short one to the "Sundew":

A little marsh-plant, yellow-green,  
And pricked at lip with tender red

whose blossom the summer saves

. . . . . so  
That it lives out the long June heat.  
The deep scent of the heather burns  
About it; *breathless though it be*  
*Bow down and worship; more than we*  
*Is the least flower whose life returns,*  
*Least weed renascent in the sea.*

The noble pantheism of such touches as these, in which the poet, like Wordsworth, is gifted with a "spiritual passion," and "sees into the life of things," is only surpassed by the tender and divine reverence through which he has been enabled to see into the life of little children, to search the divine depth of a child's heart, and gather pearls from that which is as deep and peerless as the sea. No other English poet has sung of children, their tears and their laughter, their pity and their joy, as Mr. Swinburne has sung of them. To no other Englishman has it been given to make brighter "the loveliest lamp for earthly feet," and to encircle and gild with a sunlike glory "the light of little children and their love." One name only among all the names of English poetry can claim any kindred here. To all acquainted with his work the mention of any kind of poetry pertaining to childhood will always bring to mind the delightful name of Matthew Prior, as the mention of his name will always recall his charming love-letter to a child of quality, aged five. This is the only poem in our language worthy



to stand by Mr. Swinburne's verses, "A Child's Pity." There is no room for a question of preference between these two; both are perfect after their fashion. Neither poet has done what the other has, but each has given according to his special grace, and with the most perfect delicacy, the inexpressible charm of childhood.

On one other theme Mr. Swinburne's singing God is jubilant above all others: he has sung and re-sung of the sea more than any other singer of our sea-girt land. He has set every motion of the waves to music, and painted every light and shade reflected in or by the ocean from the sun-dawn to the stars, from the star-dawn to the sun. His delight in the ocean is like that of the wind,—

That satiety never may stifle,  
Nor weariness ever estrange,  
Nor time be so strong as to rifle,  
Nor change be so great as to change.  
His gift that renews in the giving  
The joy that exalts him to be  
Alone of all elements living,  
The lord of the sea.

No poet, not even Shelley, has loved the sea more passionately than Mr. Swinburne; and in this passion for the great destroyer lies the distinguishing point of his genius. The sea is symbolical of many things, but above all other things it is symbolical of death: and the distinguishing feature of Mr. Swinburne's genius is tragedy. He sees the darker and the sterner side of human life, and he renders it, sometimes as it is, but more often after the manner of the sea, symbolically. Splendid lyrist as he is, he achieves little without the help of tragedy, and that little not of the highest order, not always above imitation. It may be said that his genius is tragical, and his talent lyrical. When his genius and his talent work together he produces his highest poetry, which is tragi-lyrical.

SILVANUS DAUNCEY.

*(To be continued.)*



## The Jevonian Criticism of Marx.

A REJOINDER.

MR. BERNARD SHAW'S brilliant but good-natured "comments" on my article on the theory of value seem to invite a few words of reply from me.

I will, however, make them very short. After admirably illustrating the fact that to each individual the utility of beef runs daily and weekly through enormous variations, Mr. Shaw declares that this does not affect the exchange value of the article. No more it does, if the variations counteract each other. If they are all in the same direction at the same time they do affect the exchange value—as Mr. Shaw would know were he a butcher or a housekeeper. But at any rate, says Mr. Shaw, the exchange value cannot rise above the "cost of catching, killing and cooking a cow." Had I Mr. Shaw's pen in my fingers I could give my readers a delectable picture of the indignant housekeeper defeating the extortionate butcher by sallying forth to catch, kill and cook "a cow" for dinner, but I will not enter upon an unequal combat in badinage with Mr. Shaw. I presume he means that the price of beef cannot rise above the cost of bringing it into the market. No more it can, permanently. Temporarily it can, and often does. The only reason why it cannot do so permanently is because as long as labour can produce a higher average utility by bringing beef into the market than by taking any other direction it will put itself to that special task by preference and so will *reduce the final utility of beef* by supplying the want of it down to a lower point.

I am quite at a loss to know what Mr. Shaw means by saying that "If the labour necessary to produce the beef be halved or doubled, neither the mass nor the final degree of utility in the beef will be altered one jot; and yet the value will be halved or doubled." Unless and until both the total and the final utilities *are* altered the exchange value will remain exactly the same. It is only by producing more beef, and thus at the same time increasing its total and lowering its final utility, that the increased facilities of beef-making can produce any effect on the price whatever.

As for Mr. Shaw's extortionate sheikh he simply illustrates my contention that *some* of the consumers always get the whole, and

every consumer may sometimes get a part of the commodity he consumes at something less than it is worth to him (the first mouthful of beef costs no more than the twentieth), but that all pay the price represented by the minimum or final utility of the last increment to that one of the consumers, to whom it has, relatively to other commodities, the least utility.

Similar remarks apply to Mr. Shaw's remaining criticisms; but I should like to say a word in elucidation of my statement that when the supply of any commodity is increased the successive increments meet an ever less urgent want, and are in fact less and less useful. I admit that in a certain sense this language is misleading, for if we are speaking of *absolute* utilities the presumption is that if the supply of beef is increased till it falls to 6d. a pound, the final increments which get into the workman's alimentary canal are more useful than previous ones, the fate of which we need not pursue beyond the servants' hall. But I never compare absolute utilities and I do not see how such a comparison could be instituted on any scientific basis. All I contend for is that if yesterday no one had a watch except those to whom a watch was as useful as anything that could be got for £15, and if to-day a number of men possess watches to whom they are only as useful as other things which could be got for £10, the new watches are *relatively to other things* less useful than the former ones were.

Mr. Shaw's youthful experiences about  $x$  and  $a$  are so highly instructive that I cannot refrain from dwelling upon them for a moment. His friend induced him to "let  $x=a$ ," and Mr. Shaw—not expecting that  $x$  would take any mean advantage of the permission—granted the request. But he did not understand that in letting  $x=a$  he was also letting  $x-a=0$ , and the proof (of the proposition,  $2=1$ ) that "followed with rigorous exactness," assumed that  $x-a$  did *not* equal 0.

Mr. Shaw arrived at the sapient conclusion that there was "a screw loose somewhere"—not in his own reasoning powers, but—"in the algebraic art;" and thenceforth renounced mathematical reasoning in favour of the literary method which enables a clever man to follow equally fallacious arguments to equally absurd conclusions *without seeing that they are absurd*. This is the exact difference between the mathematical and literary treatment of the pure theory of political economy.

Only a single word, in conclusion, on the importance of this controversy. It is not a mere question of abstract reasoning (although, if it were, that could hardly be urged in its disparagement by an admirer of Marx). It affects the whole system of economics, and more particularly Marx's economics. In admitted contradiction to apparent facts, and without (at present) any attempt to remove the apparent contradiction, Marx by sheer logic attempts to force us into the admission that "profits," "interest," and "rent," *must* have their origin in the "surplus-value" that results from purchasing "labour-force" at its value and selling wares at their value. The key-stone of the arch is the theory of value adopted by Marx, and I have tried to show that it is not sound. In doing so I have found an unexpected but powerful ally in Mr. John Carruthers, whose

elaborate and thoughtful essay on "The Industrial Mechanism of a Socialist Society," shows the phenomena of "profits" reappearing, in a modified form, in communal industry. My own rather clumsy illustrations of the varying utilities and values of "coats and hats," etc., laboured under the disadvantage of requiring my readers to imagine the wants of society in part at least supplied successively, not contemporaneously. Mr. Carruthers escapes this, and shows how in a communal industry the price (though he would not say the "exchange" value) of each article depends on its final utility, and that it is only when, *as a consequence* of the indications thus afforded, labour has been properly apportioned amongst the industries, that prices are apportioned to labour cost.

PHILIP H. WICKSTEED.



## The Coming of Liberty.

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Ho brothers, do ye hear her? Her advent draweth nigh,  
 The old injustice fadeth, the old wrongs wane and die,  
 Thrones totter and are shaken, and in vain the tyrant grieves,  
 Soon the blast will scatter kingdoms, as the wind the autumn leaves.

Ho brothers, will ye aid her? for her purpose cannot fail,  
 Hers is the one true triumph, hers the cause that must prevail,  
 Yea no man can withstand her, she shall sweep her foes away;  
 Strive for her in the dawning, great your guerdon in the day.

From amid the din of cities, from amid the toil of fields,  
 A million hearts she quickens, a million arms she wields;  
 Their days are full of beauty, tho' they struggle to be free,  
 If the foretaste bring such sweetness, what shall the fulness be?

Her sign is like Jehovah's, when his race from bondage fled,  
 Before the king's host darkness, but a light upon us shed;  
 Her gifts are peace and plenty, and a work that comes as rest,  
 With clothing for the naked, and freedom for th' oppressed.

The great dead sang songs of her in the dim and mournful years—  
 'Men would beat their swords to ploughshares, and to pruning  
     hooks their spears.'  
 And the greatest would be humble, and the first would be the last.  
 'When hers would be the kingdoms, and the days of evil past.'

She knows her own true servants, she would have you with her  
     best;  
 Ye have the power to help her, and her helpers will be blest.  
 Up, and strive to kill oppression, and to dry the mourners' eyes,  
 And to lighten each man's burden—Ho brothers, men, arise.

Arise, the world will bless you, tho' it give you hatred now,  
 Arise, altho' men mock you, tho' they crown with thorns your  
     brow,  
 Arise, and battle for her, till her foes be overthrown;  
 As yours will be the struggle, so the glory yours alone.

F. TREVETHEN BRICE.

## Charles Louis Delescluze.

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**B**UT few facts are at hand to enable one to write even a sketch of this great and heroic life. Born at Dreux in 1809, Delescluze in his youth studied law at Paris and abandoned it because it was, as he said, the "logic of rascals to shield murder and theft." In 1834 he underwent the first of his long list of imprisonments, for the part he took in the April revolution, and in the following year in Belgium he obtained the editorship of the *Courier de Charlevoi*. He returned to Paris, where he founded a journal called the *Revolution Democratique et Sociale*, which brought him fifteen months' imprisonment and twenty thousand francs fine.

After a long period of liberty, nearly eight years, he was condemned to transportation by the High Court of Justice sitting at Versailles, but the condemnation was given in his absence in England, where he remained until 1853. On his return, he was immediately imprisoned at Mazas, transferred afterwards to Belle-Isle, and finally to Cayenne.

These sojourns lasted until 1858, when the amnesty permitted him to return to France, where he made haste to bring out another new journal, *Le Reveil*, which earned him fines and imprisonments with great rapidity, three of each within twelve months.

In the month of February, 1871, he was elected deputy by a large number of votes; and later, when the Assembly went to Bordeaux, he sat there for some time, and then gave in his resignation, in order to take part in the Commune as delegate at the Ministry of War.

Well and faithfully did he perform his duty in the days of siege and struggle that followed, and when the cause was lost he would not seek safety in flight. At the Chateau d'Eau seven enormous barricades had been erected; for thirteen hours they had sustained a most terrible attack from every direction. The people, profiting by the lesson of the previous days, had taken possession of the houses in front of the works; but the soldiers climbed upon the roofs of the houses, advanced from one to another, and poured a destructive fire into the ranks of the people behind the works. Delescluze proceeded along the Boulevard Prince Eugene, with the calm indifference of a stoic philosopher. Shells and bullets were falling

and whizzing in every direction. He was deep in thought, not of himself, but of the great cause that now, after so much sacrifice, was lost again. He met Gambon going to Belleville; Delescluze only said: "Lost again. Humanity will look to another time, and, may be, another place, but the final triumph cannot be far off. It will be sufficient reward if we have hastened it." Several officers and citizens gathered around him and entreated him to turn back. He only pressed their hands and kept on his way. Delescluze had probably done more than any other man to incite the people to resist their oppressors, the conspirators of Versailles. And when they rose, he promised to remain with them to the last. He would lead them to success or he would die in their midst. The cause was now lost. Delescluze was going to prove his fidelity. He was in citizen's dress, and had in his hand a cane that he had carried constantly for many years. When he reached the barricade the battle was at its height, raging with inconceivable fury. But the people died as resolutely as they fought. There were no cries of pain or terror. The wounded died without groans. There was no sound but the roar, the crash, and the shouting of the assailants. The air was thick with smoke; it was stifling.

The people had been at their post in the midst of this terrible scene, without intermission, for thirteen hours, some of them for two days. They were covered with sweat, many of them with blood, and blackened with powder. The ground was strewn with splinters, balls, and fragments of shells. The gutters were flowing with blood. When Delescluze reached the barricade he was recognised by many of the people, and they greeted him with the shout of "Vive la Commune!" Delescluze responded with a single shout of "Vive l'Humanité!" took his place at the barricade and began to fire with a revolver.

The carnage was now fearful. The walls were almost battered down, and the people were falling thick under the fire of the chassepots. About two o'clock they were fiercely assaulted at every point. Exhausted with fatigue, more than half of them dead upon the ground, and overpowered on every side, the brave people, though they fought with the fury of despair, were all either killed or disarmed. Not a man, not a woman, not a child surrendered. Every one fought till the last; till the soldiers, sick of carnage, wrested their arms from them.

Late in the afternoon the body of Delescluze was found, riddled with balls and surrounded by the corpses of twenty-eight soldiers. And the next day it was announced by the Versailles Government that "the too guilty Delescluze had been picked up dead by the troops of General Clinchant."

On such men rest the best hopes of Humanity.

W. D. TRAMMELL.



## Am I a Socialist ?

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THIS is a question that all of us have had, or will within the next few years have, to ask and answer. Even orthodox newspapers say that "Socialism in England is entering on a new phase and commands attention. It has become a theory to be examined, modified, adopted or fought against." If suspended judgment be at present possible, suspended action cannot long continue advisable or safe. Those that are not for English Socialists, are counted against them; and it is folly for one, who is really against Socialism, to sit, dumb and still, while the creed he distrusts hourly gains adherents. Who will care for the petty squabbles of Radicals and Tory, when the merits of systems are being compared? Whether we like the responsibility or not, we must face the problem; with whatever reservations we please, we must take a side.

The mainsprings of human action each party respectively determines to assume and vindicate, are (1) the self-regarding instinct, aiming indirectly at universal elevation through each man's struggle to elevate himself and his family; (2) the Social Instinct, aiming directly at universal elevation through each man's struggle to elevate all.

There is little doubt upon which of these passions an earnest Social Reformer would fain rely. Give the first full play, and at best it is seen to involve the sacrifice of generations to perish unredeemed. The second offers immediate relief. To our moral sense self-absorption seems base and self-abnegation beautiful. But we may not prefer what we fancy beautiful to what we fear to find true.

With this thought in mind I went to the works of various opponents of Socialism. I re-read with especial care, what John Stuart Mill has written upon this subject, resolving, on the one hand, that I would not petulantly turn from the teacher to whom I owe so much, that I would not become an emotional convert with prospect of after-recoil; on the other, that if, after I had renewed my acquaintance with the economists, I could become a Socialist, I would.

Remember, I start with a desire to embrace Socialism, if I can, because Socialism promises so much. Anyone that prefers the



present condition of affairs to Socialism, bereft of its essential or adventitious drawbacks, simply wishes to retain an unfair advantage, which he believes that the ascendant system has conferred upon him and his. Few cynically avow this motive, and the right or wrong of such a feeling I do not intend here to consider. I assume that we all want to have the system that will be best for all of us. I assume the state of thought expressed in a fragmentary sentence like, "Socialism is a fascinating ideal—but—but—but—" I propose to examine the "buts," and if I can satisfactorily dispose of them, why then Socialism will remain, naked and beautiful, to serve and love.

We all pretty well know by this time what Socialism is. In order, however, to appreciate these "buts" we had better be exact. Socialism implies a recognition of the justice and advisability of allowing men at this stage of human progress to feel dependent upon the community for the necessities of life. I shall as far as possible confine myself to the principle, and refrain from discussing the limits within which it may at once be safely worked. That, if this principle can be firmly established, many of the contemporary socialistic demands must be granted, is obvious.

We have to ask ourselves (1) whether this principle is just, and (2) whether it is expedient.

We shall, I think, find that the answer we return to the first of these questions depends upon the answer we discover for the second. What is expedient for the whole human race is also fair for each separate individual. Mr. Matthew Arnold and the *Times* newspaper are in agreement with the Socialists upon this point, which we may therefore take as practically settled. I need not adduce quotations from these authorities. The celebrated leading article upon Mr. Chamberlain is fresh in every one's recollection. In an address entitled "Equality,"\* delivered at the Royal Institution Mr. Arnold has enunciated with brighter lucidity similar views. If Socialism be expedient, it is also and for that very reason just.

In discussing the expediency of Socialism, I will first deal with what may be termed its essential characteristics, and the dangers that are said to surround them, leaving for separate consideration afterwards the comparison we may find it necessary to draw between it and alternative panaceas. Clearly we might gain from Socialism an absence of anxiety, which if it did not make us lazy, would render our lives happier, our thoughts less trivial, our work more concentrated and better. It is essential to Socialism however, that the rights of property, as now understood, should be rudely violated; that competition for luxuries should be confined within narrower limits, that very great power should be vested in the State, *i.e.*, as Burke puts it, "the nation in its collective and corporate character." In these essentials of Socialism many see astounding dangers which we may perhaps group under three heads as relating to (a) Population, (b) Competition, and (c) Liberty.

(a.) I do not see that Population has in reality anything to do

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\* "Mixed Essays." Smith, Elder and Co., 1879.

with Socialism. But the belief that it has is general, and arises from the fact that certain economists lay great stress upon the benefits which might attend the regulation of population, while certain Socialists make light of them. Concede for a moment all that the most extravagant Malthusians have asserted. Does this concession militate against Socialism? On the contrary, Mill, who urges the paramount importance of self-restraint, admits that "the Communistic scheme,\* instead of being peculiarly open to the objection drawn from danger of over-population, has the recommendation of tending in an especial degree to the prevention of that evil." According to him the disciple of Malthus has nothing to dread from Socialism because, he says, the origin of evils caused by over-population would, under a socialist régime, be unmistakable; and, the origin being known, public opinion would reprobate, or legal penalties repress, culpable self-indulgence at the expense of the community. It is well to note this circumstance, as, although later economists largely modify the teaching of Malthus and Mill, many persons yet cling to the *dicta* of the older prophets. All seem to agree, however, that in any case, future or present, when population is really redundant, the people will not and cannot understand their position, unless education and comfort inspire them with hope and fear. What save some species of Socialism can speedily confer pleasurable culture upon all? The gift is one that brings responsibility in its train. Thus, enter Socialism and exit the Population Scare.

(b.) The economists assert that competition (including the power of acquiring any amount of personal property—*i.e.*, present and potential consumption—and many kinds of half-public property—*e.g.*, land and money to be used as capital) is necessary to overcome "the natural indolence of mankind"; to excite men to improve themselves; nay, even "to preserve their faculties from deterioration."† Without the stimulus of competition people would not, they say, take the trouble to produce enough to support a decent standard of comfort and a high condition of culture. "To be protected against competition is to be protected in idleness, in mental dulness."

This is for Socialism a gloomy outlook indeed, but Mill elsewhere maintains that :

"Mankind are capable of a far greater amount of public spirit than the present age is accustomed to suppose possible. History bears witness to the success with which large bodies of human beings may be trained to feel the public interest their own. And no soil could be more favourable to the growth of such a feeling than a Communist association, since all the ambition, and the bodily and mental activity, which are now exerted in the pursuit of separate and self-regarding interests, would require another sphere of employment, and would naturally find it in the pursuit of the general benefit of the community. . . . And independently of the public motive every member of the association would be amenable to the most universal and one of the strongest of personal

\* "Principles of Political Economy," Book 2, I., 3.

† J. S. Mill "Political Economy," Book 4, VII., 7.

motives, that of public opinion. The force of this motive in deterring from any act or omission positively reprov'd by the community, no one is likely to deny; but the power also of emulation, in exciting to the most strenuous exertions for the sake of the approbation and admiration of others, is borne witness to by experience in every situation in which human beings publicly compete with one another, even if it be in things frivolous, or from which the public derive no benefit. A contest, who can do most for the common good, is not the kind of competition which Socialists repudiate."\*

I do not wish to quote odds and ends of Mill in the manner that some pious controversialists are wont to adduce isolated texts of Scripture in support of their peculiar dogmas. In this passage he is undoubtedly regarding Socialism as a vision of the future, and not as a panacea for existing evils. He would have denied or questioned that "the ambition, and the bodily and mental activity, which are now exerted in the pursuit of separate and self-regarding interests" could, within our time, find a sphere "in the pursuit of the general benefit of the community." He objects to Socialism, we well know, upon other grounds, with which I am not at this moment concerned, but shall perhaps touch upon under the head of "Liberty." Confining our attention to the influence of competition we shall, if we accept unchallenged what Mill says above narrow our discussion. We shall put out of court the loose statements that, to dispense with it, "the *whole* current of human thought would have to be changed."†

We shall confess that by fostering other passions, the strength of which in human nature we observe to be remarkable, we *can* do away with what the economists term competition. We shall see that the "revolution" spoken of as necessary to turn a competitive into a socialistic community is analogous to the moral revolution, which turns a thief into an honest, a liar into a truthful person, or other similar feasible metamorphosis. The objection to the change is that it does not suit the temper and material welfare of the times, not that it is unnatural or essentially unwholesome. Experience tells us that we have been benefitted by competition.

Everybody extols the advantage of acting in accordance with the teachings of experience. Lawyers demand a precedent before they will advance a yard, and seem afraid to do anything that has not been done before. Political economists are somewhat lawyer-like in this respect. Their business, the substitution of science for fancy, naturally makes them captiously cautious. When a change is suggested for which they discover no near analogy in the past, they are fearful of risk. Reasons for believing it desirable weigh little with them, unless they can actually foretell the result. They have an affinity for crawling and distrust a swifter mode of progression. Their warnings are worth consideration, but though a small certainty is undoubtedly good, a grand probability with attendant dangers may be better. The question is one of comparative chances, and depends upon the odds. To gain much we must stake something.

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\* "Political Economy," Book 2, I. 3.

† "Some Objections to Socialism," by C. Bradlaugh.

In reading Political Economy, we novices must be careful to distinguish between facts and inferences. Facts we must often accept as stated, because an examination of authorities would require research beyond our reach; but we must critically scan every inference.

Now what are the facts from which the economists deduce their theory that competition exerts a beneficent influence? Roughly these—that in some countries a crystallised custom has retained predominant power in fixing the reward society allows labour undertaken for its benefit; in others competition has won a wider sway—that the countries of competition are the more flourishing—in them a more restless activity throbs, larger conceptions of ultimate possibilities prevail, the few are possessed of a higher culture, and an appreciable number of the many are less miserably situated than in the countries of custom. Their inference apparently is that competition is a law of life.

Granting these premises, which some dispute, the conclusion is surely extravagant and outruns the limits of the argument. Was not the custom, which competition has superseded, manifestly unjust, the legalised privilege of the strong to crush the weak, instead of the unmolested opportunity which has been grafted upon their old terrible vested interests? We find competition better than manifestly unjust custom, better in so far as it tempers the ancient tyranny—that is all.

Again, experience is useful rather to teach us what we should not do than to tell us what we should. It is an invaluable monitor but an inadequate guide. From it we learn to discard what is useless and harmful, but often we have to try a new plan, in the formation of which experience cannot help us save indirectly.

Has competition ever made the majority of the inhabitants of a populous country moderately happy? If the answer be "No," and it has had a fair trial, experience bids us cast it away and attempt something fresh.

Suppose Socialism to be suggested as it is, and grant Mill's sketch of its questionable difficulties and unquestionable beauties to be a judicious estimate of its position. We ask in deference to experience, "Has Socialism, as we understand it, ever been tested and proved a failure?" If the answer be "No" to both this and the former question; if no scheme more attractive and less vulnerable to shafts of criticism than Socialism be propounded, experience bids us adopt Socialism without delay.

We need not deny that competition has done good work in its time; we may own that it was helpful in awakening men's sluggish energies; but "every real improvement in the character of the English, whether it consist in giving them higher aspirations or only a juster estimate of their present objects of desire, must necessarily moderate the ardour of their devotion to the pursuit of wealth."\* Here we find that "the spirit of accumulation in the more prosperous part of the community requires abatement rather than increase." The rich are wasteful because of their abundance, but it is only our poor who are, as a class, unthrifty in comparison

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\* J. S. Mill, "Political Economy," Book 1, VII. 3.

with their means. "Education is not compatible with extreme poverty. It is impossible effectually to teach an indigent population. And it is difficult to make those feel the value of comfort who have never enjoyed it, or those appreciate the wretchedness of a precarious subsistence, who have been made reckless by always living from hand to mouth. Individuals often struggle upwards into a condition of ease; but the utmost that can be expected from a whole people is to maintain themselves in it, and improvements in the habits and requirements of the mass of unskilled day-labourers will be difficult and tardy, unless means can be contrived of raising the entire body to a state of tolerable comfort, and maintaining them in it until a new generation grows up."\* Even were competition, as I do not see that we can with our present knowledge reasonably assume, destined to be an accident of the final stage of human progress, we should want a fresh reign of healthier custom in order to repair the wrongs of the past, and start competition in an equitable manner. Is not much of the fierce and cruel greed we see battling with better motive around us the consequence and not the cause of the bitter bread struggle? Ought we to be frightened at the notion of appeal to men's higher yearnings? Ideals, instinct with purpose, are floating in the air, if we will but catch them. It is true that mere external changes, alterations in the form of government and so forth, can do little, unless public opinion and the public heart move with them. But the fact that we feel drawn towards Socialism is a sign, the best we can have, that we are, or soon shall be, fit for Socialism. "When a new desire has declared itself within the human heart, when a fresh plexus is forming among the nerves—then the revolutions of nations are already decided, and histories unwritten are written."†

(c.) If I thought that Socialism would interfere with individual liberty and stunt original development, I, for one, would oppose it to the utmost of my small power and influence, even though I knew it would emancipate three-fourths of the population of the universe from ceaseless and hopeless drudgery. I should hold it the worst form of well-intentioned cruelty to raise men from material, and leave them in mental bondage. The first is endurable, the second intolerable. Yet the most cherished ties of our human fellowship to some extent bind us. We cannot conceive a system or imagine an existence that must prove sufficiently free.

The government of a socialistic State, incurring extraordinary responsibilities, must be invested with enormous powers. There are two diseases to which a powerful government in a democratic country is supposed to be especially subject, viz., Corrupt-officialism and Majority-tyranny.

Corruption and jobbery are cognate dangers to those treated under the head of competition. I dismiss them as consequences of the present system that we may hope will slowly disappear while their cause is being removed.

The danger of Majority-tyranny is, on the contrary, a real

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\* J. S. Mill "Political Economy," Book 2, XIII. 3.

† "Towards Democracy," J. Heywood, 1863, p. 49.

difficulty, which Socialists must firmly face. Here no paltry social excrescence but a great principle is involved. We can neither wish nor hope to diminish the desire men evince for liberty and spontaneity. "Unlike the physical wants, which as civilisation advances become more moderate and more amenable to control, it increases instead of diminishing in intensity, as the intelligence and the moral faculties are more developed."\* A socialistic state would be "in a different position as regards the people" to any we have hitherto known; but is it a sufficient answer to objections drawn from danger of government interference with personal idiosyncrasy to say that "the State is at present the people's master, but under any democratic scheme of Socialism it would become their servant and merely be charged with carrying out their will?"† A majority has no better authority than a despot, and is unfortunately almost as apt to pry into and meddle with those departments of human conduct in which the individual should be a law unto himself and do what is right in his own eyes. I confess I am hardly satisfied with the spirit in which this objection is occasionally approached.

But || "this, like all other objections to the Socialist schemes, is vastly exaggerated." We can provisionally meet it by Mill's admission that "the restraints of Communism would be freedom in comparison with the present condition of the majority of the human race." I further suggest that individual liberty depends so much less upon the powers with which a Government is invested than upon the moral conception of personal rights which obtains amongst a people that we can afford to disregard the former if we make the cultivation of the latter sufficiently the object of our care. What is it that protects us in the imperfect liberty we now possess? Not laws! There are unrepealed statutes that would permit us to be persecuted for a thousand harmless eccentricities. Not the strict limitation of official authority! The Home Secretary can open our letters. The Mayor is empowered to prohibit our public meetings, or at any rate to let us hold them at our own risk, which in the case of an unpopular minority comes to the same thing. Why would even those who might sympathise with feelings that prompt an intolerant exercise of these powers declare against it? Because the public conscience has gained a notion of what freedom ought to mean. Governments cannot control any more than they are able to evolve a moral conception.

We have now very far from complete mental liberty. We see on all sides of us sceptics, Socialists, sexual reformers, who dare not disclose themselves. Why? Because, if they did they would be crushed to death in the custom-tinctured competitive struggle. Custom would knock them down and competition trample upon them where they lay. We see a Ballot Act encouraging men to conceal opinions they ought to be encouraged to earnestly propagate. I fear it is futile to expect liberty of thought to spring from

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\* J. S. Mill. "Political Economy." Bk. 2; I. 3.

† "Socialist Catechism," p. 18.

|| J. S. Mill. "Political Economy." Bk. 2; I. 3.

mere immunity of expression while class distinctions and immense inequalities of wealth remain. I believe we can best foster it by striking at these, and by accurately defining to ourselves and whomsoever will listen what each man owes to the community, a subject upon which as much misunderstanding exists as upon the measure of freedom to which he will then be clearly found entitled. Socialism will not hinder our doing this, nor will it help us, save by placing the people in a position to comprehend. The persistent preaching of personal rights must go hand in hand with the acquisition by Society of supreme social power.

To sum up, I see clear advantages to the cause of freedom that will be gained by the downfall of the capitalist system. I see indistinct incidental dangers affecting the same which may attend the construction of the Socialist system, and must be guarded against. I am confident that in the change we shall gain more than we lose. I see no reason why a perfect freedom should not co-exist with the due performance of social duties.

In this cursory examination of a few common objections to the Socialistic ideal I have not abstained from occasional remark upon the evils of the social system, that it is designed to displace. I have endeavoured to think of the absolute as well as the comparative merits of Socialism. My initial question remains unanswered. A change from bad to better may be justified when the position to be won falls far short of perfection, and a position, theoretically desirable, may not suit a given nation and a given age.

We hear complaints that contemporary Socialism is destructive, that Socialists vaguely indicate the principles of the change they propose and have no settled scheme. I imagine that destruction must commence before construction can be completed. The real point at issue is the condition and tendencies of existing society; whether and how far our present social system is a bad one; whether its diseases can be cured without drastic remedy; how long the process will take. These questions must be answered adversely to the present system before Socialism can come within the region of practical politics and be settled.

"To see a truth occasionally is one thing; to recognise it habitually and admit no propositions inconsistent with it is another."\* The placid statement of comfortable people that they are alive to social evils has become a ghastly truism. How can one describe our society in a sentence or a paragraph? "There are at least 60,000 families in London whose homes consist of one room only."† What! nobody screams—nobody is very much surprised. Then that is enough. We know what our society is—of what it is composed. A huge body ceaselessly toiling with one parasite at its head and another at its heel to devour its hard-won gains. The parasite at its head costs more labour, but its festering feet inflict the keener pain. Meanwhile the vast frame toils unceasingly, ministering to the vampires that prey upon it.

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\* J. S. Mill.

† "The Over-pressure of Poverty and Drink," etc. By T. Marchant Williams, Inspector of Schools for the London School Board. Reeves 1884, p. 13.

The problem is whether to get rid of the parasites by an operation or mitigate their voracity by doses of physic. The patent medicines usually prescribed are called Religion and Reform.

What I want to know from the advocates of Reform is how long the process is likely to take before it acts upon the extremities wherein the parasitic growths are situate. I want to know what time is expected to elapse before the outcasts that infest every city will have a chance given them of earning a decent and honest living. If I am told that over-population causes the difficulty and self-restraint alone can remove it, I reply that over-population must continue while the poor wretches remain in their present condition. I want to know what interval is expected to elapse before a "materialised" upper class will allow the "brutalised" labourers and mechanics of England leisure and opportunity for recreation and culture. Are two, four, six or how many generations to be immolated for the sake of the survival of the fittest in A.D. 2,000 or thereabouts? I should like to gain some notion of the amount of animal life and potential happiness that must be offered up in idle adoration of the theory of individual action and self-help. If doses of Reform mean centuries of prolonged misery and oppression, I am for the operation instead.

The Christian Socialists constitute but a tiny section of the English Church. The attitude which orthodox religious people take towards Socialism is indicated in the following passage.

"If there are, then, points of contact between Socialism and Christianity, implied in the very term Christian Socialism, there are also essential differences which a careful study of the subject brings to light. Christianity endeavours to work from within; Socialism from without. The former would, if possible, persuade—the latter is ready to compel—man to treat his neighbour as himself. Religion would make the love of Christ the spring of human effort; Socialism makes the force of central authority the lever of social action. Religion aims at improving first the individual, and thus eventually hoping to purify society; Socialism, on the contrary, demands radical changes in society to increase the sum of happiness in each individual. Socialism requires the use of the legal strait-jacket to enforce comparative equality; Religion prefers the constraining influence of Christ to draw together the members of the Christian brotherhood."\*

Now I ask the Churchman, as I asked the Reformer, what he expects to accomplish by these means and when. The Christian has been trying to love his neighbour as himself for centuries under the present system, and here we still are with competition supposed to be a necessary accompaniment to production. To yearn for an altruistic world, yet studiously refrain from influencing society towards Socialism, is to imitate the habits of the Peculiar People who pray for the recovery of their sick, but persistently neglect to minister to the patient's physical wants. It is as if the members of the Peace Society cherished an unconquerable aversion to international arbitration. That "God helps them who help themselves" seems a healthier conclusion for the earnest. I can

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\* "Church Quarterly Review." January 1884, p. 420



see no salvation for society save through the sacrifice by the few of luxuries produced by the wasted labour the many lavish upon them. I can see no chance of this sacrifice being soon made, or even its necessity being widely understood, save through the united action which we call Socialism.

"If," says Mill, "the choice were to be made between Communism with all its chances and the present state of society with all its sufferings and injustices—the difficulties, great or small, of Communism would be but as dust in the balance." And this seems practically the choice that has to be made. If Socialism be not necessarily "the sole refuge against the evils which now bear down humanity," it is at least the only effectual remedy that has yet been proposed and found advocates. A perfect individualism, such as that of which Mill dreams, is an ideal far more intangible than Socialism.

Until then I receive accounts, other than any I have yet heard, from the lips of Priest and Politician of their plans for the regeneration of society, I see no escape from sinking or rising into sympathy with those who urge the people's demand for the possibility of a higher life, who preach the doctrine of discontent, the gospel of Socialism. "Class hatred, Selfishness," say you. This is just what Socialism is not. It is absurd to talk of the bulk of the nation as a class; and when Socialism succeeds it must be by the efforts of the artisan, who will raise the pauper as he lowers the peer to his level. Reform, a combination of the "Haves" to keep down the "Have-nots," may be selfish, if you like, but not such a programme as ours. An honest delight in the contemplation of a future material equality involves the surrender of lower aims in all who believe in the superiority of their own talents, as the greater number of men obviously do. Socialism may be, as Mr. Edward Carpenter suggests, only a phase, another shell to be discarded, when we have outgrown it. Perchance it will lead to Mill's Individualism at last. When Socialism has made us Socialists in spirit, we can afford to be Individualists in name and form.

CHARLES A. EVERY.



# TO-DAY.

No. 17.—MAY, 1885.

Ten Years of English Poetry.

SWINBURNE, MORRIS, ROSSETTI, 1861 — 1871.

TRAGEDY is a distinguishing feature of Mr. Morris's genius also; but compare the "Life and Death of Jason" with "Tristram of Lyonesse," and note the difference. The tragic element in Tristram is stern, fierce, inexorable, ever gathering form like a thunder-cloud, ever preparing to burst. In Jason it is comparatively light and airy, less fateful, continually holding off; here we are very comfortably sheltered from the stern reality of life. Mr. Morris gives us plenty of sweetstuff to eat with the bread of sorrow, and wine to mix with the water of affliction. With him tragedy is not "the blind fury with the abhorred shears" who "slits the thin-spun life;" it is rather that

Which the husbandman across his shoulder hangs,  
And going homeward about evensong,  
Dies the next morning, struck through by the fangs.

Mr. Morris never cuts short his heroes, or stays their hand for ever on the eve of some golden event, but follows them contentedly along the highway of life, and gently releases them when all the prophecies concerning them have been fulfilled.

There is a peculiar significance in the titles of his two great romances—"The Life and Death of Jason," and the "Story of Sigurd the Volsung and the Fall of the Nieblungs"—both titles signifying that there is to be much life and story before the final death and fall, and so indeed it is. Far different from these is the sign on the title pages of the old dramatists, "The Tragedie of So and So."

It is not improbable that the Jason was originally destined for  
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a place in the "Earthly Paradise," and that the author finding it capable of wider treatment, expanded it into a separate romance. However this may be, there is no poem in the "Earthly Paradise" comparable to it, none so worthy to shelter under that title. Here the poet has figuratively, no less than literally, dealt with "Medea's wondrous alchemy,"

Which, wheresoe'er it fell, made the earth gleam.

Here "kings become gods, and meaner creatures kings;" and both the kings and the meaner creatures feast on every possible occasion, and pour out red wine like water to the gods. Men eat and drink and make merry quite indifferent that to-morrow they die, and never fearing that anything may be required of them this night. They toil not, neither do they spin, and yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like any one of these; nor was his temple more splendid than king Ætes' palace.

The pillars made the mighty roof to hold,  
The one was silver and the next was gold,  
All down the hall; the roof, of some strange wood  
Brought over sea, was dyed as red as blood,  
Set thick with silver flowers, and delight  
Of intertwining figures wrought aright.  
With richest webs the marble walls were hung,  
Picturing sweet stories by the poets sung  
From ancient days, so that no wall seemed there,  
But rather forests black and meadows fair,  
And streets of well-built towns, with tumbling seas  
About their marble wharves and palaces;  
And fearful crags and mountains; and all trod  
By many a changing foot of nymph and god,  
Spear-shaking warrior and slim-ankled maid.  
The floor, moreover, of the place was laid  
With coloured stones wrought like a flowery mead:  
And ready to the hand for every need,  
Midmost the hall, two fair streams trickled down  
O'er wondrous gem-like pebbles, green and brown,  
Betwixt smooth banks of marble, and therein  
Bright coloured fish shone through the water thin.

And here follows another feast. But underneath all this, which in the lines of a lesser poet, and in the hands of a less skilled master-craftsman, would have been as intolerable as any child's nursery twaddle, but which Mr. Morris with inimitable skill has made as real, and as possible, and as overflowing full of charm for us as ever it was for the Greeks of old—underneath all this glorious summer sea of fairy pleasure and delight runs the "icy current" whose "compulsive course" will eventually overwhelm all.

The note of the tragedy is first struck on that eventful night when, Jason having come again to Iolchos, Pelias tells the story of the golden fleece, beginning with the treachery of Athamas, who, having wedded Nephele,

. . . . . but, being nought afraid  
Of what the gracious gods might do to him,  
And seeing Ino, fair of face and limb  
Beyond all others, needs with her must wed,  
And to that end drove from his royal bed  
Unhappy Nephele.

Again it is touched on the first night that the Minyæ come to Æa, when Medea hands the cup to Jason.

Then said she trembling: "Take, then, this of me,  
And drink in token that the life is passed,  
And that thy reckless hand the die has cast."

And, finally, it is struck with a dramatic distinctness on that far more eventful night when Medea, prepared to fly with Jason, steals from her father's palace to help him gain the fleece: where, "standing on the precinct of the god," she tells him all her love, and all that she has done and left undone for his sake.

"Upon the day thou weariest of me,  
I wish thou mayst somewhat think of this,  
And 'twixt thy new-found kisses, and the bliss  
Of something sweeter than thine old delight,  
Remember thee a little of this night  
Of marvels, and this starlit, silent place,  
And these two lovers, standing face to face."  
"O love," he said, "by what thing shall I swear,  
That while I live thou shalt not be less dear  
Than thou art now?"

"Nay, sweet," she said, "let be.  
Wert thou more fickle than the restless sea,  
Still should I love thee, knowing thee for such;  
Whom I know not, indeed, but fear the touch  
Of Fortune's hand when she beholds our bliss,  
And knows that nought is good to me but this."

Here we know the character of the speaker; we know of her secret connection with that goddess who rules under three forms, in heaven, and earth, and hell; and we fear her power if chance should call it forth. We bethink of this night even before Medea herself, when at last Jason does grow tired of her; and we know the secret of those words which ring continually in his ears on the eve of his wedding with Glauce:—

"Good speed, O traitor! who shall think to wed  
Soft limbs and white, and find thy royal bed  
Dripping with blood and burning up with fire."

Such lines as these show plainly enough that Mr. Morris has not "strung all the jewels of life on one string." However unreal his personages are in the mere outward region of fanciful revelry, whatever impossible heights they may scale in the serene light and air of unimpassioned sunshine, they drop to the level earth and become strikingly real and earnest the instant they enter the region of passion, and come in contact with "storms that rage outside their happy ground."

One touch only is wanting to make the character of Medea perfect, and the tragedy complete. She has no hand or heart in the death of Jason. He dies strangely, but not by her charm or power, as we are led to expect. The tragic alternation of pathos and passion, the splendid sustentation of free and flawless expression, of full and faultless harmony in the last book, all prove in what a manner their master could have given this final touch, if he had seen fit to do so. It is some pity that he did not see fit, but where a poet has done so much and so well, there is no room to blame him for what he has not done, only to praise him for what he has.

Of all the poetical gifts which this century has bequeathed to us, we ought most to render thanks for this one; not because it is the greatest, but because it is the one we could least have expected.

Surrounded by the toil and turmoil which have beset and besieged the life of this century, wrapped up in its shallow luxury, and hemmed in by its brick and mortar barbarity, this poem comes to us as a "breeze bringing health from pleasant places strong with life;" and every breath of its sweetness inhaled, should be given back in praise to its author. It is impossible to analyse its beauty or detail its charm: it is pre-eminently a work of art, and pre-eminently of the imagination. If its expression and style are intellectual rather than natural, it could not be otherwise in a work of this kind: inspired by no political, or social, or theological impulse of the times, it has been produced out of the poet's simple and unselfish love for things beautiful in themselves.

No one who compares this poem with the earlier work of Mr. Morris will think it any great pity that he has given us foreign story instead of English; and anyone who compares it with his more recent work, will find cause to rejoice that in this instance he has thought well "to touch the beautiful mythology of Greece." Ampler proof of his superiority on Grecian soil may be gained by comparing the Greek with the medieval stories in the *Earthly Paradise*. Taken all together, or singly, with the one noble exception of the "*Lovers of Gudrun*," the superior excellence of the Greek section is equally apparent. Among the "renowned hills and isles of Greece," Mr. Morris reigns supreme: neither Tennyson, nor any other modern poet living or dead, has any power against him there, but out of Greece he treads a somewhat less divine measure.

Mr. Morris has enriched both us and his own fame by some poetical gifts since Mr. Brooke prophesied to our delight, that "of him much more was to be expected," but of late his hand has not been quite so lavish. Having sung to us so sweetly of men that neither toil nor spin, he has now thrown aside his singing robe awhile to teach us by precept and principle, and show us by practice, that we toil and spin a great deal too much. And having long delighted the holiday times of men, he has now set himself to lighten and make delightful, their working-times. It is impossible not to regret that so sweet a singer should have fallen silent, even for a short time, but we may rest assured that whatever poetry loses through his silence, humanity will gain; and whatever honour Mr. Morris misses as a poet, he will win as a man and a friend of men.

"I care not," said Heine, "that men lay a laurel wreath on my tomb, but lay a sword there, for I was a great soldier in the Liberation war of Humanity." Mr. Morris is quite sure of his laurel wreath, and he is entitled to a sword.

In Dante Gabriel Rossetti we have a deeper and realer tragic note than is ever touched by either of his disciples; if Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Morris may be classed as his disciples on the poetical side, as Mr. Ruskin has classed Holman Hunt as his disciple on the artistic side. Here, as there, the disciples are often above their lord, but they are never so real and deep.

According to Aristotle, it is the office of tragedy to purify us through the passions of pity, or of terror. The tragedy which purifies us most directly is the sterner form which affects us through

terror, as the tragedy of Agamemnon, and of Lear; but the tragedy which purifies us most surely and deeply is the more passionate and subtle kind which touches us through "the pity of it." This is the kind employed by Rossetti; and an artist who works continually in this strain, who continually seeks to awaken pity, as a purifying passion, is liable to misinterpretation. But in that "reverence of sorrow due to death," which even the humblest of his admirers may be permitted to share; by the side of a grave as yet

. . . . . too young  
To have outgrown the sorrow which consigned  
Its charge to it—

here it is impossible to hold any communion with those who have branded Rossetti's work as immoral. If any exception might be taken to this, it would be in the case of a certain Edinburgh worm, who was fattening himself by grubbing among Rossetti's pages and canvasses, while the great poet-painter lay breathing his last at Birchington; and in the case of a certain "British Quarterly" vulture who commenced screaming over his grave, immediately his body had been committed to the dust. But let these pass without any meaner chastisement than the hot shame which may burn upon their secret brows.

The morality of any man must be as infinitesimal as his immorality must be unbounded, who can only find his lower spirit ministered to in such noble and chaste work as Rossetti's.

Only as a man is pure himself can he know anything of purity, or what purity means; but he does not need to be impure to know what impurity means, or to pity those who have been sacrificed to it.

There is a sympathy with the causes, and a sympathy with the effects of evil; a degrading sympathy with evil itself, and a pure and ennobling sympathy with the suffering it causes. Rossetti's is always the latter. He broods with infinite pity over this sin-smear'd universe. At the entrance to his "House of Life" he has inscribed four lines in golden fire, and let no one think to enter that "House" who cannot repeat them with a pure heart, saying after him—

Let not thine eyes know  
Any forbidden thing itself, although  
It once should save as well as kill; but be  
Its shadow upon life enough for thee.

It might be roughly affirmed that the moral element in Rossetti's poetry is strong in proportion as the "shadow upon life" is deep. It is certainly strongest in "Jenny," where the "shadow upon life" is deepest of all—deep

Enough to throw one's thoughts in heaps  
Of doubt and horror,—what to say  
Or think,—this awful secret sway,  
The potter's power over the clay!  
Of the same lump (it has been said)  
For honour and dishonour made,  
Two sister vessels. Here is one.

The comparison of the "sister vessels," the thought of "the first common kindred link," heightens the doubt and horror, and the pity at first too tender and nervous to "think aloud," breaks

all the bounds of pity and rises into terror in that short deep tragic cry

What has man done here? How atone,  
Great God, for this which man has done?"

Seldom has such a cry as this been uttered outside the bounds of dramatic poetry. Never before has man sent up such a passionate wail of pitiful horror for the lost soul of one unknown to him; as if, for the moment, the poet felt himself called upon to atone for this sin of the world. For a similar thought, though differently expressed, let the reader compare these stanzas from "The Scapegoat," in Miss Robinson's latest volume of poems, "The New Arcadia."

Yet, now, when I watch her pass with a heavy reel,  
Shouting her villainous song,  
Is it only pity or shame, do you think, that I feel  
For the infinite sorrow and wrong?

With a sick, strange wonder I ask, who shall answer the sin,  
Thou, lover, brothers of thine?  
Or he who left standing thy hovel to perish in?  
*Or I, who gave no sign?"*

From these stanzas of a lady-poet, one naturally returns to Rossetti's

If but a woman's heart might see  
Such erring heart unerringly  
For once!

But the real greatness of this study does not lie on this side alone: that reader would be as unjust to himself as to the poet who should fail to note the artistic setting of this poem. Whatever subject Rossetti treated, whatever he introduced into his treatment of any subject, it is clearly discernible that his first thought and aim were art itself. Many men set to work upon a mere idea, and then it is the result of chance if they sometimes turn out a work of art; but the study of Rossetti shows that he got sure hold of his work first of all, and then set himself to render it artistic. In doing this he introduced into it whatever would enhance the value of the work as art; and often, as in this case, much which was good in itself, and which if it did not directly contribute to the artistic perfection of the whole, did not detract from it.

Rossetti never shocks the artistic sense, and seldom ever disturbs it, because he so seldom allowed anything a place in his work which was not either perfect in itself, or did not, in some manner, contribute to the final perfection of the whole.

Poetical as his paintings certainly are, his poetry is yet more artistic; and, in spite of all that critics may affirm or deny about his double genius and two gifts, the truth is that Rossetti was gifted with a single genius, which found expression in two ways. That this is so, is no discredit to the artist, but that it is so, is immediately ascertainable by reference to any part of his work.

We do not now need to bridge a comparison between the poem of "Jenny" and the design called "Found"; between the poem of "Ave" and the design for the "Girlhood of the Virgin," for the poet has given us sonnets of both these designs; and that the expression of each sonnet is as nearly akin to the expression of the

corresponding design, as the expressions of any two arts may be, needs no explaining to those who are acquainted both with the designs and the poems. But, apart from these considerations, the poem of "Jenny" would alone be sufficient to prove that its author possessed a painter's eye and imagination, even if he lacked a painter's hand. Nothing in Jenny's room that a painter might have noted has escaped the eye of the poet; and the thought of the sleeping girl waking in the morning and shaking his gold from her hair "like a Danaë," is decidedly a painter's fancy.

In one point "Jenny" differs from the most of Rossetti's poems—there is no passion in it. Of course only the lowest, or the most unselfish (it can scarcely be called the highest) would be possible there, and it would need a dramatic poet to give us either. The presence of personal passion would sink the poem miles beneath the lowest stage of art. It is only the splendid pathos which raises it so high.

In "Sister Helen" the passion is dramatic, so is the form of this ballad; here the poet does not speak at all in his own person; it is a dialogue of question and answer between Sister Helen and her little brother. It is noticeable that a somewhat similar passion would have been possible in "Rose-Mary," but here the poet is speaking himself, and there is scarcely a trace of it.

Although none of Rossetti's poems are distinctly set in the recognised dramatic form, he is the only poet since Shelley who has possessed in any notable measure the highest and most distinctive quality of the dramatist. He possesses more than any man who has been contemporary with him, the power to sink himself and enlist our sympathies for others. No other latter-day poet, with the exception of the author of "Philip van Artevelde," has been endowed with more than a thimbleful of this power. Whenever Mr. Tennyson assumes the dramatic guise, the flawlessness of his blank verse, which is here too blank, his "English respect for temperance and reserve," betray him at once. If Mr. Arnold has succeeded in giving us the personality of Empedocles, it is because he is one at heart with Empedocles. Mr. Arnold has played the accompaniment to that grand hymn of the philosopher more than once; sometimes on his beautiful Calliclean harp, and sometimes on his delightful prosaic organ. The "lightning and music" of Mr. Swinburne's verse are always his own; and the inhabitants of the "Earthly Paradise" have borrowed their charming "fluidity and sweet ease" from Mr. Morris.

Rossetti alone endows human beings with the ordinary passions of mankind, and makes them talk "like men of this world." When the poet himself speaks, it is he, and his sheep always know his voice; also his tender personal pathos and intense passion are his own, and are always distinguishable as his. But when he resigns in favour of his characters, it is they who speak, and if they sometimes speak his language, they always use their own voice; moreover, their pathos and their passion are always their own.

The most notable example of this is the "King's Tragedy," which Rossetti counted his highest achievement in poetry. Considered as a single work, there is no room to dispute the poet's verdict, but its sixty pages will scarcely match against sixty pages of the "House of Life."



Rossetti's sonnets and some of his shorter lyrics are great by means of what may be called their comprehensiveness. Their minute artistic finish has been both acclaimed and disclaimed; but their real finish has been little noted. It is of that kind which Mr. Ruskin so highly commends in Turner.

In the chapter on "Finish," in the third volume of *Modern Painters*, Mr. Ruskin explains that a cliff of rude sea-shore is far more delicately finished than Sheffield cutlery, and a living oak tree than a polished deal board; and that Turner's paintings are more finished than those of other artists, not because they are more highly wrought, or finely toned, but for the very simple reason that they contain more. Turner has often painted more on a square foot of canvas than other men would or could have done on a dozen yards.

The same criticism applies to poetry. That verse is the greatest which expresses most in the smallest measure. Mr. Ruskin has himself exemplified this in the case of Milton; he has taken about half a page of "Lycidas," and shown that it really contains the matter of at least half a dozen pages; only the poet has concentrated his expression. It is all there, only we must look closely into the poem to discern it, just as we must look closely into Turner's beach painting to discern the shells, which occupy each about the space of one-thousandth part of an inch.

Again and again a student of Rossetti will be struck with wonder at the amount of thought or beauty contained in a single line of his poetry. Instances are plentiful. Take this sentence—

"Beauty like her's is Genius."

Or the phrase—

"Secret continuance sublime."

Or these two lines from the "Blessed Damozel"

"Saw  
Time like a pulse shake fierce  
Through all the worlds."

Note the perfect landscape given in two lines of the "Hill Summit."

"Yet here an hour I may be stayed,  
And watch the gold light and the silver fade,  
And the last bird fly into the last light."

Finally, Rossetti may not expect his least meed of praise at our hands, in that he has been able to follow Shakespeare, with credit to himself, and without discredit to his master. All previous trespassers upon this highway have proved themselves "meddling fools," and added ill to their own fame, in precise measure as they added to Shakespeare's written word. But here is one who catches up Ophelia's sweetest snatch of song, and completes it as Shakespeare would have done; for no other ending than Rossetti's can be imagined. Here it is.

"How shall I your true love know  
From another one?"  
"By his cockle hat and staff  
And his sandal-shoon."

"And what signs have told you now  
That he hastens home?"

"Lo! the spring is nearly gone,  
He is nearly come."

"For a token is there nought  
Say that he shall bring?"  
"He will bring a ring I gave  
And another ring."

"How may I when he shall ask  
Tell him who lies there?"  
"Nay but leave my face unveiled  
And unbound my hair."

"Can you say to me some word  
I shall say to him?"  
"Say I'm looking in his eyes  
Though my eyes are dim."

Every line here is worthy of the hand which penned the first four; and the last two are now not inapplicable to the only poet able to follow that master-hand here, and who has now followed it further—into the "Heroism of Rest."

SILVANUS DAUNCEY.



## Anglo-Saxon Barbarism versus English "Civilization."

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SOME years ago, Cardinal Wiseman, writing on the subject, "Sense *versus* Science," complained that while the clumsy aqueducts of Rome, Caserta, Cordova, and other places, in spite of the ignorance of hydrostatics displayed in their structure, secured to rich and poor alike an abundant supply of pure water, our scientific arrangements, supposed to be so infinitely superior, could give to the poor nothing but a vile beverage filtered through graveyards, and tanked in impure reservoirs. Might not our system of action in many other matters be with equal justice complained of? Might not serious faults be charged against that "civilization" which fails in countless cases to insure bread to men able and willing to earn it, which denies justice to the man who, empty-handed, implores it, and which leaves it possible, nay easy, for men to live by the breach of its laws, while by its more than barbarous indifference it permits them to perish in the observance? We are of opinion that they might. Not to go so far back as the days of ancient Rome or Caserta, we believe it will be found that there are points in which we are actually behind our primitive fathers, of whom we are in the habit of assuming that we are so greatly in advance. Should this appear to be saying too much, let us draw the attention of the reader to certain well-ascertained facts, and then ask how far we have overstated the case.

To commence with a matter of the greatest importance in every age, we will devote a few words to the system of jurisprudence which our Anglo-Saxon fathers adopted. The administration of justice was by several courts of law: those held by the thanes in their own halls, and hence termed hall-motes; those of the ealdormen, with the principal ecclesiastics and freeholders, held every month, and called the hundred-motes, their authority extending over a large district called a hundred; and the shire-motes, or county-courts, held twice a year, and presided over by the bishop and ealdormen, their assessors being the sheriff and the noblest of the royal thanes. Laws enacted in the great National

Council were on these occasions recited. Appeals were allowed from the local hall and hundred-courts to the authority of the King, first magistrate by his office. The Witenagemote, or assembly of wise men, met thrice a year—at Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide.

It will be necessary, before going further, to give some account of the distinctions of rank in society, which were not many or very complicated. First were the members of the reigning family, who were termed Athelings, and claimed descent from the conqueror Woden—who, it must be remembered, had been deified, and was worshipped by the Scandinavian races as the God of War. The veneration in which they came thus to be held by their Pagan followers was not dissipated by the introduction of Christianity, the effect continuing after the cause had ceased to operate. The order next in rank was that of the ealdormen or earls. They were the governors of shires, which were not, however, originally as large as our counties. It was the duty of each of these functionaries to lead the men of his shire to battle, enforce the execution of justice, and preside with the bishop in the shire-court. His remuneration was one-third of the fines and rents paid to the King in the district over which his jurisdiction extended. Between this rank and that of the thanes were the *comites*, as Bede terms them, who acted as personal attendants to the King. Of the thanes there were two classes—the King's thanes and the thanes of ealdormen and prelates. They were men of consequence, frequently governors of districts, and possessed of some power. The lowest classes of freemen were the eorles and ceorles (churls), of noble and ignoble descent. The "full-born" Saxon attached much importance to this distinction, and was accustomed greatly to look down upon his "less-born" countryman. Of the ceorles there were two classes, those who could rent land from any lord they pleased, and those who were attached to the land and could not leave the estate upon which they had been born. The former worked for their lords only in seed-time and harvest, and in those times only for a certain number of days, in return for which, or sometimes for rent in money and kind, they received lands at the hands of their chiefs; they could, moreover, possess land by charter, which was called boc-land (boc, book or charter), and upon becoming possessed of five hides of which they were elevated to the rank of thanes. (A hide of land was as much as could be tilled with a single plough.) The ceorles in towns enjoyed greater privileges than those in the country, having, too, more opportunities of acquiring wealth. They gradually improved their condition, till at length they formed a regular body politic, associating in guilds, having a common market and hanse-house (guild-hall) and being bound by common rights and interests. Many London and Winchester ceorles rose to the rank of thanes,—commerce, as well as the possession of a certain amount of land by charter, being a path to distinction, and a merchant becoming athane by virtue of having sailed thrice to a foreign land with a cargo of his own. The inferior class of ceorles were less fortunate. They had to perform services during three days a week, in addition to those which the free ceorles were required to render; the Christmas holidays, with

the octaves of Easter and Pentecost, being the only exceptions. The poorest among them, the cottars and bordars, having but small holdings, only performed trifling services in return. The "bondes" were a class yet a little lower, but not slaves, being sometimes summoned to sit on juries. The condition of slaves—whose numbers were kept up by prisoners of war, and those who had been reduced to slavery as a punishment for crime—was painful enough. They were, however, allowed to acquire property, and having done so could purchase their freedom; besides which, in consequence of the exhortations of the clergy, many were voluntarily released from their bondage.

Between lord and vassal there seems generally to have been a good understanding. The tie which bound them, consisting of mutual agreements, was regarded as the most sacred which nature or custom could impose, and there are cases of very generous devotion on the part of vassals to their chiefs. So binding was the engagement between them held to be that even when a lord called upon his vassals to bear arms against the King, they rarely failed to do his behest.

Any inquiry into the social relations of the Anglo-Saxons must necessarily centre a good deal around the person of Alfred the Great. "During the long period of Danish devastation," writes Lingard, "the fabric of civil government had been nearly dissolved. The courts of judicature had been closed; injuries were inflicted without provocation, and retaliated without mercy; and the Saxon, like the Dane, had imbibed a spirit of insubordination and a contempt for peace, and justice, and religion. To remedy these evils Alfred restored, enlarged, and improved the salutary institutions of his forefathers; and from the statutes of Ethelbert, Ina, Offa, and other Saxon princes composed a code of laws suited to the circumstances of the time and the habits of his subjects." From the same author we learn that when Alfred's subjects had recourse to his equity for protection against injustice he "listened as cheerfully to the complaints of the lowest as of the highest" among them. "Every appeal was heard by him with the most patient attention, and in cases of importance he revised the proceedings at his leisure, and the inferior magistrates trembled at the impartiality and severity of their sovereign. . . . Neither birth, nor friends, nor power could save the corrupt or malicious judge." The poor and defenceless were ever the particular charge of this exemplary sovereign. No trouble, no time, no self-denial was in his judgment too great if the arbitrement of their cause seemed to demand it; and as he thus earnestly sought after their welfare, so was he zealously severe upon those who strove to crush them. No fewer than forty-four judges were executed during his reign for having unjustly condemned to death those upon whom they had sat in judgment. Nor did the blunders of culpable carelessness or gross ignorance escape their proportionate punishment. And Alfred's severity was not misplaced. He regarded his subjects as his fellow-men, his brethren,—not inferior animals, as many who have far less cause for pride than had Alfred are now accustomed to regard the outcast and miserable poor;—and he would no more have those brethren unjustly imprisoned or put to death than he

would have had them suffer the ills which were reserved for their descendants—to perish of starvation, or walk for hundreds of miles in search of employment, or die of pestilent fevers from being huddled together in foul dens, choked with the stench of drains and decaying refuse. It remained for civilization to effect this condition of things; and it remained for nineteenth century humanity, cloud-piercing, superstition-freed philosophy, and matchless legislative wisdom to say that it was very shocking, but it could not be helped—these dreadful creatures were perishing of their own accord, and it was quite impossible to lift them out of the slime and filth into which they had fallen.

But to leave this blissful civilisation, which some infamous wretches—some revolutionary scoundrels—are daring to term faulty, and turn once more to the days of barbarism. “No sovereign,” says Sharon Turner, “ever shaped his conduct with more regard to the public happiness than Alfred. He seems to have considered his life but as a trust to be used for the benefit of his people,” (would that modern sovereigns so considered theirs!) “and his plans for their welfare were intelligent and great. His predominant wish was their knowledge and improvement. This is no speculation of a modern fancy, it is his own assertion in his most deliberate moments. . . . His letter to his bishop breathes this principle throughout. To communicate to others the knowledge that we possess he ever states to be a religious duty.” The idea of enforcing mental culture is so far from being new that in Alfred’s time earls, governors, and ministers of state, many of whom had previously been unable to read or write, were compelled either to learn to do so or resign their offices; masters were provided for high and low, many of both classes being educated with the king’s own son—such little progress had these unhappy barbarians made in that nice perception of propriety which in our day would make the lisping fop who had got into his otherwise empty head the impression that he was a superior being, instinctively start back at the idea of coming into contact with beastly common people!

In his system of police Alfred provided—bringing into working order, if he did not devise—a system by which criminal offences should be almost inevitably detected and punished. Every hundred or tenth (that is, every district containing a hundred or ten families associated together, something after the manner of the *curia* and *decuria* in the primitive constitution of the Romans) being held responsible for the conduct of its inhabitants, a criminal was certain to be apprehended if he remained within his own district, and if he went to another he would be regarded as an outlaw, being unpledged by the tithing or hundred to which he had fled. Alfred made it his business, also, to facilitate to his subjects the means of obtaining justice. “Every complainant,” again quoting Sharon Turner, “might, on application, have a commission or writ to his sheriff or lord, or to appointed judges, who were to investigate his wrong.” This sovereign “hastened the decision of causes. No adjournment or delay was allowed for above fifteen days.”

Offences were generally atoned for among the Anglo-Saxons by

pecuniary compensation, only the worst crimes being regarded as "botelos," or inextinguishable; while the value of a man's oath was according to his position in society! We said advisedly barbarism! Barbarism indeed! But are not these merely points wherein our fathers were *as* barbarous as we are, not wherein they were *more so*? Are not the most shameful offences—even those which our forefathers would have regarded as inextinguishable—often *now* atoned for by pecuniary means? Are not the punishments due to the worst of crimes often evaded by men whose only virtue lies in their purse, and who can *buy* immunity—by employing men whose very profession it is to shield the head of guilt, if but the hand, though imbued with blood, is filled with all-cleansing gold? And are not the oaths of men made valuable or worthless according to their position in society, by the insolent bullying of some unscrupulous sophist who calls himself a man of the law—bullying which he only dares use towards a witness whose position in society leaves him no defence against insult? We know they are! All of us know it, though some of us are fond of trying to persuade ourselves and others that it is not so—all of us know that our whole system of jurisprudence is wrong, unjust, iniquitous! Those of us who call ourselves Christians know that it is so, and do not stir or lift up our voices to alter it; those of us who call ourselves rationalists, and profess to be guided by feelings of humanity and natural religion, know that it is so, and do not so much as move a finger to prevent it—to prevent what is contrary to *all* religion, to all truth, to all justice.

But to return yet again to *primitive* barbarism. An institution entirely without a redeeming point was the trial by ordeal, fully as irrational and senseless as the somewhat later witch-trial by "swimming." A great check to false swearing existed in the practice of requiring seven freemen bearing so high a character that all present acknowledged them as "true men," to take oaths supporting that of the plaintiff to the effect that he was not influenced by envy or animosity in bringing the charge. Another custom very beneficial in its effects was that of pronouncing sentence of outlawry against certain classes of criminals. Such, for example, would constitute the punishment of any one convicted of keeping a house of ill-fame. The criminal so banished was said to bear a wolf's head, and in the event of his returning and attempting to act in his own defence it was lawful for anyone to slay him.

The condition of the poor among the Anglo-Saxons was certainly more tolerable than it is in any country now. The great distinction between poverty at that time and poverty at this was that then only old and infirm people *could* be, in the sternest sense of the word, poor, and it was therefore a comparatively easy task to see that they did not want; whereas now, those (by hundreds and thousands) who are young, active, and able-bodied may, either from being unable to get employment, or being ill-paid when it is got, be cruelly, grindingly, piteously poor. That, too, which in our day hinders the poor from being helped as they otherwise would be—the prevalence of imposture—was among the Anglo-Saxons rendered altogether impossible by the law of settlement. "No man," says Kemble, "had a legal existence unless he could be

shown to belong to some association connected with a certain locality, or to be in the hand, protection, or surety of a landed lord." If, therefore, he sought relief in his own tithing or hundred, he would not be likely to receive it unless he were really in need—which could only be the case with a man whose services were quite useless to employers of labour—and if, being able to work for his living, he went elsewhere and sought relief, he would be regarded as an outlaw, not being pledged by the hundred or tenth to which he had fled. Here, of course, was an infringement on the liberty of the subject such as no one would be mad enough to think possible, even if it were not in the highest degree undesirable, at the present time; but what we would submit is that ends so good and necessary as the suppression of imposture, and the relief of those really in need, if attainable in the dark ages by one method (and, moreover, one which, whatever it may now look like, did not press heavily upon any one), should not be less attainable in our own day by another.

The means of providing for the wants of those who were poor indeed were many and various. Towards the close of the sixth century St. Augustine was instructed by Pope Gregory to "cause a fourth part of all that accrued to the altar to be given to the poor." Concerning tithes, too, it was enacted by the Witan that a third part should go to "God's poor and needy men." Thus of foals, calves, lambs, pigs, measures of butter, etc., every tenth one going to the Church there would be something very substantial for the poor; and that the poor received it, and none but the poor, is very certain. The corruptions in ecclesiastical institutions had not at this time set in, and the Church was in a very substantial sense the "mother" of her children. There was an *hospitium* attached to every monastery, and the care of the poor was particularly the business of the clergy. These are among the exhortations to almsgiving quoted by Kemble from different sources:—"Be thou gentle and charitable to the poor, zealous in almsgiving, &c." "We enjoin that the priests so distribute the people's alms that they do both give pleasure to God and accustom the people to alms." "When a man fasts, then let the dishes that would have been eaten be all distributed to God's poor." "It is daily needful for every man that he give his alms to poor men; but yet when we fast, then ought we to give greater alms than at other days; because the meat and the drink which we should then use if we did not fast, we ought to distribute to the poor." Among the most curious is the following of Archbishop Egbert's:—"Let him that collecteth immoderate wealth, for his want of wisdom give the third part to the poor." Athelstan commanded the royal reeves throughout his dominions to feed and clothe one poor man each. By these and other means ample provision was made for the poor, and thus was plenty enjoyed by all.

It is not, of course, possible in brief space to do more than touch upon a subject so wide-reaching as national life in any particular period, and these remarks must already be brought to a close. What we proposed to show was that "there are points in which we are actually behind our primitive fathers;" and we hope that, little as we have said, we have shown nothing less. They secured



justice to rich and poor alike—that is, it cost nothing to go to law, and, the law only having its existence that the subject might not be wronged, he had not, if wealthy, to spend his whole substance before he could be righted; nor, if poor, to suffer wrong because he could pay no one to see that he had right. They succeeded in devising a plan whereby it was made impossible for a large percentage of the community to set their laws at defiance, and get an easy living by systematically breaking them; they did not, as we have done, make their country a kind of asylum for pick-pockets, swindlers, housebreakers, and pests of a yet worse description. They provided for the humblest peasant means by which he could get shelter, raiment, and abundance of food, yet never give to labour so many hours that only as much time was left as nature demanded for sleep, the condition under which alone thousands of men, aye and women, in this country, are now able to support existence. They put in operation a system whereby the wants of the really poor should never be neglected from fear of encouraging able-bodied men in idleness; while we, despite so complex a jurisprudence that a man may spend his life in trying to understand it, hardly dare give a crust to the beggar at our doors lest he should be one of an innumerable class of impostors who beg because they hate the honest labour which has won the food they eat. Nor does it affect the case to remark that these things were not *always* so among the Anglo-Saxons—that justice was only “secured to rich and poor alike,” and the evils referred to averted, at times when Anglo-Saxon affairs were at their best. If but for a twelvemonth—nay, if but for a day—a barbarous, or semi-barbarous race succeeded in effecting only a single object for the good of the community, it would be a shame and a disgrace for any condition of society calling itself “civilization” to fail in effecting the same.

And what if these things cannot be done in a like manner now? Does it follow that they cannot be done at all? If so, what terrible spectres of want, and misery, and injustice and crime have sprung up in the train of civilization! But it is not so. It is because we are *half-civilized*, or *less* than half-civilized, that we have found no remedy for these evils. One of the most warm-hearted and cool-headed men of our time, one, too, who possesses intimate acquaintance with the best that the world has produced in letters, Professor Henry Morley, says in his “English Literature in the Reign of Victoria” that “it would be overpraise of human society, even as it now is, to describe it as half-civilized.” And it is to this condition of society, under its strangely misapplied title of “Civilization” that we oppose “Anglo-Saxon Barbarism.” Who shall disprove that in several points of the most vital importance the latter had immeasurably the advantage?

THOROLD KING.



## Cashel Byron's Profession.

By GEORGE BERNARD SHAW,

AUTHOR OF "AN UNSOCIAL SOCIALIST," "THE IRRATIONAL KNOT," &c.

### CHAPTER I.\*

**W**ILTSTOKEN CASTLE was a square building with circular bastions at the corners: each bastion terminating skyward in a Turkish minaret. The southwest face was the front, and was pierced by a Moorish arch, fitted with glass doors, which could be secured on occasion by gates of fantastically hammered iron. The arch was enshrined by a Palladian portico, which rose to the roof, and was surmounted by an open pediment, in the cleft of which stood a black marble figure of an Egyptian, erect, and gazing steadfastly at the midday sun. On the ground beneath was an Italian terrace with two great stone elephants at the ends of the balustrade. The windows on the upper storey were, like the entrance, Moorish; but the principal ones below were square bays, mullioned. The castle was considered grand by the illiterate; but architects, and readers of books on architecture, condemned it as a nondescript mixture of styles in the worst possible taste. It stood on an eminence surrounded by hilly woodland, thirty acres of which were enclosed as Wiltstoken Park. Half-a-mile south was the little town of Wiltstoken, accessible by rail from London in about two hours.

Most of the inhabitants of Wiltstoken were conservatives. They stood in awe of the Castle; and some of them would at any time have cut half-a-dozen of their oldest friends to obtain an invitation to dinner, or even a bow in public, from Miss Lydia Carew, its orphan mistress. This Miss Carew was a remarkable person. She had inherited the Castle and park from her aunt, who had considered her niece's large fortune in railways and mines incomplete without land. So many other legacies had Lydia received from kinsfolk who hated poor relations, that she was now, in her twenty-fifth year, the independent possessor of an annual income equal to the year's earnings of thirty thousand workmen, and under no external compulsion to do anything in return for it. In addition

\* The Prologue, antecedent to the first chapter, appeared in the April number of this magazine.

to the advantage of being a single woman in unusually easy circumstances, she enjoyed a reputation for vast learning and exquisite culture. It was said in Wiltstoken that she knew forty-eight living languages and all dead ones; could play on every known musical instrument; was an accomplished painter; and had written poetry. All this might as well have been true as far as the Wiltstokeners were concerned, since she knew more than they. She had spent her life travelling with her father, a man of active mind and bad digestion, with a taste for sociology, science in general, and the fine arts. On these subjects he had written books, by which he had earned a considerable reputation as a critic and philosopher. They were the outcome of much reading, observation of men and cities, sightseeing, and theatre-going, of which his daughter had done her share, and indeed, as she grew more competent, and he weaker and older, more than her share. He had had to combine health hunting with pleasure seeking; and, being very irritable and fastidious, had schooled her in self control and endurance by harder lessons than those which had made her acquainted with the works of Greek and German philosophers long before she understood the English into which she translated them.

When Lydia was in her twenty-first year, her father's health failed seriously. He became more dependent on her; and she anticipated that he would also become more exacting in his demands on her time. The contrary occurred. One day, at Naples, she had arranged to go riding with an English party that was staying there. Shortly before the appointed hour, he asked her to make a translation of a long extract from Lessing. Lydia, in whom self questionings as to the justice of her father's yoke had been for some time stirring, paused thoughtfully for perhaps two seconds before she consented. Carew said nothing, but he presently intercepted a servant who was bearing an apology to the English party; read the note; and went back to his daughter, who was already busy at Lessing.

"Lydia," he said, with a certain hesitation which she would have ascribed to shyness had that been at all credible of her father when addressing her: "I wish you never to postpone your business to literary trifling."

She looked at him with the vague fear that accompanies a new and doubtful experience; and he, dissatisfied with his way of putting the case, added, "It is of greater importance that you should enjoy yourself for an hour than that my book should be advanced. Far greater!"

Lydia, after some consideration, put down her pen and said, "I shall not enjoy riding if there is anything else left undone."

"I shall not enjoy your writing if your excursion is given up for it," he said. "I prefer your going."

Lydia obeyed silently. An odd thought struck her that she might end the matter gracefully by kissing him. But as they were unaccustomed to make demonstrations of this kind, nothing came of the impulse. She spent the day on horseback; reconsidered her late rebellious thoughts; and made the translation in the evening.

Thenceforth, Lydia had a growing sense of the power she had unwittingly been acquiring during her long subordination. Timidly at first, and more boldly as she became used to dispense with the parental leading strings, she began to follow her own bent in selecting subjects for study, and even to defend certain recent developments of art against her father's conservatism. He approved of this independent mental activity on her part, and repeatedly warned her not to pin her faith more on him than on any other critic. She once told him that one of her incentives to disagree with him was the pleasure it gave her to find out ultimately that he was right. He replied gravely,

"That pleases me, Lydia, because I believe you. But such things are better left unsaid. They seem to belong to the art of pleasing, which you will perhaps soon be tempted to practise, because it seems to all young people easy, well paid, amiable, and a mark of good breeding. In truth it is vulgar, cowardly, egotistical, and insincere: a virtue in a shopman: a vice in a free woman. It is better to leave genuine praise unspoken than to expose yourself to the suspicion of flattery."

Shortly after this, at his desire, she spent a season in London, and went into English polite society, which she found to be in the main a temple for the worship of wealth and a market for the sale of virgins. Having become familiar with both the cult and the trade elsewhere, she found nothing to interest her except the English manner of conducting them; and the novelty of this soon wore off. She was also incommoded by her involuntary power of inspiring affection in her own sex. Impulsive girls she could keep in awe; but old women, notably two aunts who had never paid her any attention during her childhood, now persecuted her with slavish fondness, and tempted her by mingled entreaties and bribes to desert her father and live with them for the remainder of their lives. Her reserve fanned their longing to have her for a pet; and, to escape them, she returned to the continent with her father, and ceased to hold any correspondence with London. Her aunts declared themselves deeply hurt; and Lydia was held to have treated them very injudiciously; but when they died, and their wills became public, it was found that they had vied with one another in enriching her.

When she was twenty-five years old, the first startling event of her life took place. This was the death of her father at Avignon. No endearments passed between them even on that occasion. She was sitting opposite to him at the fireside one evening reading aloud, when he suddenly said, "My heart has stopped, Lydia. Goodbye!", and immediately died. She had some difficulty in quelling the tumult that arose when the bell was answered. The whole household felt bound to be overwhelmed, and took it rather ill that she seemed neither grateful to them nor disposed to imitate their behaviour.

Many of Carew's relatives came from England to hear his will read. It was a brief document, dated five years before his death, and was to the effect that he bequeathed to his dear daughter Lydia all he possessed. He had, however, left her certain private instructions. One of these, which excited great indignation in his

family, was that his body should be conveyed to Milan, and there cremated. Having disposed of her father's remains as he had directed, she came to set her affairs in order in England, where she inspired much hopeless passion in the toilers in Lincoln's Inn Fields and Chancery Lane, and agreeably surprised her solicitors by evincing a capacity for business, and a patience with the law's delay, that seemed incompatible with her age and sex. When all was arranged, and she was once more able to enjoy perfect tranquillity, she returned to Avignon, and there discharged her last duty to her father. This was to open a letter she had found in his desk, inscribed by his hand, "For Lydia. To be read by her at leisure when I and my affairs shall be finally disposed of." The letter ran thus.

"MY DEAR LYDIA,

"I belong to the great company of disappointed men. But for you, I should now write myself down a failure like the rest. It is only a few years since it first struck me that although I had failed in many ambitions with which (having failed) I need not trouble you now, I had achieved some success as a father. I had no sooner made this discovery than it began to stick in my thoughts that you could draw no other conclusion from the course of our life together than that I have, with entire selfishness, used you throughout as my mere amanuensis and clerk, and that you are under no more obligation to me for your attainments than a slave is to his master for the strength which enforced labor has given to his muscles. Lest I should leave you suffering from so mischievous and oppressive an influence as a sense of injustice, I now justify myself to you."

"I have never asked you whether you remember your mother. Had you at any time broached the subject, I should have spoken quite freely to you on it; but as some wise instinct led you to avoid it, I was content to let it rest until circumstances such as the present should render further reserve unnecessary. If any regret at having known so little of the woman who gave you birth troubles you, shake it off without remorse. She was the most disagreeable person I ever knew. I speak dispassionately. All my bitter personal feeling against her is as dead whilst I write as it will be when you read. I have even come to cherish tenderly certain of her characteristics which you have inherited, so that I confidently say that I never, since the perishing of the infatuation in which I married, felt more kindly towards her than I do now. I made the best, and she the worst, of our union for six years; and then we parted. I permitted her to give what account of the separation she pleased, and allowed her about five times as much money as she had any right to expect. By these means I induced her to leave me in undisturbed possession of you, whom I had already, as a measure of precaution, carried off to Belgium. The reason why we never visited England during her lifetime was that she could, and probably would, have made my previous conduct and my hostility to popular religion an excuse for wresting you from me. I need say no more of her, and am sorry it was necessary to mention her at all.

"I will now tell you what my motive was in securing you for myself. It was not natural affection: I did not love you then; and I knew that you would be a serious encumbrance to me. But having brought you into the world, and then broken through my engagements with your mother, I felt bound to see that you should not suffer for my mistake. Gladly would I have persuaded myself that she was (as the gossips said) the fittest person to have charge of you; but I knew better, and made up my mind to discharge my responsibility as well as I could. In course of time you became useful to me; and, as you know, I made use of you without scruple, but never without regard to your own advantage. I always kept a secretary to do whatever I considered mere copyist's work. Much as you did for me, I think I may say with truth that I never imposed a task of absolutely no educational value on you. I fear you found the hours you spent over my money affairs very irksome; but I need not apologize for that now; for you must already know by experience how necessary a knowledge of business is to the possessor of a large fortune."

"I did not think, when I undertook your education, that I was laying the foundation of any comfort for myself. For a long time you were only a good girl, and what ignorant people called a prodigy of learning. In your circumstances a commonplace child might have been both. I subsequently came to contemplate your existence with a pleasure which I never derived from the contemplation of my own. I have not succeeded, and shall not succeed in expressing the affection I feel for you, or the triumph with which I find that what I undertook as a distasteful and thankless duty has rescued my life and labor from waste. My literary travail, seriously as it has occupied us both, I now value only for the share it has had in educating you; and you will be guilty of no disloyalty to me when you come to see that though I sifted as much sand as most men, I found no gold. I ask you to remember then that I did my duty to you long before it became pleasurable or even hopeful. And, when you are older and have learned from your mother's friends how I failed in my duty to her, you will perhaps give me some credit for having conciliated the world for your sake by abandoning habits and acquaintances which, whatever others may have thought of them, did much whilst they lasted to make life endurable to me."

"Although your future will not concern me, I often find myself thinking of it. I fear you will soon find that the world has not yet provided a place and a sphere of action for wise and well instructed women. In my younger days, when the companionship of my fellows was a necessity to me, I voluntarily set aside my culture, relaxed my principles, and acquired common tastes, in order to fit myself for the society of the only men within my reach; for, if I had to live among bears, I had rather be a bear than a man. Let me warn you against this. Never attempt to accommodate yourself to the world by self-degradation. Be patient; and you will enjoy frivolity all the more because you are not frivolous: much as the world will respect your knowledge all the more because of its own ignorance."

"Some day, I expect and hope, you will marry. You will then

have an opportunity of making an irremediable mistake, against the possibility of which no advice of mine or subtlety of yours can guard you. I think you will not easily find a man able to satisfy in you that desire to be relieved of the responsibility of thinking out and ordering our course of life that makes us each long for a guide whom we can thoroughly trust. If you fail, remember that your father, after suffering a bitter and complete disappointment in his wife, yet came to regard his marriage as the happiest event in his career. Let me remind you also, since you are so rich, that it would be a great folly for you to be jealous of your own wealth, and to limit your choice of a husband to those already too rich to marry for money. No vulgar adventurer will be able to recommend himself to you; and better men will be at least as much frightened as attracted by your wealth. Against one class, however, I wish especially to warn you: that to which I myself am supposed to belong. Never think that a man must prove a suitable and satisfying friend for you merely because he has read much criticism; that he must feel the influences of art as you do, because he knows and adopts the classification of names and schools with which you are familiar; or that because he agrees with your favourite authors he must necessarily interpret their words to himself as you understand them. Beware of men who have read more than they have worked, or who love to read better than to work. Beware of painters, poets, musicians, and artists of all sorts, except very great artists: beware even of them as husbands and fathers. Self-satisfied workmen who have learnt their business well, whether they be chancellors of the exchequer or farmers, I recommend to you as, on the whole, the most tolerable class of men I have met."

"I shall make no further attempt to advise you. As fast as my counsels rise to my mind follow reflections which convince me of their futility."

"You may perhaps wonder why I never said to you what I have written down here. I have tried to do so and failed. If I understand myself aright, I have written these lines mainly to relieve a craving to express my affection for you. The awkwardness which an over-civilized man experiences in admitting that he is something more than an educated stone, prevented me from confusing you by demonstrations of a kind I had never accustomed you to. Besides, I wish this assurance of my love—my last word—to reach you when no further commonplaces to blur the impressiveness of its simple truth are possible."

"I know I have said too much; and I feel that I have not said enough. But the writing of this letter has been a difficult task. Practised as I am with my pen, I have never, even in my earliest efforts, composed with such labor and sense of inadequacy——"

Here the manuscript broke off. The letter had never been finished.

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## CHAPTER II.

In the month of May, seven years after the flight of the two boys from Moncrief House, a lady sat beneath a cedar tree

that made an island of shadow in the midst of a glittering green lawn. She did well to avoid the sun; for her complexion was as beautifully tinted as mother of pearl. She was a small, graceful woman with delicate lips and nostrils, green eyes with quiet unarched brows, and ruddy gold hair, now shaded by a large untrimmed straw hat. Her dress of Indian muslin, with half sleeves terminating at the elbows in wide ruffles, hardly covered her shoulders, where it was supplemented by a scarf through which a glimpse of her throat was visible in a nest of soft Tourkaris lace. She was reading a little ivory-bound volume—a miniature edition of the second part of Goethe's *Faust*.

As the afternoon wore on and the light mellowed, the lady dropped her book and began to think and dream, unconscious of a black object which was crossing the lawn towards her. This was a young gentleman in a frock coat. He was dark, and had a long, grave face, with a reserved expression, but not ill-looking.

"Going so soon, Lucian?" said the lady, looking up as he came into the shadow.

Lucian looked at her wistfully. His name, as she uttered it, always stirred him vaguely. He was fond of finding out the reasons of things, and had long ago decided that this inward stir was due to her fine pronunciation. His other intimates called him Looshn.

"Yes," he said. "I have arranged everything, and have come to give an account of my stewardship, and to say good-bye?"

He placed a garden chair near her and sat down. She laid her hands one on the other in her lap, and composed herself to listen.

"First," he said, "as to the Warren Lodge. It is let for a month only; so you can allow Mrs. Goff to have it rent free in July if you still wish to. I hope you will not act so unwisely."

She smiled, and said, "Who are the present tenants? I hear that they object to the dairymaids and men crossing the elm vista."

"We must not complain of that. It was expressly stipulated when they took the lodge that the vista should be kept private for them. I had no idea at that time that you were coming to the castle, or I should of course have declined such a condition."

"But we do keep it private for them: strangers are not admitted. Our people pass and repass once a day on their way to and from the dairy: that is all."

"It seems churlish, Lydia; but this, it appears, is a special case—a young gentleman, who has come to recruit his health. He needs daily exercise in the open air; but he cannot bear observation; and he has only a single attendant with him. Under these circumstances, I agreed that they should have the sole use of the elm vista. In fact they are paying more rent than would be reasonable without this privilege."

"I hope the young gentleman is not mad."

"I satisfied myself before I let the lodge to him, that he would be a proper tenant," said Lucian, with reproachful gravity. "He was strongly recommended to me by Lord Worthington, whom I believe to be a man of honour, notwithstanding his inveterate love of sport. As it happens, I expressed to him the suspicion you have



just suggested. Worthington vouched for the tenant's sanity, and offered to take the lodge in his own name and be personally responsible for the good behaviour of this young invalid, who has, I fancy, upset his nerves by hard reading. Probably some college friend of Worthington's."

"Perhaps so. But I should rather expect a college friend of Lord Worthington's to be a hard rider or drinker than a hard reader."

"You may be quite at ease, Lydia. I took Lord Worthington at his word so far as to make the letting to him. I have never seen the real tenant. But, though I do not even recollect his name, I will venture to answer for him at second-hand."

"I am quite satisfied, Lucian; and I am greatly obliged to you. I will give orders that no one shall go to the dairy by way of the warren. It is natural that he should wish to be out of the world."

"The next point," resumed Lucian, "is more important, as it concerns you personally. Miss Goff is willing to accept your offer. And a most unsuitable companion she will be for you!"

"Why, Lucian?"

"On all accounts. She is younger than you, and therefore cannot chaperone you. She has received only an ordinary education; and her experience of society is derived from local subscription balls. And, as she is not unattractive, and is considered a beauty in Wiltstoken, she is self-willed, and will probably take your patronage in bad part."

"Is she more self-willed than I?"

"You are not self-willed, Lydia; except that you are deaf to advice."

"You mean that I seldom follow it. And so you think I had better employ a professional companion—a decayed gentlewoman—than save this young girl from going out as a governess and beginning to decay at twenty-three?"

"The business of getting a suitable companion, and the pleasure or duty of relieving poor people, are two different things, Lydia."

"True, Lucian. When will Miss Goff call?"

"This evening. Mind: nothing is settled as yet. If you think better of it on seeing her, you have only to treat her as an ordinary visitor and the subject will drop. For my own part, I prefer her sister; but she will not leave Mrs. Goff, who has not yet recovered from the shock of her husband's death."

Lydia looked reflectively at the little volume in her hand, and seemed to think out the question of Miss Goff. Presently, with an air of having made up her mind, she said,

"Can you guess which of Goethe's characters you remind me of when you try to be worldly wise for my sake?"

"When I try—What an extraordinary irrelevance! I have not read Goethe lately. Mephistopheles, I suppose. But I did not mean to be cynical."

"No: not Mephistopheles, but Wagner—with a difference. Wagner taking Mephistopheles instead of Faust for his model." Seeing by his face that he did not relish the comparison, she added, "I am paying you a compliment. Wagner represents a very clever man."

"The saving clause is unnecessary," he said, somewhat sarcastically. "I know your opinion of me quite well, Lydia."

She looked quickly at him. Detecting the concern in her glance, he shook his head sadly, saying, "I must go now, Lydia. I leave you in charge of the housekeeper until Miss Goff arrives."

She gave him her hand; and a dull glow came into his gray jaws as he took it. Then he buttoned his coat and walked gravely away. As he went, she watched the sun mirrored in his glassy hat, and drowned in his respectable coat. She sighed, and took up Goethe again.

But she began to be tired of sitting still; and after a little while she rose and wandered through the park for nearly an hour, trying to find the places in which she had played in her childhood during a visit to her late aunt. She recognized a great toppling Druid's altar that had formerly reminded her of Mount Sinai threatening to fall on the head of Christian in "The Pilgrim's Progress." Further on she saw and avoided a swamp in which she had once earned a scolding from her nurse by filling her stockings with mud. Then she found herself in a long avenue of green turf, running east and west, and apparently endless. This seemed the most delightful of all her possessions; and she had begun to plan a pavilion to build near it, when she suddenly recollected that this must be the elm vista of which the privacy was so stringently insisted upon by her invalid tenant at the Warren Lodge. She fled into the wood at once, and, when she was safe there, laughed at the oddity of being a trespasser in her own domain. She now made a wide detour in order to avoid intruding a second time: consequently, after walking for quarter of an hour, she lost herself. The trees seemed never-ending: she began to think she must possess a forest as well as a park. At last she saw an opening. Hastening towards it, she came again into the sunlight, and stopped, dazzled by an apparition which she at first took to be a beautiful statue, but presently recognized, with a strange glow of delight, as a living man.

To so mistake a gentleman exercising himself in the open air on a nineteenth century afternoon would, under ordinary circumstances, imply incredible ignorance either of men or statues. But the circumstances in Miss Carew's case were not ordinary; for the man was clad in a jersey and knee breeches of white material; and his bare arms shone like those of a gladiator. His broad pectoral muscles, in their covering of spun silk, were like slabs of marble. Even his hair, short, crisp, and curly, seemed like burnished bronze in the evening light. It came into Lydia's mind that she had disturbed an antique god in his sylvan haunt. The fancy was only momentary; for she perceived that there was a third person present: a man impossible to associate with classic divinity. He looked like a well-to-do groom, and was contemplating his companion much as a groom might contemplate an exceptionally fine horse. He was the first to see Lydia; and his expression as he did so plainly showed that he regarded her as a most unwelcome intruder. The statue-man, following his sinister look, saw her too, but with different feelings; for his lips parted; his colour rose; and he stared at her with undisguised admiration and

wonder. Lydia's first impulse was to turn and fly; her next, to apologize for her presence. Finally she went away quietly through the trees.

The moment she was out of their sight, she increased her pace almost to a run. The day was too warm for rapid movement; and she soon stopped and listened. There were the usual woodland sounds: leaves rustling, grasshoppers chirping, and birds singing; but not a human voice or footstep. She began to think that the god-like figure was only the *Hermes* of *Praxiteles*, suggested to her by *Goethe's* classical *Sabbat*, and changed by a day-dream into the semblance of a living reality. The groom must have been one of those incongruities characteristic of dreams—probably a reminiscence of *Lucian's* statement that the tenant of the *Warren Lodge* had a single male attendant. It was impossible that this glorious vision of manly strength and beauty could be substantially a student broken down by excessive study. That irrational glow of delight too was one of the absurdities of dreamland: otherwise she should have been ashamed of it.

Lydia made her way back to the Castle in some alarm as to the state of her nerves, but dwelling on her vision with a pleasure that she would not have ventured to indulge had it concerned a creature of flesh and blood. Once or twice it recurred to her so vividly that she asked herself whether it could have been real. But a little reasoning convinced her that it must have been an hallucination.

"If you please, madam," said one of her new staff of domestics, a native of *Wiltstoken*, who stood in deep awe of the lady of the Castle: "*Miss Goff* is waiting for you in the drawing-room."

The drawing-room of the Castle was a circular apartment, with a dome-shaped ceiling broken into gilt ornaments resembling thick bamboos, which projected vertically downwards like stalagmites. The heavy chandeliers were loaded with flattened brass balls, magnified facsimiles of which crowned the uprights of the low, broad, powerfully-framed chairs, which were covered in leather stamped with Japanese dragon designs in copper-coloured metal. Near the fireplace was a great bronze bell of Chinese shape, mounted like a mortar on a black wooden carriage for use as a coal-scuttle. The wall was decorated with large gold crescents on a ground of light blue.

In this barbaric rotunda *Miss Carew* found awaiting her a young lady of twenty-three, with a well developed, resilient figure, and a clear complexion, porcelain surfaced, and with a fine red in the cheeks. The lofty pose of her head expressed an habitual sense of her own consequence given her by the admiration of the youth of the neighbourhood, which was also, perhaps, the cause of the neatness of her inexpensive black dress and of her irreproachable gloves, boots, and hat. She had been waiting to introduce herself to the lady of the Castle for ten minutes in a state of nervousness that culminated as *Lydia* entered.

"How do you do, *Miss Goff*. Have I kept you waiting? I was out."

"Not at all," said *Alice*, with a confused impression that red hair was aristocratic, and dark brown (the colour of her

own) vulgar. She had risen to shake hands, and now, after hesitating a moment to consider what etiquette required her to do next, resumed her seat. Miss Carew sat down too, and gazed thoughtfully at her visitor, who held herself rigidly erect, and, striving to mask her nervousness, unintentionally looked disdainful.

"Miss Goff," said Lydia, after a short silence which made her speech impressive: "will you come to me on a long visit? In this lonely place, I am greatly in want of a friend and companion of my own age and position. I think you must be equally so."

Miss Goff was very young, and very determined to accept no credit that she did not deserve. With the unconscious vanity and conscious honesty of youth, she proceeded to set Miss Carew right as to her social position, not considering that the lady of the Castle probably understood it better than she did herself, and indeed thinking it quite natural that she should be mistaken.

"You are very kind," she replied stiffly; "but our positions are quite different, Miss Carew. The fact is that I cannot afford to live an idle life. We are very poor; and my mother is partly dependent on my exertions."

"I think you will be able to exert yourself to good purpose if you come to me," said Lydia, unimpressed. "It is true that I shall give you very expensive habits; but I will of course enable you to support them."

"I do not wish to contract expensive habits," said Alice reproachfully. "I shall have to content myself with frugal ones throughout my life."

"Not necessarily. Tell me frankly: how had you proposed to exert yourself? As a teacher, was it not?"

Alice flushed, but assented.

"You are not at all fitted for it; and you will end by marrying. As a teacher you could not marry well. As an idle lady, with expensive habits, you will marry very well indeed. It is quite an art to know how to be rich—an indispensable art, if you mean to marry a rich man."

"I have no intention of marrying," said Alice loftily. She thought it time to check this cool aristocrat. "If I come at all, I shall come without any ulterior object."

"That is just what I had hoped. Come without conditions or second thought of any kind."

"But—" began Alice, and stopped, bewildered by the pace at which the negotiation was proceeding. She murmured a few words, and waited for Lydia to proceed. But Lydia had said her say, and evidently expected a reply, though she seemed assured of having her own way, whatever Alice's views might be.

"I do not quite understand, Miss Carew. What duties?—what would you expect of me?"

"A great deal," said Lydia gravely. "Much more than I should from a mere professional companion."

"But I am a professional companion," protested Alice.

"Whose?"

Alice flushed again, angrily this time. "I did not mean to say—"

"You do not mean to say that you will have nothing to do with me," said Lydia, stopping her quietly. "Why are you so scrupulous, Miss Goff? You will be close to your home, and can return to it at any moment if you become dissatisfied with your position here."

Fearful that she had disgraced herself by ill manners; loth to be taken possession of as if she were of no consequence when the gratification of a rich lady's whim was concerned; suspicious—since she had often heard gossiping tales of the dishonesty of people in high positions—lest she should be cheated out of the salary she had come resolved to demand; and withal unable to defend herself against Miss Carew, Alice caught at the first excuse that occurred to her.

"I should like a little time to consider," she said.

"Time to accustom yourself to me, is it not? You can have as long as you plea——"

"Oh, I can let you know to-morrow," interrupted Alice, officiously.

"Thank you. I will send a note to Mrs. Goff to say that she need not expect you back until to-morrow."

"But I did not mean—I am not prepared to stay," remonstrated Alice, feeling that she was becoming entangled in a snare.

"We shall take a walk after dinner, then, and call at your house, where you can make your preparations. But I think I can supply you with all you will require."

Alice dared make no further objection. "I am afraid," she stammered, "you will think me horribly rude; but I am so useless, and you are so sure to be disappointed, that—that—"

"You are not rude, Miss Goff; but I find you very shy. You want to run away and hide from new faces and new surroundings." Alice, who was self possessed and even scornful in Wiltstocken society, felt that she was misunderstood, but did not know how to vindicate herself. Lydia resumed, "I have formed my habits in the course of my travels, and so live without ceremony. We dine early—at six."

Alice had dined at two, but did not feel bound to confess it.

"Let me show you your room," said Lydia rising. "This is a curious drawing-room," she added, glancing around. "I only use it occasionally to receive visitors." She looked about her again with some interest, as if the apartment belonged to someone else, and led the way to a room on the first floor, furnished as a lady's bed-chamber. "If you dislike this," she said, "or cannot arrange it to suit you, there are others, of which you can have your choice. Come to my boudoir when you are ready."

"Where is that?" said Alice anxiously.

"It is—You had better ring for someone to shew you. I will send you my maid."

Alice, even more afraid of the maid than of the mistress, declined hastily. "I am accustomed to attend to myself, Miss Carew," she added, with proud humility.

"You will find it more convenient to call me Lydia," said Miss Carew. "Otherwise you will be supposed to refer to my grand aunt, a very old lady." She then left the room.

Alice was fond of thinking that she had a womanly taste and touch in making a room pretty. She was accustomed to survey with pride her mother's drawing-room, which she had garnished with cheap cretonnes, Japanese paper fans, and nic-nacs in ornamental pottery. She felt now that if she slept once in the bed before her, she could never be content in her mother's house again. All that she had read and believed of the beauty of cheap and simple ornament, and the vulgarity of costliness, recurred to her as a hypocritical paraphrase of the "Sour grapes" of the fox in the fable. She pictured to herself with a shudder the effect of a six-penny Chinese umbrella in that fireplace, a cretonne valance to that bed, or chintz curtains to those windows. There was a series of mirrors in the room, a great glass in which she could see herself at full length, another framed in the carved oaken dressing table, and smaller ones of various shapes fixed to jointed arms that turned every way. To use them for the first time was like having eyes in the back of the head. She had never really seen herself from all points of view before. As she contemplated herself, she strove not to be ashamed of her dress; but even her face and figure, which usually afforded her unqualified delight, seemed robust and middle-class in Miss Carew's mirrors.

"After all," she said, seating herself on a chair that was even more luxurious to rest in than to look at; "putting the lace out of the question—and my old lace that belongs to mamma is quite as valuable—her whole costume cannot have cost much more than mine. At any rate, it is not worth much more, whatever she may have chosen to pay for it."

But Alice was clever enough to envy Miss Carew her manners more than her dress. She would not admit to herself that she was not thoroughly a lady; but she felt that Lydia, in the eye of a stranger, would answer that description better than she. Still, as far as she had observed, Miss Carew was exceedingly cool in her proceedings, and did not take any pains to please those with whom she conversed. Alice had often made compacts of friendship with young ladies, and had invited them to call her by her Christian name; but on such occasions she had always called them "dear" or "darling," and whilst the friendship lasted (which was often longer than a month; for Alice was a steadfast girl), had never met them without exchanging an embrace and a hearty kiss.

"And nothing," she said, springing from the chair as she thought of this, and speaking very resolutely, "shall tempt me to believe that there is anything vulgar in sincere affection. I will be on my guard against this woman."

Having settled that matter for the present, she resumed her examination of the apartment, and was more and more attracted by it as she proceeded. For, thanks to her eminence as a local beauty, she had not that fear of beautiful and rich things which renders abject people incapable of associating costliness with comfort. Had the counterpane of the bed been Alice's, she would have unhesitatingly converted it into a ball dress. There were toilet appliances of which she had never felt the need, and could only guess the use. She gazed with despair into the two large closets, thinking how poor a show her three dresses, her ulster,

and her few old jackets would make there. Then there was a dressing room with a marble bath that made cleanliness a luxury instead of one of the sternest of the virtues, as it seemed at home. Yet she remarked that though every object was more or less ornamental, nothing had been placed in the rooms for the sake of ornament alone. Miss Carew, judged by her domestic arrangements, was a utilitarian before everything. There was a very handsome chimneypiece; but as there was nothing on the mantelboard, Alice made a faint effort to believe that it was inferior in point of taste to that in her own bedroom, which was covered with blue cloth, surrounded by fringe and brass headed nails, and laden with photographs in plush frames.

The striking of the hour reminded her that she had forgotten to prepare for dinner. She hastily took off her hat, washed her hands, spent another minute among the mirrors, and was summoning courage to ring the bell, when a doubt occurred to her. Ought she to put on her gloves before going down or not? This kept her in perplexity for many seconds. At last she resolved to put her gloves in her pocket, and be guided as to their further disposal by the example of her hostess. Then, not daring to hesitate any longer, she rang the bell, and was presently joined by a French lady of polished manners—Miss Carew's maid—who conducted her to the boudoir, an hexagonal apartment that, Alice thought, a sultana might have envied. Lydia was there, reading. Alice noted with relief that she had not changed her dress, and that she was ungloved.

Miss Goff did not enjoy the dinner. There was a butler who seemed to have nothing to do but stand at a buffet and watch her. There was also a swift, noiseless footman who presented himself at her elbow at intervals, and compelled her to choose on the instant between unfamiliar things to eat and drink. She envied these men their knowledge of society, and shrank from their criticism. Once, after taking a piece of asparagus in her hand, she was deeply mortified at seeing her hostess consume the vegetable by means of a knife and fork: but the footman's back was turned to her just then; and the butler, oppressed by the heat of the weather, was in a state of abstraction bordering on sleep. On the whole, by dint of imitating Miss Carew, who did not plague her with any hostess-like vigilance, she came off without discredit to her breeding.

Lydia, on her part, acknowledged no obligation to entertain her guest by chatting, and enjoyed her thoughts and her dinner in silence. Alice began to be fascinated by her, and to wonder what she was thinking about. She fancied that the footman was not quite free from the same influence. Even the butler might have been meditating himself to sleep on the subject. Alice felt tempted to offer her a penny for her thoughts. But she dared not be so familiar as yet. And, had the offer been made and accepted, butler, footman, and guest would have been plunged into equal confusion by the explanation, which would have run thus:

"I saw a vision of the Hermes of Praxiteles in a sylvan haunt to-day; and I am thinking of that."

*(To be continued).*

## Associated Homes.

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THE recent revival of Socialism is remarkable for the entire absence of the social community idea which in earlier Utopian socialistic schemes held so prominent a place. Many adaptations of Socialistic theories to national and industrial life are being advocated and discussed, but the smaller union of families has hardly been referred to. To-day the Socialist seems to begin at the circumference with such a proposal as the nationalization of the land and hopes to work towards the centre. Formerly in the scheme of Robert Dale Owen, the family was the centre from which the reconstruction of society was to radiate. This change in the present day socialistic method is perhaps due to the failure of early "familistère" schemes, and also, no doubt, to the greater development of the factory system of organized labour influencing public opinion more on the lines of political and industrial organization, than on that of the family affinities. Yet whatever the reason for this change, the same lapse of time that has brought it about, has also brought about a state of things in our large cities, especially in London, which is much more favourable to the realization of the united family idea than anything existing fifty years ago. The changes are both social and material, general and particular. Of course every better organization of society is helped by the better education, wider interests and more tolerant feelings characteristic of to-day as compared with the Chartist and Christian Socialist times.

But apart from these general considerations, important though they undoubtedly are, there is this fact that a large part of Robert Owen's scheme is in active operation now in London. Owen's methods are modified, but his principles are in the main adopted, though not exactly in the way he intended. The results are not so much for the benefit of all concerned as Owen designed, because there is less mutual co-operation than he proposed. Still many of the economies he advocated, such as large many-roomed houses containing many different families and wholesale cooking of food for large numbers are now common in most large towns. These great blocks of "dwellings" (of which the "Peabody Block" was the first sample and is still a good type of the cheaper quality) and the many dining rooms and "cook shops" all over London have



sprung up entirely because of a commercial demand. Their basis is business, not social theory. Yet they carry out, in a different way no doubt, part of Owen's plan. What is omitted as things are, is the unity of interest and the educational value of some local social organization which would more fully utilize these possibilities of material economy. It is therefore worth the consideration of modern constructive Socialism whether, with the advantages of to-day some return could not profitably be made to the earlier ideal.

Many of the large groups of blocks of dwellings are built very much on the same general plan as the "model industrial community" advocated by Owen. There is this great difference however. The "community" was a unit working on a common centre while in the London block every one, two or perhaps three rooms out of the five or six hundred rooms comprising the group of blocks is a separate kingdom complete in itself and entirely independent of the others. The "community" idea was one central kitchen and a wholesale cooking for the entire population. The modern block idea is a kitchen in almost every room, which in many cases is also a bed-room. Could not a union and modification of these two extremes very easily be effected with advantage to those concerned? The first, the community idea, is certainly the most economical, otherwise the "penny dinners" we hear so much about would not be possible. The second, the block idea, is certainly the most wasteful and full of discomfort. It is supposed to be the most "English" and "homely." Surely it is a misapplication of the word to suppose that home cannot exist if the family food is not prepared in the family sitting-room or bed-room. Those having a room or rooms in the Grand Hotel at Charing Cross would think it strange if told to do their cooking or even dining in them. Step a few yards north east to the Peabody Blocks in Bedfordbury and you will find another class of people who think it strange *not* to do their cooking in their own little rooms. The fact that those in the Hotel employ others to cook and clean for them is not sufficient explanation. The dwellers in Bedfordbury and other blocks employ the baker to cook their bread. When they learn that matters can be equitably organised so that all their food may be more cheaply and better cooked than they can do it individually, they will also cease to purchase their two ounces of tea, quarter of a pound of butter etc., in separate uncooked portions. The public cook shops and dining rooms are now sometimes used as supplementary to household preparations. A good deal yet requires to be done in bringing into closer and more mutually helpful relations wholesale purchase, cooking, and distribution of food as a matter of better domestic arrangement, and not merely for the male members of society who are more in the streets and about town. This is a practical business question of mutual co-operation. It is not a question of fine theories of the brotherhood of man. Yet both these elements enter into it and it is only by a careful recognition of both points that the matter can be suitably settled. There must be a strict business basis of justice to the individual and also a joint interest as a bond of union. The business connection must be close enough for economic efficiency, yet there must be freedom enough for social liberty.

This general statement of the case is not a mere begging of the question. The associated home idea which these phrases express (or cover a cynic may say) is a voluntary union which may be either much or little either economically or socially as each individual of the Associated Home may desire. It is not a boarding house or a hotel but the voluntary union of various people (whose homes are situated close to each other, in the same house in fact) for their mutual advantage in certain departments of domestic work. In the large blocks of dwellings now being built, such as Queen's Buildings, Southwark Bridge Road, the homes are now closely associated in the matter of the arrangement of the various apartments. The complement to such material association is a social and mutually helpful relation between the persons occupying these apartments. Each block or each group of blocks if not too large should be a unit, just as a large house or a large hotel is a unit serving common purposes from a single centre. There are large old city houses, used at one time by a single family and its attendants but now divided up with separate families in every one or two rooms.\* The new houses built with the idea of division for separate families is not unfavourable to a re-union of the larger whole on terms in keeping with modern ideas and methods. With the single family there is one purse and one authority. That is the small unit of the past. This is in keeping with the time when the family coach slowly and laboriously carried its owner up to London from the country. The larger unit of the present and future has a joint stock purse and a joint delegated authority. This latter is in keeping with the railway express flying along with five hundred passengers. A similar union is possible to the dwellers in the small rooms of our large blocks with equally good results. How? By a further adoption of the principle of co-operation which has successfully established stores all over England, especially in the northern counties. The present stores exist to purchase provisions wholesale and distribute in retail. The Associated Home would simply cook the provisions before delivery, and delivery could be made either in a central dining hall or at the private rooms of members as arranged. The Associated Home would also make more complete arrangements by public rooms of the nature of a club for the social life of its members than the co-operative stores do at present. By this process and by what it implies in other details one large kitchen would almost entirely supersede many little kitchens all over the block. As pointed out earlier in this article the wholesale kitchen is not either a new idea or a new fact to-day. Public dining rooms abound in all large towns. What is new about the present proposal is that those living close together in the modern block should form themselves into a co-operative society for the supply of household meals. There is no reason why the women and children who wait at home should not have the advantage of wholesale purchase and cooking from a common centre in the same way as the husbands and brothers who dine in the city. There is every reason why they should do so because they could

\* This division of the original home unit is a process of disintegration and decay, the converse process of uniting houses built with the idea of separate homes is one of construction and growth.

secure an additional economy by forming a society and doing it for themselves. The co-operative domestic society combines all the conditions. The economy of united interests on a distinct business basis of justice to the individual.

Co-operative societies are usually formed on the basis of £1 shares. Each member must hold not less than one share. After it is fully paid up interest at 5 per cent. per annum is allowed. Interest on capital having been paid, all the profits (except a variable amount usually put to a "reserve fund") are divided in proportion to purchases. This dividend in Stores ranges from 6d. to 1s. 6d. per £1. The books are made up and dividend declared every three months in all Co-operative Stores on the "Rochdale" system. Thus if a member has purchased £20 worth of goods during the quarter, and the dividend for that quarter is 1s., he receives £1. This—the "Rochdale" system—is what co-operators call "equitable distribution." It provides for a fair interest (a fixed first charge) on the capital invested, a fair wage to the workers employed (many societies give a percentage to employés on the trade done), and then returns all the surplus profit to those on whose trade it was earned. In the co-operative store the capital belongs to the members, who are also the customers. As they take the risk they also take the profits. In the co-operative system the customer often takes more personal trouble than in individual trade. In a domestic co-operative society this greater mutual helpfulness between shopman and customer would most likely be increased. Provision for it would indeed be made in the constitution of the society. Women's work, it is said, is never done. This is because they are expected to attend to everything and everybody from early morn to late at eve. This, again, is because the unit of a single family is not large enough to admit of proper division of labour. In the Associated Home this could be remedied to a large extent. Within the larger number united for a common work there would be room for a proper division of labour. Instead of a few people doing everything, a much larger number would arrange to take turns in doing various duties. To begin with, the total amount of work would be greatly reduced. The work of preparing food for 200 people is much less when undertaken with the special appliances of a single large kitchen, as compared with doing it in thirty small kitchens. For the present the Associated Home as a society would leave out of consideration the work of the private rooms of members—the cleaning and dusting, etc., of bedrooms and sitting-rooms. The necessary work of the associate interests would be much less. It would also be centred in the Society's rooms, which would be related to the private rooms of the members much in the same way as are the public and private rooms of a large hotel. The work would also be done under the supervision of a manager, as is usual in co-operative societies. With one or two permanent and responsible officials the most of the work would be done by members of the Society as part of their regular household duties. That is to say the self-helpfulness of the co-operative customer would be systemized into a regular relay of employés for different times and duties. Some would come down for three hours in the morning and prepare

and serve breakfasts. Others would attend to the preparation and service of dinner, tea, and supper, and so on. All three would be paid servants of the Society, but of course, as each one's work was but a small part of a great whole, her wages would also be but small. Small as it is, however, she is being paid for doing what is really her own family work, and doing it under a better system. The few hours daily taken for the general work of the Society would not interfere with proper attention to the necessary work of members' private rooms. This arrangement of work is based on the idea that those who do the home work are not dependent on the money earnings of that home work for support. The wives, sisters, and daughters who now do the housework of private families are not wage-earners in the usual sense of the term. Their work doubtless is wage worthy, but it is not yet reckoned in that way. Of course these "part time" services to the united work of the Society are by members of the Society, and do not disqualify in any way, except when "on duty," for the enjoyment of the full social privileges of the Society as a club. In the individual home the men and women who go out to business are on the same social level as those who do the household work when they meet either at home or abroad, as they would be in the Associated Home. Of course only those would be employed by the Society who were competent to do the work required. The working-out of this system of mutual service on part time, and on a business basis of efficiency, would have many advantages which need not be detailed at present. Enough has been said to show that the Associated Home idea has no practical difficulties that a one or two years' experience would not wear away.

D. McEWEN.



## The Death of a Tyrant.

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What Custom wills in all things should we do't  
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,  
And mountainous error be too highly heaped  
For truth to overpeer.

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Where the waters embrace and encompass the landing,  
Where the waste hath no knowledge of herbage or tree,  
Where no bird may abide, who is this that is standing  
On the side of the sandhills that slope to the sea ?

All around him the banks by the land-springs are hollowed ;  
At his feet the sands quiver and crumble and slide,  
And are slowly and surely encircled and swallowed  
By the silent and subtle advance of the tide.

In his heart is regret, in his limbs there is languor,  
As of one that remembers days long ago dead :  
In his eyes is the passion of impotent anger,  
And of rage that long brooding on sorrow has bred.

This is he that of old had the nations in bondage,  
This is he that would fain have them worship him still :  
On his forehead are faded the flowers and the frondage,  
That his worshippers wove when they bowed to his will.

As a tale that is told is his strength and its story ;  
For a time and a season men bowed to his sway ;  
For a time and a season their chains were his glory,  
Till they burst them asunder and cast them away.

For the tide of the time with the flood-tide has shifted,  
And its sands are sucked out from the shore to the sea ;  
From the brow of the bondsmen a band has been lifted,  
And the light has arisen that dawns on the free.

Lo, at last in their sight has a beacon been lighted,  
And their hearts with its heat are aflame and aglow ;  
Lo, at last may the eyes that so long were benighted  
See the fear that o'ershadows the face of the foe.

For the ancient dominion of Custom is dying,  
And no friends will take pity and sing it its dirge,  
Save the echoes that answer with sorrowful sighing  
To the wail of the wind and the sob of the surge.

J. L. JOYNES.

## Contemporary Socialism.\*

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IN this volume Dr. John Rae has combined some essays which appeared in the *Contemporary* and *British Quarterly* with a chapter on Henry George and some opinions of his own on the Social Question. It is refreshing to find an opponent of Socialism who endeavours to treat the subject in a reasonable manner, and who has taken the trouble to make some researches on which to base his criticisms and conclusions. That the criticisms are for the most part blows in the air, and the conclusions not warranted by the facts, is probably due to the prejudices of which Mr. Rae has not been able to divest himself.

The re-appearance of Socialist agitation in this country is thus noted in the preface:—"When the first chapter of the present book was put into type there seemed little sign of our long immunity from Socialism, always so strange to foreign observers, being seriously disturbed, but now the air is busy with cries of Social Democracy, Christian Socialism, State Socialism, and every manner of social sentimentality and mysticism. Socialist societies are establishing themselves in the cities and at the universities; Socialist lectures are being delivered; Socialist discussions promoted; and there are already several Socialist organs in the weekly and monthly press, conducted with ability and a somewhat bitter zeal, and numbering among their contributors writers whose names are held in high respect, though, it is true, for other qualities than political wisdom. These organs do not represent, nor do they profess to represent, any positive unity of opinion, but their predominant tendency is the energetic one of revolutionary social democracy, which usually in the end turns and rends the softer varieties of Socialism in whose company it first sets out. It is too soon to say what may come of this movement, or what weight ought to be assigned to it. It would be foolish to disparage it. Haxthausen thought Russia was protected from Socialism by her rural commune. Professor von Stein thought Germany was protected from it by her want of manufacturing industries. Yet both were signally mistaken, and we may possibly cherish a like error if we fancy ourselves to possess a sure

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\* "Contemporary Socialism." By John Rae, M.A. London: Wm. Isbister and Co., Ludgate Hill.

protection against Socialism in the practical character of our people and our habits of free and open discussion? Besides, there are everywhere many to whom the practical test of a scheme will not be, shall we be any better for the change? but rather, can we be any worse for it? and who will look with nothing but hope to any manner of revolution."

Chartism is admitted to have been "essentially a social-democratic movement," and the trade-unions are described as a bulwark against revolution. *Qui vivra verra.* Dr. Rae should pay a visit to Sunderland, where one of the most powerful Unions has failed in a strike lasting for many weary months, with the result that the death rate has risen to 42 per 1,000.

Our author's sincere intentions and deficient information are well illustrated in the description he gives of the aims of Revolutionary Social Democracy. "What they want is a democracy of labour, to use one of their own phrases—that is, a state in which power and property shall be based on labour; where citizenship shall depend on a labour qualification, instead of a qualification of birth or property; where there shall be no citizen who enjoys without labouring, and no citizen who labours without enjoying; where every one who is able to work shall have employment, and every one who has wrought shall retain the whole produce of his labour; and where accordingly, as the indispensable pre-requisite of the whole scheme, the land of the country and all other instruments of production shall be made the joint property of the community, and the conduct of all industrial operations be placed under the direct administration of the State. Furthermore, all this is contended for as a matter of simple right and justice to the labouring classes, on the ground that the wealth of the nation belongs to the hands that made it; it is contended for as an obligation of the State, because the State is held to be merely the organised will of the people, and the people is the labouring class; and it is contended for as an object of immediate accomplishment—if possible, by ordinary constitutional means, but, if not, by revolution."

Here there is no impotent shrieking at the Red Spectre, no direct endeavour to saddle modern scientific thinkers with the responsibility of justifying the noble but Utopian schemes of earlier times and softer heads and hearts; but here also there is no hint that collective control of the means of production is looked on as the *inevitable* result of the socialized system of production, of the factory industry, the competition for the world-market, and the infinite subdivision of labour which makes socialized distribution and exchange of wealth at once possible and necessary; no hint that public ownership is recognised as merely the next stage in the evolution of society, just as the last stage in that evolution has been the supersession of the individual owner and organiser of industry by the Corporation or Joint Stock Company with its elected and paid officials; nothing to suggest that Socialists of our times have learnt that the only possible liberty consists not in doing what we should like, but what the inexorable laws which govern the growth of Society will *force* upon us whether we like it or not.

Dr. Rae is apparently quite alive to the necessity of a social change of some sort ; the precise nature of the reforms he advocates will be indicated later on. He does not say with Mr. Mallock that the misery we see around us is a necessary concomitant of civilisation. He indeed does not attempt to take a rose-coloured view of our society as it is. "No thoughtful person of any class can be contented or can avoid grave misgivings and apprehensions when he reflects that in the wealthiest nation in the world, almost every twentieth inhabitant is a pauper ; that according to poor-law reports, one-fifth of the community is insufficiently clad ; that according to medical reports to the Privy Council, the agricultural labourers and large classes of working people in towns are too poorly fed to save them from what are known as starvation diseases ; that the great proportion of our population lead a life of monotonous and incessant toil, with no prospect in old age but penury and parochial support ; and that one-third, if not indeed one-half, of the families of the country, are huddled, six in a room, in a way quite incompatible with the elementary claims of decency, health or morality."

Though he acknowledges this much, Dr. Rae is, of course, above all things sternly practical. He thinks a reformer "may look for a time when comfort and civilization shall be more universally and securely diffused ; when heads and hands in the world of labour shall work together in amity ; when competition and exclusive private property and self-interest shall be swallowed up in love and common labour. But he knows that the transformation must be gradual, and that the material conditions of it must never be pushed on in advance of the intellectual and moral." In other words Dr. Rae is so practical that he overlooks the fact that the economical conditions are so far advanced and daily advancing more rapidly. He naturally scouts as impracticable the only people who are advancing the intellectual conditions by educating the workers as to the causes of their degradation. He would have us believe that the moral conditions are neglected by those who unceasingly remind the oppressed that to submit wittingly to oppression is craven and constantly warn the well-to-do that there is a good time coming shortly when the immoral perversion of wealth, ground out of the misery of the poor, to minister to the luxury of the rich shall be prevented by "law" based on social justice and restrained by "order" quite other than that which reigned at Warsaw.

The introduction opens with a very interesting enquiry as to whether Democracy necessarily leads to Socialism. Dr. Rae wisely thinks that an important condition is "whether the laws and economical situation of the country have conduced to a dispersion or concentration of property," and declares that "the future stands before us with a solemn choice: property must either contrive to get widely distributed or it will be nationalised altogether." He is wise enough to perceive that property will not distribute itself and to fear that the State in endeavouring to distribute it will increase the already strong tendency of Democracy towards Socialism.

Then follows a summary of the progress of Socialism in various



countries which will be very disquieting to most of his readers but is, not unnaturally, rather an under-statement of the facts. Dr. Rae notably fails in endeavouring to ascribe the rapidity of the spread of our ideas in the United States entirely to German immigration. That undoubtedly has had some effect, but surely Dr. Rae must be aware that the "economical situation of the country" is the real cause. If Bismarck had never spread, by exiling a single Socialist, the ideas he vainly tries to suppress, the country that rejoices in the existence of the Standard Oil Company, whisky rings, railway rings, Jay Goulds, Vanderbilts, Stanfords, Crockers, and Huntingtons would have bred its own Socialists very quickly. But the worst error is in his confidence that "Socialism has gained no serious foothold in England." This passage was of course written before the quotation we have given from the preface, and Dr. Rae must be very sorry now that he ever penned it. The worth of Dr. Rae's remarks on the subject may be gauged by what he says of one of the most remarkable instances of State interference, the establishment of the germ of national banking:—"Perhaps the best safeguard against undue demands on the power of the State by the labouring classes is to enlarge their experience of how much they can do for themselves with the limited pecuniary ability they at present possess, if they receive sufficient encouragement to husband it and opportunity to invest it; and no one has done more for this end than Mr. Fawcett himself since he assumed the administration of the Post-office." When we remember that Dr. Rae is aware that Socialism "grows by what it feeds on," this passage of his is mere twaddle, and we are afraid that Dr. Rae knew that when he wrote it.

There is one point at least on which our author agrees with his opponents. "The decline of religious belief must certainly have impaired the patience with which the poor endured the miseries of their lot, when they still entertained the hope of exchanging it in a few short years for a happier and an everlasting one hereafter." Dr. Rae says this of Germany, but the observation is equally true of this country where the enemies of religion proclaim and the ministers of all denominations are forced to admit the decay of all religious belief among the "masses" of our large towns.

The chapters on Lassalle and Karl Marx are on the whole very fair from an opponent if they do not contain very much information. The contention as to the originality of Lassalle's ideas is briefly dismissed with the assurance that discussions on such subjects are fruitless, "especially if the idea be a false one." The value of Marx as a thinker is, of course, much under-estimated, but his services as an active revolutionary are aptly summed up in the sentence, "He sought, in short, to introduce the large system of production into the art of conspiracy."

The story of the schism in the "International" is told by Dr. Rae as well as it could be by an avowed opponent of both Collectivism and Anarchism writing without personal knowledge, but the whole history has yet to be told, and perhaps will be by some of the actors in the episode who are yet alive. We can learn something from our enemies, and, in the light of recent events and threats, Socialists in England may well lay to heart the comments

of Dr. Rae on this instance of "discord and division." "And so, with high thoughts of spreading a reign of fraternity over the earth, the International Working Men's Association perished, because being only human, it could not maintain fraternity in its own narrow borders. This is a history that repeats itself again and again in Socialist movements. As W. Marr said in the remark quoted above, revolutionists will only unite on a negation; the moment they begin to ask what they will put in its place they differ and dispute and come to nought. Apprehend them, close their meetings, banish their leaders, and you knit them by common suffering to common resistance. You supply them with a negation of engrossing interest, you preoccupy their minds with a negative programme which keeps them united, and so you prevent them from raising the fatal question—What next? which they never discuss without breaking up into rival sects and factions, fraternal often in nothing but their hatred. 'It is the shades that hate one another, not the colours.' Such disruptions and secessions may—as they did in Germany—by emulation, increase for a time the efficiency of the organization as a propagandist agency, but they certainly diminish its danger as a possible instrument of insurrection. A Socialist organization seems always to contain two elements of internal disintegration. One is the prevalence of a singular and almost pathetic mistrust of their leaders, and of one another. The law of suspects is always in force among themselves. At meetings of the German Socialists, Liebknecht denounces Schweitzer as an agent of the Prussian Government, Schweitzer accuses Liebknecht of being an Austrian spy, and the frequent hints at bribery, and open charges of treason against the labourers' cause, disclose to us now duller and now more acute phases of that unhappy state of mutual suspicion, in which the one supreme, superhuman virtue, worthy to be worshipped, if happily it could anywhere be discovered, is the virtue men honoured even in Robespierre—the incorruptible. The other source of disintegration is the tendency to intestine divisions on points of doctrine. A reconstruction of society is necessarily a most extensive programme, and allows room for the utmost variety of opinion and plan. The longer it is discussed the more certainly do differences arise, and the movement becomes a strife of schools in no way formidable to the government. All this only furnishes another reason for the conclusion that in dealing with Socialist agitations, a government's safest as well as justest policy is, as much as may be, to leave them alone. Their danger lies in the cloudiness of their ideas, and that can only be dispersed in the free breezes of popular discussion. The sword is an idle method of reasoning with an idea; an idea will eventually yield to nothing but argument. Repression, too, is absolutely impossible with modern facilities of inter-communication, and can at best but drive the offensive elements for a time into subterranean channels, where they gather like a dangerous choke-damp that may occasion at any moment a serious explosion."

In the chapter in which Dr. Rae gives the result of his own cogitations on the Social Question, he appears to think he has admitted too much, and takes to the optimist view of "a system

of society, whose possibilities of answering the legitimate aspirations of the working classes are so far from being exhausted." He contests the chief arguments of the Socialists with great courage, and follows each attack with a damaging admission which makes him, like so many other writers on the subject, appear in the light of a bourgeois Balaam coming forth to curse and ending by blessing his opponents. For instance, according to him the Socialists greatly misconceive the effects of the large system of production of which he admits the result to be "the decadence of the lower middle classes"! the reduction of the workers "more and more to the permanent position of wage labourers"!! with "fewer opportunities of rising to a competency"!!! Again, Dr. Rae doughtily proclaims that "the position of the wage labourer is better than it has been for 300 years." This assertion he supports by saying vaguely that butcher's meat was the only thing which was cheaper then than now (entirely forgetting the enormous rise in the item of rent), and, more vaguely still, that "then the general advantages of advancing civilization which are the heritage of all, were either absent or inferior." Of course he brings figures to aid him, and the best he can make of a comparison of the estimates of Gregory King and Dr. Davenant in 1688, with Mr. Dudley Baxter's calculation of the income of the working classes in 1867, and Professor Leone Levi's guess at their numbers in 1871, is that it is "sufficient to disperse gloomy apprehensions" to figure out that the average income of a working-class *family* is now £81, and that the producers of the total income of the country get 40 per cent. of it. He denies the truth of the "iron law of wages," on the ground that the standard economists hold that the amount of the minimum wages depends on the standard of comfort which the workers will consent to adopt, and complacently concludes what he seems to think a triumphant demolition of the Socialist theory of wages by emphatically endorsing Adam Smith's dictum that "in a society in which industry was conducted without the intervention of an employing class the wages of labour would consist of its product."

The growing uncertainty of employment, owing to the introduction of labour-saving machinery and new methods of production, is first denied and then admitted by Dr. Rae, who sums up by declaring that "State provision of work has many drawbacks, but something more must be provided for the case than workhouse and prison." As to commercial crises he claims that we are free from famine, which was so terrible a scourge to our ancestors, though he had previously acknowledged the prevalence of starvation diseases amongst the agricultural labourers and wage-classes in towns; finally he looks for improvement, as usual, to the Socialist proposals of commercial statistics and international co-operation.

One of the worst instances of this writer's puzzleheadedness or wilful misinterpretation of fact appears in his criticism on our views of the remuneration of labour. "Why is an organiser of manual labour better paid than the manual labourer himself? Why is the railway chairman better paid than the railway porter? Is it because he exerts more labour, more socially necessary time o

labour? No, the explanation is not to be found in different quantities of labour, but in different qualities of labour. . . . Let every man have according to his work if you will; but then, in measuring work, the true standard of its value is not its duration but the social importance of the service it is calculated to render." Here, of course, Dr. Rae assumes that there is a free competition for the office of chairman of a railway. He chooses to forget that one of the conditions of eligibility is considerable wealth, the possession of a large number of shares in the concern, and that among the few who satisfy these conditions, and who therefore naturally want a high reward to tempt them to undertake their nominal work, there is a combination stronger than any trade union. We can guess what would be the remuneration of industrial managers under free competition from the fact that the cleverest of our middle class youths can be got to go to India as civil servants—submit, that is, to exile in a bad climate where money is less valuable than at home—for £400 per annum, and here also the middle class trade union raises the salary. But we prefer to meet Dr. Rae on his own ground when he says with charming frankness that it is useless to talk about the justice of the matter, "the real question is whether society can perform the services it now accepts from private capitalists better or more economically without them." We think it can, because with the increasing displacement of individual by joint-stock enterprise, the capitalist ceases to perform any service whatever, delegating all the work of organising and administering the business to elected and paid officials, who could just as easily be elected by society. The only difference would be that now the shareholders insist that their officials shall secure a profit from the business; then society, equally prompted by self-interest, would insist that the business should be conducted so as to benefit the community. Let us take as an illustration the change which is going on under our own eyes in the methods of retail trade. In the year of the battle of Waterloo the largest shop in London is said to have employed but sixteen assistants. Now there are in the metropolis firms which employ sixteen hundred men and women in carrying on a dozen branches of retail trade under one management. This change has been effected in three score years and ten by the same causes which revolutionised productive industry. The Universal Providers, Bon Marchés, and Co-operative Stores have come into existence, multiplied and thriven because they perform their services to society "better and more economically" than do petty shopkeepers. Everyone sees that in the competitive struggle the big firm, with its enormous capital, its economy in rent, lighting and superintendence and its advantage in buying on a large scale must eventually crush out its weaker rivals. The small firms indeed are finding out that it is so in the large towns, and the establishment of the Parcels Post, the last encroachment of the State on private enterprise, will undoubtedly ruin hundreds of shopkeepers in country towns as their patrons find it possible to transfer their custom to the co-operative stores in London. This form of expropriation (without compensation) of the smaller capitalist by the greater goes on, in spite of the protest of its victims, and with such

rapidity that in the next generation England will no longer be a nation of shopkeepers. But the gigantic emporium which proves its fitness to survive by drawing to itself the trade of fifty bankrupt shopkeepers is invariably the property, not of one individual, but of many capitalists. Their function is not to exercise the "organising brain" of which we hear so much. That is done by the managers, secretaries and officials who are elected and paid fixed salaries by the proprietors or shareholders, who beyond this election take no active part in the business. Now let us ask Dr. Rae's question. Is it not certain that the organising officials could be appointed by a board of directors elected by the whole community in the town, district or nation just as well as they are now appointed by a board elected by the shareholders? The saving would consist of the whole of the profits of the business. In point of fact this saving has been effected by the "municipalization" of the gas and water supply in Birmingham. Can any sane man doubt that similar economies will shortly be effected in all concerns in which the natural evolution of society has reduced the proprietors to the position of mere dividend absorbing shareholders? And this is the position at this moment of the proprietors of our railways, shipping, tramways, omnibuses, collieries and mines, while every branch of industry is in a more or less advanced stage of the progress from control by the individual to control by the community through its representatives. Of course Dr. Rae paints the evils of bureaucratic management in dark colours, and says nothing as to the waste caused by competition. Those who share his terrors would do well to read the chapters on Democratic Administration in Mr. Laurence Gronlund's work, "The Co-operative Commonwealth" of which an English edition is now published.

After a great deal of confused writing Dr. Rae finally comes to the conclusion that the best hope of improvement lies in the extension of trade unions, social reforms, and co-operative production, and fails utterly to see that each argument in favour of his proposals applies with tenfold force to carrying them out nationally and internationally by the collective self-help of the workers themselves organised in the democratic State. Many of the faults of the book are no doubt due to the fact that the chapters were written separately and thrown together afterwards. But it is, with all its faults, more likely to make its readers Socialists than a much better book by a much better writer. It is likely to be read by many a man who would never take up an avowed defence of Collectivism and no one can read it carefully without coming to the conclusion that the theories of Socialists are supported by Dr. Rae himself whenever he descends to argument.

H. H. CHAMPION.



# TO-DAY.

No. 18.—JUNE, 1885.

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## Socialist Spring Song.

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The Spring is here, and the long nights grow  
Less bitterly cold than awhile ago,  
Our rags serve their purpose now and keep  
Warmth enough in us to let us sleep,  
The rain that trickles down our walls  
No longer seems to freeze as it falls,  
There was dust, not mud, on our feet today,  
There's some green in a flower-pot over the way,  
The sky-strip over the court 's changed hue—  
From dull yellow-gray to clear gray blue ;  
Through our broken windows no more the storm  
Laughs and shrieks as we try to keep warm,  
But through dusty panes long sunbeams peer,  
For the Spring is here.

Small joy the greenness and grace of spring  
To gray hard lives like our own can bring.  
A drowning man cares little to think  
Of the lights on the waves where he soon must sink.  
The greenest garments the spring can wear  
Are black already with our despair.  
Earth will be one with us soon, shall we care  
If snow or sunshine be over us there,  
Or if wintry the world be we found so drear  
Or if Spring be here ?

In the Western half of our Christian town  
The winter only pretends to frown,  
Vol. III. No. 6. New Series.

And when his undreaded rage is done  
 The "London Season" they say is begun.  
 With wine, feast, revelling, laugh and song,  
 The hours rose-garlanded dance along.  
 The whirl of wickedness wilder grows,  
 In this western camp of our bitter foes.  
 They fight with each other—the victors take  
 The largest share of the wealth we make.  
 They spend on their houses, their women, their wives,  
 The money wrung from our blasted lives.  
 It is theirs to enjoy—it is ours to pay.  
 Do they never dream of a reckoning day  
 When the lives they have wrecked shall be counted up,  
 And measured the blood that has brightened their cup,  
 When we who have worked shall take payment due  
 And they, for their work, shall have payment too?  
 Do they dream of that coming time? Not they!  
 Their feet flit fast down the steep swift way.  
 They see not the waiting snakes that hide  
 In the hot-house flowers at their life-path's side.  
 They know no justice, no pity, no fear—  
 But the Spring is here!

Yes—*here!* In the hope we had almost lost  
 That has sprung to bud after long years' frost—  
 In this fire in our veins that cries "Give youth,  
 Love, manhood, life, for the Right and the Truth."  
 In our steady purpose—for Freedom's sake—  
 Through custom, privilege, "Fate," to break—  
 In the brains of the thinkers, the arms of the men  
 Who will strike and strike and still strike again  
 Till they cut our way to the land of flowers,  
 And the summer of freedom at last is ours.  
 In these is the Spring. The winter was sore—  
 It is over and done—and will come no more.  
 The fruit will grow with the changing year  
 Though only the blossoms now appear  
 For the sake of the fruit the blossoms are dear,  
 And the Spring is here—the Spring is here.

E. NESBIT.

## A Nursery of Millionaires

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ETON College is an institution which is usually regarded by advanced thinkers with a feeling akin to despair. "*Non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda e passa*," is the thought that is uppermost in their minds, as they see the provoking stability and prosperity enjoyed by this remarkable relic of mediæval times, to which, in spite of the acknowledged deficiencies in the Eton system of education, our modern aristocrats and plutocrats vie in sending their sons. Yet the study of Eton ought surely to be interesting and instructive to all advocates of social reform, if only for the reason that it furnishes them with an admirable example of the evil results of inordinate wealth. Just as a philosophical writer, engaged in studying the question of Liberty from every point of view, might not unprofitably undertake a journey to St. Petersburg, in order to observe the working of the precisely opposite system to that which he advocates, so the social reformer may derive an unfailing text for his sermons by the contemplation of the chief of English public schools. Eton, the nursery of our future landlords and capitalists, offers a *multum-in-parvo* of information on the subject of social inequality and freedom of contract; for it shows us not only the benefits that result from a richly endowed institution, and a schol composed of the sons of the wealthiest men in the country, but also a model system of free trade in boys, and internecine competition among the masters engaged in tuition.

It is sometimes urged, in defence of the Eton system, that the social advantages of the school outbalance educational defects. Boys are sent to Eton, it is said, to learn how to *live* rather than to acquire book-learning. I fear that this consolatory suggestion, which is often fondly entertained by patriotic Etonians, has little foundation in fact, for though Eton boys have of course the opportunity common to all other schoolboys, and not peculiar to Etonians, of making school friendships which are often valuable in after-life, they have certainly no special reason to congratulate themselves, as far as Eton itself is concerned, on the social condition of its inmates. It will perhaps be found convenient to consider the social *status* of Eton under three heads—viz. (1) the endowed College; (2) the position of the boys; (3) the position of the masters.

(1) In the first place, we find at Eton one of the most richly



endowed colleges in England, thanks to the munificent provision of the Royal Founder, Henry VI., whose praiseworthy intention was to establish "a seat of learning for poor scholars," though Eton has unfortunately become precisely the opposite of this. One peculiarity of Eton is what may be called its dual control, for the *College* government is still distinct from the *School*, though both are now under the supervision of the governing body. There are accordingly two funds; of which the *College* fund is supplied by the revenues derived from land, tithes, and house-rent, while the *School* fund is dependent on the payments made by the parents of the boys. Eton thus possesses an immense pecuniary advantage over ordinary schools, which are compelled to pay *all* expenses out of the regular school charges; whereas at Eton, the building expenses and such-like outlays, are defrayed by the *College*, and the *School* fund is only called upon to pay masters' salaries and direct educational charges. In other words, the nation, or a portion of the nation, contributes annually a large sum towards the maintenance of a wealthy institution which is already amply supplied by the heavy charges levied on the parents of the boys. What good is done with all these *College* revenues? What can this "endowed *College*," or in plain words, charity school, show for all the money it annually draws? The question may readily be asked; but it is not so easy to answer it? The maintenance and education of the seventy King's Scholars, which is the chief function performed by the *College* of Eton, can hardly be held to be a very valuable service to the country in general, for the pious intention of the founder is now quite disregarded, and the King's Scholars are for the most part sons of well-to-do parents, who could easily afford to pay for their childrens' education from their private resources. But the most flagrant waste in the application of these funds, is the payment of a Provost and Fellows for doing nothing at all. The Provost receives £2,000 a year, without the obligation of any duties worthy of the name, while the Fellows each get some £800 a year, together with a residence in *College*, and a valuable country living into the bargain. The absurdity of this arrangement has been so far recognised, that no more Fellows are now to be appointed; but the Provostship has been allowed to remain intact, though it is obvious that the nominal duties of the Provost could be far better discharged by the Head-Master. On the whole, it is impossible to examine this endowed institution with one's eyes open, without coming to the conclusion that a vast deal of the nation's money is annually squandered in supporting a very costly and very useless establishment.

(2) Secondly let us consider a still more important subject, the social influences surrounding the boys educated at Eton. Nowhere are the baneful effects of inordinate wealth more conspicuously seen than in this nursery of youthful millionaires. The boys themselves, under favourable conditions, would offer good material to the teacher, being in a large majority of cases naturally good-tempered and well-meaning enough, but they are ruined by the very profusion of the gifts which fortune has lavished on them. How can boys become otherwise than extravagant, selfish, and unintellectual, when they are

unfortunate enough to possess the means of indulging every luxurious whim that enters their minds? It is no exaggeration to say that an Eton boy often spends in the course of a school-time as much money as would support a poor family for the same period; and this too in mere additional luxuries, quite irrespective of the regular school expenses. Unnecessary bills at the tailor's and haberdasher's; unnecessary purchases for the adornment of his person or his room; unnecessary feeding at the pastry-cook's or confectioner's; all these soon form lasting habits of selfish indulgence, for which no amount of graceful self-possession and ease of demeanour can possibly compensate.\* It is impossible to blame individual parents for their son's extravagance; indeed, many of them are fully aware of the temptations the boys incur by this superabundance of wealth, but at Rome one must do as Rome does, and the force of custom is too strong to admit of individual improvement. It is only one more proof, if proof were needed, that the unequal distribution of wealth is fatal to the true welfare of the rich, as well as a crushing injustice to the poor.

The extravagance of Eton boys is recognised and deplored by many Etonians, and it was as a counterpoise to this growing evil that the "Eton Mission" in Hackney Wick was established some years ago. The object of those who promoted this charitable institution was doubtless beyond all praise, but it must nevertheless be pointed out that such charity, though it may benefit a few individuals, can do no lasting good either to the upper classes or the lower, to those who give, or those who take. It cannot permanently benefit the poor; for it does not attempt to ascertain and remove the root of the evil. It cannot really benefit the rich; for to give a trifle out of much superfluous wealth is no very valuable moral training, especially for boys who regard all such subscriptions as a necessary tax, to be extracted, if possible, from the parental purse. How different might it be, if Eton boys were invited to consider the true source of their parents' wealth; if the proposition were set nakedly before them. What is the meaning of "having—say—ten thousand a year?" If they were once led to ponder the question why they and their parents are clothed, fed, and supported, without being compelled to work for their own living, it might be an invaluable moral lesson, and one that would make them less disposed to indulge thenceforth in any needless luxuries and extravagance. But this is a subject which must be carefully concealed from Eton boys; and accordingly they grow up with an undisturbed conscience, and a serene conviction that it is a fine thing to live sumptuously on the labour of others.

(3) This brings me to the third division of our subject. It being obvious enough, if not to Eton boys, at any rate to the readers of *To-Day*, that the lavish wealth which supports this aristocratic school is the fruit of the toil of thousands of poor men in fields and factories, whose children are starved in body and mind in order that their employers' sons may be educated regardless of cost; we may at least expect a striking result from this favoured institution. As the parents of Eton boys are able, through the power they possess over the labour of their poorer fellow-countrymen, to pay enormous sums for their children's education, and as the College

of Eton is largely endowed with revenues drawn from the same source, we may reasonably look to this quarter for a masterpiece of educational success. Other and cheaper schools, which have to contend with the difficulty of insufficient funds, manage to give their boys a more or less satisfactory training; but at Eton we shall surely find the *ne plus ultra* of sound scholarship and intellectual acquirements. Strange to say, the result is the very contrary of our anticipations. Nowhere is there a more shallow, flimsy, and unsatisfactory education than that given in Henry VI's Royal Institution; the poorest grammar-school would be ashamed to turn out boys so ill-educated as nine-tenths of our Etonians. And the main cause of this is not far to seek; it is the competition among the masters themselves that ruins the efficiency of the teaching at Eton, and prevents any real progress. Most unhappily for the school, the system of payment is based on an indirect and competitive method of remuneration, which allows some individuals to become extremely rich, while others, for no apparent reason, are left in comparative poverty. This internecine competition, this system of "devil take the hindmost" in the matter of getting pupils, is the more deplorable at Eton, because the very large payments made by the parents of the boys would, if fairly apportioned, enable all the masters, indeed a much larger staff than that at present appointed, to draw proper salaries. Exclusive of all charges for board and maintenance (which are very high), each boy pays an entrance fee of ten guineas, and an annual sum of £24 into the school fund. Taking the average number of boys as 900, and the average entry of new boys as 300 in the year, we find the school fund in possession of between £24,000 and £25,000 for annual payment of Masters and educational expenses. But, besides this, each boy has to pay £21 per annum to a private classical tutor, and thus a sum of nearly £19,000 is spent wholly on indirect tuition, and is scrambled for by a competitive process from which all non-classical masters are rigidly excluded. What wonder if the School fund is impoverished by this immense absorption of money into private channels? The result of this special endowment of the classical masters is of course the creation of a "vested interest" as a privileged class, which insists on the retainment of the old classical *curriculum*, in all its utter absurdity and waste of time, for fear that the introduction of modern studies should necessitate a reform of the financial system, and thus lead to the abolition of the tutorial fee. Moreover, as the school fund is thus impoverished by the interception of nearly half the money paid by the parents of the boys, it is impossible to engage as many masters as the large size of the school really demands, and, accordingly, the "divisions" often contain as many as forty boys, and never less than thirty, thus seriously impairing the efficiency of the teaching. In fact, nearly all the defects in the Eton system of education, and their name is legion, are directly due to the anomalous method of payment, and the ceaseless competition among the classical masters to secure the largest number of private pupils. Reforms which have long been urgently needed are constantly postponed, in order that the existing state of affairs may not be interfered with; and the utility

of the schoolwork is thus ruthlessly sacrificed to private interests.

So far, I have spoken only of the payments for educational work; but if we turn to the boarding-houses, we find just the same indecent scramble going on, and here, too, on a large scale, for the mathematical and science masters have now established their right to take a house, though they cannot take "pupils." In a collegiate establishment such as Eton, where a sort of brotherhood is supposed to exist among the masters, one would have thought that the entrance of new boys into the various houses would be arranged on some fair and equitable principle, by which each master would have his just share, no more and no less. Free trade in boys, and freedom of contract for masters, have, however, brought about a totally different result. Some houses are full to overflowing, thus enabling the lucky masters who hold them to lay by very large sums of money every year; while others are so empty as to reduce their unfortunate owners almost to beggary; and this inequality is generally owing to mere luck or prejudice, and not to any difference of ability in the masters themselves.

Thus it comes about that in this wealthiest of all public schools there is less unanimity of aim among the masters than in any other place of education. Vested rights, conflicting interests, and inequalities of payment, wreck every hope of any real and substantial progress. A few men make large fortunes, but the majority are discontented and restless; few love the work for the work's sake, and indeed not without good reason, for of all work done in this world, this is probably the most useless and wasteful. No modern improvements can be introduced, no considerations of the value of time can be entertained for a moment; the old classical system, in all its utter folly, must be rigidly upheld, in order that privileged classical tutors may continue to draw as large salaries as their predecessors.

These, it seems to me, are the chief faults in the social system of Eton College, and terrible faults they are. The worst of the outlook is that there is at present little prospect of any real reform. When the Provostship was vacant last summer, strong hopes were expressed that our "Liberal" Premier would break through the traditional custom of promoting the Headmaster of the time being, and would appoint to the Provostship some really eminent man, who would make his presence felt in the place, and not regard his office as a mere sinecure. These hopes were disappointed; for the appointment was made on the old lines; and the Head Mastership, thus rendered vacant, was subsequently awarded by the Governing Body to one of the most conservative of the assistant masters. All this shows how useless it is to hope for any real reform of our public schools. Royal Commissions may be appointed, and Blue-books may be issued; but things continue to go on in the old corrupt style, and will so continue, as far as one can judge, to the end of the chapter. And, indeed, what reform *can* there be of the two first evils of which I have spoken, the unnecessary endowments of the College, and the shameful extravagance of the boys, as long as the whole social condition of the country remains as it now is? Eton in these respects is merely an England in miniature, and offers, as I said at the beginning of

this article, a *multum-in-parvo* of information as an instance of social injustice. The third evil—viz., the pecuniary competition among the masters themselves, might of course be remedied by a sensible and strong-minded Head-master, determined to put the school-teaching on a satisfactory basis, but it must be confessed that the appointment of such a reformer seems at the present time indefinitely remote.

I remember well the occasion when the gloomy thought was first suggested to my mind that reform at Eton is an impossibility, and indeed a contradiction in terms. I was travelling in a fast train on the Great Western line, the only other occupant of the carriage being a middle-aged gentleman, with a disappointed but resigned-looking countenance, who was earnestly engaged in studying a German book by the help of a translation. When we passed within sight of Windsor and Eton, and were attracted by the "distant view" which the poet Gray has immortalised, my fellow-traveller confided to me that he too had been educated at Eton; "and," he added, pointing to the German book he was reading, "I have ever since been struggling to make up for the time then wasted." On my expressing a hope that modern subjects might soon be introduced more successfully into the Eton *curriculum*, he replied that he did not see the least prospect of any real reform, and that he believed Eton must eventually "perish irredeemably."

This was a discouraging prediction to one who was at that time enthusiastic on the subject of "Floreat Etona." I sincerely hope that my fellow-traveller's prognostication may prove to have been mistaken; but I am free to admit that an enlarged study of the subject during ten year's mastership at Eton has led me to a somewhat similar conclusion. For when an institution is maintained, not by its own intrinsic worth and real utility, but by the wealth, fashion, and prejudice of those who patronise it; when it depends for support, not on its merits in the present, but on its prestige and renown in the past; then the end of the institution, however long it may be delayed, is usually a disastrous one.\* For the collapse will come at last; though it must be confessed there are some ruins which seem to be gifted with an inexplicable stability. It is of such as these that Browning writes in "Childe Roland"—

"'Tis the last Judgment's fire must cure this place,  
Calcine its clods, and set its prisoners free.'

H. S. SALT.



## Paley on Property.

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**A** HUNDRED years ago William Paley, late Fellow and Tutor of Christ's College, Cambridge, then Archdeacon of Carlisle, published his "Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy." It preceded the even more popular "Evidences of Christianity," and was his first important work. There is a fitness in considering his views on the centenary of his appearance as an author.

I think my readers will allow that Paley's reputation is not that of a revolutionary philosopher. His conclusions are generally orthodox. Socialists are supposed to attack "the rights of property." Let us hear Paley on the subject of landlord and capitalist:

"If you should see a flock of pigeons in a field of corn; and if (instead of each picking where and what it liked, taking just as much as it wanted and no more) you should see ninety-nine of them gathering all they got into a heap; reserving nothing for themselves but the chaff and the refuse; keeping this heap for one, and that the weakest, perhaps worst, pigeon of the flock; sitting round and looking on, all the winter, whilst this one was devouring, throwing about, and wasting it; and if a pigeon, more hardy or hungry than the rest, touched a grain of the hoard, all the others instantly flying upon it and tearing it to pieces; if you should see this, you would see nothing more than what is every day practised and established among men. Among men you see the ninety-and-nine toiling and scraping together a heap of superfluities for one (and this one too, oftentimes the feeblest and worst of the whole set, a child, a woman, a madman, or a fool); getting nothing for themselves all the while, but a little of the coarsest of the provision, which their own industry produces; looking quietly on, while they see the fruits of all their labour spent or spoiled; and if one of the number take or touch a particle of the hoard, the others joining against him, and hanging him for the theft."—("Moral Philosophy," Book III., Chapter I.)

After this startling picture of the absurdities into which a selfish individualism betrays men, he devotes a chapter (Book III., Chapter II.) to the "Use of the Institution of Property." "There must be some very important advantages to account for an institution which, in the view of it above given, is so paradoxical and unnatural. The principal of these advantages are the following:

(1.) It increases the produce of the earth. (2.) It preserves the produce of the earth to maturity. (3.) It prevents contests. (4.) It improves the conveniency of living."

In attempting to prove these propositions he ignores the indictment he has himself brought against existing order, and merely urges that order of any kind is better than none at all. Here is a warning for advocates of Land Nationalisation. "In the country of New Zealand, though this sort of property (*i.e.*, property in land) obtain in a small degree, the inhabitants, for want of a more secure and regular establishment of it, are driven oftentimes by the scarcity of provision to devour one another." Reflect, oh reckless disciples of Henry George; would not literal cannibalism be worse than the metaphorical voracity of landlords? All his arguments are weakened by his omission to face his own assault. Having demonstrated to his satisfaction that government, even of the most casual and unfair description, is less horrible than utter anarchy, he pleasantly assumes, he has shown that whatever is, is well.

"Inequality of property, in the degree in which it exists in most countries of Europe, abstractedly considered, is an evil; but it is an evil which flows from those rules concerning the acquisition and disposal of property, by which men are incited to industry, and by which the object of their industry is rendered secure and valuable." Here a sudden qualm seizes him; he suspects a flaw in his reasoning, and vaguely adds: "If there be any great inequality unconnected with this origin, it ought to be corrected."

The next chapter, a mythological history of property, I pass over, and come to his speculations on Property in Land. He finds "a difficulty in explaining the origin of this property consistently with the law of nature," and shrewdly remarks that "moralists have given many different accounts of this matter; which diversity alone, perhaps, is a proof that none of them are satisfactory." He discusses three; the "tacit consent" theory; Locke's solution that "by occupying a piece of ground, a man inseparably mixes his labour with it, by which means the piece of ground becomes thenceforward his own"; the theory "that as God has provided these things for the use of all, he has of consequence given each leave to take of them what he wants." But then this last "justifies property, as far as necessities alone, or, at the most, as far as a competent provision for our natural exigencies." He dismisses them all and substitutes a theory of his own in an interesting passage, which I quote at length:

"These are the accounts that have been given of the matter by the best writers upon the subject; but, were these accounts perfectly unexceptionable, they would none of them, I fear, avail us in vindicating our present claims of property in land, unless it were more probable than it is that our estates were actually acquired at first, in some of the ways which these accounts suppose; and that a regular regard had been paid to justice in every successive transmission of them since; for, if one link in the chain fail, every title posterior to it falls to the ground."

"The real foundation of our right is the Law of the Land."

"It is the intention of God that the produce of the earth be applied to the use of man; this intention cannot be fulfilled with-

out establishing property ; it is consistent therefore with His will that property be established. The land cannot be divided into separate property, without leaving it to the law of the country to regulate that division ; it is consistent therefore with the same will that the law should regulate that division, and, consequently, *consistent with the will of God, or right*, that I should possess that share which these regulations assign me."

This is a step forward. "The will of God" is evidently a higher sort of expediency, and capable of wide interpretation. "The law of the land" can be altered, as our conception of "the will of God" changes. Paley expressly declares, on omniscient authority, "that nothing ought to be made exclusive property, which can be conveniently enjoyed in common."

CHARLES A. EVERY.





## Cashel Byron's Profession.

BY GEORGE BERNARD SHAW,

AUTHOR OF "AN UNSOCIAL SOCIALIST," "THE IRRATIONAL KNOT," &c.

### CHAPTER III.

NEXT day Alice accepted Miss Carew's invitation. Lydia, who seemed to regard all conclusions as foregone when she had once signified her approval of them, took the acceptance as a matter of course. Alice thereupon thought fit to remind her that there were other persons to be considered. So she said,

"I should not have hesitated yesterday but for my mother. It seems so heartless to leave her."

"You have a sister at home, have you not?"

"Yes. But she is not very strong; and my mother requires a great deal of attention." Alice paused, and added in a lower voice, "She has never recovered from the shock of my father's death."

"Your father is then not long dead?" said Lydia in her usual tone.

"Only two years," said Alice coldly. "I hardly know how to tell my mother that I am going to desert her."

"Go and tell her to-day, Alice," said Miss Carew composedly. "You need not be afraid of hurting her. Grief of two year's standing is nothing but a bad habit."

Alice started, outraged. Her mother's grief was sacred to her; and yet it was by her experience of her mother that she recognized the truth of Lydia's remark, and felt that it was unanswerable. She frowned; but the frown was lost: Miss Carew was not looking at her. Then she rose and went to the door, where she stopped to say,

"You do not know our family circumstances. I will go now and try to prevail on my mother to let me stay with you."

"Please come back in good time for dinner," said Lydia, unmoved. "I will introduce you to my cousin Lucian Webber. I have just received a telegram from him. He is coming down with Lord Worthington. I do not know whether Lord Worthington will come to dinner or not. He has an invalid friend at the Warren, and Lucian does not make it clear whether he is coming

to visit him or me. However, it is of no consequence: Lord Worthington is only a young sportsman. Lucian is a clever man, and will be an eminent one some day. He is secretary to a Cabinet Minister, and is very busy; but we shall probably see him often whilst the Whitsuntide holidays last. Excuse my keeping you waiting at the door to hear that long history. Adieu!" She waved her hand; and Alice suddenly felt that it was possible to be very fond of Miss Carew.

She spent an unhappy afternoon with her mother. Mrs. Goff had had the good fortune to marry a man of whom she was afraid, and who made himself very disagreeable whenever his house or his children were neglected in the least particular. Making a virtue of necessity, she had come to be regarded in Wiltstoken as a model wife and mother. At last, when a drag ran over Mr. Goff and killed him, she was left almost penniless, with two daughters on her hands. In this extremity, she took refuge in grief, and did nothing. Her daughters settled their father's affairs as best they could; moved her into a cheap house; and procured a strange tenant for that in which they had lived during many years. Janet, the elder sister, a student by disposition, employed herself as a teacher of the scientific fashions in modern female education, rumours of which had already reached Wiltstoken. Alice was unable to teach mathematics and moral science; but she formed a dancing class, and gave lessons in singing, and in a language which she believed to be current in France, but which was not intelligible to natives of that country travelling through Wiltstoken. Both sisters were devoted to one another and to their mother. Alice, who had enjoyed the special affection of her self-indulgent father, preserved some regard for his memory, though she could not help wishing that his affection had been strong enough to induce him to save a provision for her. She was ashamed, too, of the very recollection of his habit of getting drunk at races, regattas, and other national festivals, by an accident at one of which he had met his death.

Alice went home from the Castle expecting to find her mother divided between joy at her good fortune and grief at losing her. She soon found that these anticipations were erroneous. Mrs. Goff, though she could not afford to veto Lydia's offer, at once became envious of the luxury which her daughter was about to enjoy, and overwhelmed her with accusations of want of feeling, eagerness to desert her mother, and vain love of pleasure. Alice, who loved Mrs. Goff so well that she had often told her as many as five different lies in the course of one afternoon to spare her some unpleasant truth, and would have scouted as infamous any suggestion that her parent was more selfish than saintly, soon burst into tears, declaring that she would not return to the Castle, and that nothing would have induced her to stay there the night before had she thought that her doing so could give pain at home. This alarmed Mrs. Goff, who knew by experience that it was easier to drive Alice upon rash resolves than to shake her in them afterwards. Fear of incurring blame in Wiltstoken for wantonly opposing her daughter's obvious interests, and of losing her share of Miss Carew's money and countenance, got the

better of her jealousy. She lectured Alice severely for her headstrong temper, and commanded her on her duty not only to her mother, but also and chiefly to her God, to accept Miss Carew's offer with thankfulness, and to insist upon a definite salary as soon as she had, by good behaviour, made her society indispensable at the Castle. Alice, dutiful as she was, reduced Mrs. Goff to entreaties, and even to symptoms of an outburst of violent grief for the late Mr. Goff, before she consented to obey her. She would wait, she said, until Janet, who was absent teaching, came in, and promised to forgive her for staying away the previous night (Mrs. Goff had falsely represented that Janet had been deeply hurt, and had lain awake weeping during the small hours of the morning). The mother, seeing nothing for it but either to get rid of Alice before Janet's return, or to be detected in a spiteful untruth, had to pretend that Janet was spending the evening with some friends, and to urge the unkindness of leaving Miss Carew lonely. At last Alice washed away the traces of her tears and returned to the Castle, feeling very miserable, and trying to comfort herself with the reflection that her sister had been spared the scene which had just passed.

Lucian Webber had not arrived when she reached the Castle. Miss Carew glanced at her melancholy face as she entered, but asked no questions. Presently, however, she put down her book; considered for a moment: and said,

"It is nearly three years since I have had a new dress." Alice looked up with interest. "Now that I have you to help me to choose, I think I will be extravagant enough to renew my entire wardrobe. I wish you would take this opportunity to get some things for yourself. You will find that my dressmaker, Madame Smith, is to be depended on for work, though she is expensive and dishonest. When we are tired of Wiltstoken we will go to Paris, and be millinered there; but in the meantime we will trust to Madame Smith."

"I cannot afford expensive dresses," said Alice.

"I should not ask you to get them if you could not afford them. I warned you that I should give you expensive habits."

Alice hesitated. She had a healthy inclination to take whatever she could get on all occasions; and she had suffered too much from poverty not to be more thankful for her good fortune than humiliated by Miss Carew's bounty. But the thought of being driven, richly attired, in one of the Castle carriages, and meeting Janet trudging about her daily tasks in cheap black serge and mended gloves, made Alice feel that she deserved all her mother's reproaches. However, it was obvious that a refusal would be of no material benefit to Janet, so she said,

"Really I could not think of imposing on your kindness in this wholesale fashion. You are too good to me."

"I will write to Madame Smith this evening," said Lydia.

Alice was about to renew her protest more faintly, when a servant entered and announced Mr. Webber. She stiffened herself to receive the visitor. Lydia's manner did not alter in the least. Lucian, whose demeanor resembled Miss Goff's rather than his cousin's, went through the ceremony of introduction with solemnity,

and was received with a dash of scorn ; for Alice, though secretly awe-struck, bore herself tyrannically towards men from habit.

In reply to Alice, Mr. Webber thought the day cooler than yesterday. In reply to Lydia, he admitted that the resolution of which the Leader of the Opposition had given notice was tantamount to a vote of censure on the Government. He was confident that Ministers would have a majority. He had no news of any importance. He had made the journey down with Lord Worthington, who had come to Wiltstoken to see the invalid at the Warren. He had promised to return with him in the seven-thirty train.

When they went down to dinner, Alice, profiting by her experience of the day before, faced the servants with composure, and committed no solecisms. She was unable to take part in the conversation, as she knew little of literature and nothing of politics, which were the staple of Lucian's discourse. So she sat silent and reconsidered an old opinion of hers that it was ridiculous and ill-bred in a lady to discuss anything that was in the newspapers. She was impressed by Lucian's cautious and somewhat dogmatic style of conversation, and concluded that he knew everything. Lydia seemed interested in his information, but quite indifferent to his opinions.

Towards half-past seven, Lydia proposed that they should walk to the railway station, adding, as a reason for going, that she wished to make some bets with Lord Worthington. Lucian looked grave at this ; and Alice, to show that she shared his notions of propriety, looked shocked. Neither demonstration had the slightest effect on Lydia. On their way to the station he remarked,

"Worthington is afraid of you, Lydia—needlessly, as it seems."

"Why?"

"Because you are so learned, and he so ignorant. He has no culture save that of the turf. But perhaps you have more sympathy with his tastes than he supposes."

"I like him because I have not read the books from which he has borrowed his opinions. Indeed, from their freshness, I should not be surprised to learn that he had them at first hand from living men, or even from his own observation of life."

"I may explain to you, Miss Goff," said Lucian, "that Lord Worthington is a young gentleman——"

"Whose calendar is the racing calendar," interposed Lydia ; "and who interests himself in favourites and outsiders much as Lucian does in prime ministers and independent radicals. Would you like to go to Ascot, Alice?"

Alice answered, as she felt Lucian wished her to answer, that she had never been to a race, and that she had no desire to go to one.

"You will change your mind in time for next year's meeting. The people are much more deeply interested at a race than they are at the opera or the Academy."

"I have been at the Academy," said Alice, who had made a trip to London once.

"Indeed!" said Lydia. "Were you in the National Gallery?"

"The National Gallery! I think not. I forget."

"I know many persons who never miss an Academy, and who do not know where the National Gallery is. Did you enjoy the pictures, Alice?"

"Oh, very much indeed."

"You will find Ascot far more amusing."

"Let me warn you," said Lucian to Alice, "that my cousin's pet caprice is to affect a distaste for art, to which she is passionately devoted; and for literature, in which she is profoundly read."

"Cousin Lucian," said Lydia; "if you are ever cut off from your politics, and disappointed in your ambition, you will have an opportunity of living upon art and literature. Then I shall respect your opinion of their satisfactoriness as a staff of life. As yet you have only tried them as a sauce."

"Discontented, as usual?" said Lucian.

"Your one idea respecting me, as usual," replied Lydia patiently, as they entered the station.

The train, consisting of three carriages and a van, was waiting at the platform. The engine was humming subduedly; and the driver and fireman were leaning out: the latter, a young man, staring eagerly at two gentlemen who were standing before the first-class carriage, and the driver sharing his curiosity in an elderly, preoccupied manner. One of the persons thus observed was a slight, fair-haired man of about twenty-five, in the afternoon costume of a metropolitan dandy. Lydia recognized the other the moment she came upon the platform as the *Hermes* of the day before, modernised by a straw hat, a canary-coloured scarf, and a suit of a minute black-and-white chessboard pattern, with a crimson silk handkerchief overflowing the breast pocket of the coat. His hands were unencumbered by stick or umbrella; he carried himself smartly, balancing himself so accurately that he seemed to have no weight; and his expression was self-satisfied and good humoured. But—! Lydia felt that there was a *But* somewhere—that he must be something more than a handsome, powerful, and light-hearted young man.

"There is Lord Worthington," she said, indicating the slight gentleman. "Surely that cannot be his invalid friend with him?"

"That is the man who lives at the Warren," said Alice. "I know his appearance."

"Which is certainly not suggestive of a valetudinarian," remarked Lucian, looking hard at the stranger.

They had now come close to the two, and could hear Lord Worthington, as he prepared to enter the carriage, saying, "Take care of yourself, like a good fellow, wont you? Remember! if it lasts a second over the fifteen minutes, I shall drop five hundred pounds."

*Hermes* placed his arm round the shoulders of the young lord, and gave him a playful roll. Then he said with good accent and pronunciation, but with a certain rough quality of voice, and louder than English gentlemen usually speak, "Your money is as safe as the Mint, my boy."

Evidently, Alice thought, the stranger was an intimate friend of Lord Worthington. She resolved to be particular in her behaviour before him, if introduced.

"Lord Worthington," said Lydia.

At the sound of her voice he climbed hastily down from the step of the carriage, and said in some confusion, "How de do, Miss Carew. Lovely country and lovely weather—must agree awfully well with you. Plenty of leisure for study, I hope."

"Thank you: I never study now. Will you make a book for me at Ascot?"

He laughed and shook his head. "I am ashamed of my low tastes," he said; "but I haven't the head to distinguish myself in your—Eh?"

Miss Carew was saying in a low voice, "If your friend is my tenant, introduce him to me."

Lord Worthington hesitated; looked at Lucian; seemed perplexed and amused at the same time; and at last said,

"You really wish it?"

"Of course," said Lydia. "Is there any reason——"

"Oh, not the least in the world, since you wish it," he replied quickly, his eyes twinkling mischievously as he turned to his companion, who was standing at the carriage door watching Lydia, and being himself watched with admiration by the stoker. "Mr. Cashiel Byron: Miss Carew."

Mr. Cashiel Byron raised his straw hat and reddened a little; but, on the whole, bore himself like an eminent man who was not proud. As he did not, however, seem to have anything to say for himself, Lord Worthington hastened to avert silence by resuming the subject of Ascot. Lydia listened to him, and looked at her new acquaintance. Now that the constraint of society had banished his former expression of easy good humour, there was something formidable in him that gave her an unaccountable thrill of pleasure. The same impression of latent danger had occurred, less agreeably, to Lucian, who was affected much as he might have been by the proximity of a large dog of doubtful temper. Lydia thought that Mr. Byron did not, at first sight, like her cousin; for he was looking at him obliquely, as though stealthily measuring him.

The group was broken up by the guard admonishing the gentlemen to take their seats. Farewells were exchanged; and Lord Worthington cried, "Take care of yourself," to Cashiel Byron, who replied somewhat impatiently, and with an apprehensive glance at Miss Carew, "All right! all right! Never you fear, sir." Then the train went off; and he was left on the platform with the two ladies.

"We are returning to the Park, Mr. Cashiel Byron," said Lydia.

"So am I," said he. "Perhaps——" Here he broke down, and looked at Alice to avoid Lydia's eye. Then they went out together.

When they had walked some distance in silence; Alice looking rigidly before her, recollecting with suspicion that he had just addressed Lord Worthington as "sir", whilst Lydia was admiring his light step and perfect balance, which made him seem like a man of cork; he said,

"I saw you in the park yesterday; and I thought you were a ghost. But my trait—my man, I mean—saw you too. I knew by that that you were genuine."

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"Strange!" said Lydia. "I had the same fancy about you."

"What! You had!" he exclaimed, looking hard at her. Whilst thus unmindful of his steps he stumbled, and recovered himself with a stifled oath. Then he became very red, and remarked that it was a warm evening.

Miss Goff, whom he had addressed, assented. "I hope," she added, "that you are better."

He looked puzzled. Concluding, after consideration, that she had referred to his stumble, he said,

"Thank you: I didnt hurt myself."

"Lord Worthington has been telling us about you," said Lydia. He recoiled, evidently deeply mortified. She hastened to add, "He mentioned that you had come down here to recruit your health: that is all."

Cashel's features relaxed into a curious smile. But presently he became suspicious, and said anxiously, "He didnt tell you anything else about me, did he?"

Alice stared at him superciliously. Lydia replied composedly, "No. Nothing else."

"I thought you might have heard my name somewhere," he persisted.

"Never," said Lydia, in the same quiet tone. "Why? Do you know any friends of mine?"

"Oh no. Only Lord Worthington."

"I conclude then that you are celebrated, and that I have the misfortune not to know it, Mr. Cashel Byron. Is it so?"

"Not a bit of it," he replied hastily. "There's no reason why you should ever have heard of me. I am much obliged to you for your kind enquiries," he continued, turning to Alice. "I'm quite well now, thank you. The country has set me right again."

Alice, who was beginning to have her doubts of Mr. Byron, in spite of his familiarity with Lord Worthington, smiled falsely and drew herself up a little. He turned away from her, hurt by her manner, and so ill able to conceal his feelings that Miss Carew, who was watching him, set him down privately as the most inept dissimulator she had ever met. He looked at Lydia wistfully, as if trying to read her thoughts, which now seemed to be with the setting sun, or in some equally beautiful and mysterious region. But he could see that there was no reflection of Miss Goff's scorn in her face.

"And so you really took me for a ghost," he said,

"Yes. I thought at first that you were a statue."

"A statue!"

"You do not seem flattered by that."

"It is not flattering to be taken for a lump of stone," he replied, ruefully.

Lydia looked at him thoughtfully. Here was a man whom she had mistaken for the finest image of manly strength and beauty in the world; and he was so devoid of artistic culture that he held a statue to be a distasteful lump of stone.

"I believe I was trespassing then," she said; "but I did so unintentionally. I had gone astray; for I am comparatively a stranger here, and cannot find my way about the park yet."

"It didn't matter a bit," said Cashel impetuously. "Come as often as you want. Mellish fancies that if any one gets a glimpse of me he won't get any odds. You see he would like people to think——" Cashel checked himself, and added in some confusion, "Mellish is mad: that's about where it is."

Alice glanced significantly at Lydia. She had already suggested that madness was the real reason of the seclusion of the tenants at the Warren. Cashel saw the glance, and intercepted it by turning to her, and saying, with an attempt at conversational ease,

"How do you young ladies amuse yourselves in the country? Do you play billiards ever?"

"No," said Alice indignantly. The question, she thought, implied that she was capable of spending her evenings on the first floor of a public-house. To her surprise, Lydia remarked,

"I play—a little. I do not care sufficiently for the game to make myself proficient. You were equipped for lawn-tennis, I think, when I saw you yesterday. Miss Goff is a celebrated lawn-tennis player. She vanquished the Australian champion last year."

It seemed that Byron, after all, was something of a courtier; for he displayed great astonishment at this feat. "The Australian champion!" he repeated. "And who may *he*—— Oh! you mean the lawn-tennis champion. To be sure. Well, Miss Goff, I congratulate you. It is not every amateur that can brag of having shewn a professional champion to a back seat."

Alice, outraged by the imputation of bragging, and certain that, whatever billiards might be, slang was vulgar, bore herself still more loftily, and resolved to snub him explicitly if he addressed her again. But he did not; for they presently came to a narrow iron gate in the wall of the park, at which Lydia stopped.

"Let me open it for you," said Cashel. She gave him the key; and he seized one of the bars of the gate with his left hand, and stooped as though he wanted to look into the keyhole. Yet he opened it smartly enough.

Alice was about to pass in with a cool bow when she saw Miss Carew offer Cashel her hand. Whatever Lydia did was done so well that it seemed the right thing to do. He took it timidly and gave it a little shake, not daring to meet her eyes. Alice put out her hand stiffly. Cashel immediately stepped forward with his right foot and enveloped her fingers with the hardest clump of knuckles she had ever felt. Glancing down at this remarkable fist, she saw that it was discolored almost to blackness. Then she went in through the gate, followed by Lydia, who turned to close it behind her. As she pushed, Cashel, standing outside, grasped a bar and pulled. She at once relinquished to him the labour of shutting the gate, and smiled her thanks as she turned away; but in that moment he plucked up courage to look at her. The sensation of being so looked at was quite novel to her, and very curious. She was even a little out of countenance, but not so much so as Cashel, who nevertheless could not take his eyes away.

"Do you think," said Alice, as they crossed the orchard, "that that man is a gentleman?"

"How can I possibly tell? We hardly know him."



"But what do you think? There is always a certain something about a gentleman that one recognizes by instinct."

"Is there? I have never observed it."

"Have you not?" said Alice, surprised, and beginning uneasily to fear that her superior perception of gentility was in some way the effect of her social inferiority to Miss Carew. "I thought one could always tell."

"Perhaps so," said Lydia. "For my own part I have found the same varieties of address in every class. Some people enjoy a native distinction and grace of manner—"

"That is what I mean," said Alice.

"—but they are seldom ladies and gentlemen; often actors, gipsies, and Celtic or foreign peasants. Undoubtedly one can make a fair guess, but not in the case of this Mr. Cashel Byron. Are you curious about him?"

"I!" exclaimed Alice superbly. "Not in the least."

"I am," rejoined Lydia quietly. "He interests me. I seldom see anything novel in humanity; and he is a very singular man."

"I meant," said Alice, crestfallen, "that I take no special interest in him."

Lydia, not being curious as to the exact degree of Alice's interest, merely nodded, and continued, "He may, as you suppose, be a man of humble origin, who has seen something of society; or he may be a gentleman unaccustomed to society. Probably the latter. I feel no conviction either way."

"But he speaks very roughly; and his slang is disgusting. His hands are hard and quite black. Did you not notice them?"

"I noticed it all; and I think that if he were a man of low condition he would be careful not to use slang. Self-made persons are usually precise in their language: they rarely violate the written laws of society. Besides, his pronunciation of some words is so distinct, that an idea crossed me once that he might be an actor. But then it is not uniformly distinct. I am sure that he has some object or occupation in life: he has not the air of an idler. Yet I have thought of all the ordinary professions, and he does not fit one of them. That is perhaps what makes him interesting. He is unaccountable."

"He must have some position. He was very familiar with Lord Worthington."

"Lord Worthington is a sportsman, and is familiar with all sorts of people."

"Yes; but surely he would not let a jockey, or anybody of that class, put his arm round his neck, as we saw Mr. Byron do."

"That is true," said Lydia thoughtfully. "Still," she added, clearing her brow and laughing, "I am loth to believe that he is an invalid student."

"I will tell you what he is," said Alice suddenly. "He is companion and keeper to the man with whom he lives. Do you recollect his saying 'Mellish is mad'?"

"That is possible," said Lydia. "At all events we have got a topic; and that is an important home comfort in the country."

Just then they reached the Castle. Lydia lingered for a moment on the terrace. The Gothic chimneys of the Warren Lodge

stood up against the long crimson cloud into which the sun was sinking. She smiled as if some quaint idea had occurred to her ; raised her eyes for a moment to the black marble Egyptian high on the pediment gazing with unwavering eyes into the sky ; and followed Alice indoors.

Later on, when it was quite dark, Cashel sat in a spacious kitchen at the lodge, thinking. His companion, who had laid his coat aside, was at the fire, smoking, and watching a saucepan that simmered there. He broke the silence by remarking, after a glance at the clock, "Time to go to roost."

"Time to go to the devil," said Cashel. "I am going out."

"Yes, and get a chill. Not if I know it, you dont."

"Well, go to bed yourself; and then you wont know it. I want to take a walk round the place."

"If you put your foot outside that door to-night, Lord Worthington will lose his five hundred pounds. You cant lick anyone in fifteen minutes if you train on night air. Get licked yourself more likely."

"Will you bet two to one that I dont stay out all night and knock the Flying Dutchman out of time in the first round afterwards? Eh?"

"Come," said Mellish coaxingly: "have some common sense. I'm advising you for your good."

"Suppose I dont want to be advised for my good. Eh? Hand me over that lemon. You neednt start a speech: I'm not going to eat it."

"Blest if he aint rubbing his 'ands with it!" exclaimed Mellish, after watching him for some moments. "Why, you bloomin' fool, lemon wont harden your hands. Aint I took enough trouble with them?"

"I want to whiten them," said Cashel, impatiently throwing the lemon under the grate; "but it's no use. I cant go about with my fists like a nigger's. I'll go up to London to-morrow and buy a pair of gloves."

"What! Real gloves? Wearin' gloves?"

"You thundering old lunatic," said Cashel, rising and putting on his hat, "is it likely that I want a pair of mufflers? Perhaps you think *you* could teach me something with them. Ha! ha! By the bye—now mind this, Mellish—dont let it out down here that I'm a fighting man. Do you hear?"

"Me let it out!" cried Mellish indignantly. "Is it likely? Now, I asts you, Cashel Byron, is it likely?"

"Likely or not, dont do it," said Cashel. "You might get talking with some of the chaps about the Castle stables. They are generous with their liquor when they can get sporting news for it."

Mellish looked at him reproachfully; and Cashel turned towards the door. This movement changed the trainer's wounded feelings into anxious ones. He renewed his remonstrances as to the folly of venturing into the night air, and cited many examples of pugilists who had suffered defeat in consequence of neglecting the counsel of their trainers. Cashel expressed his disbelief in these anecdotes in brief and personal terms; and at last Mellish had to

content himself with proposing to limit the duration of the walk to half-an-hour.

"Perhaps I will come back in half-an-hour," said Cashel. "And perhaps I wont."

"Well, look here," said Mellish. "We wont quarrel about a minute or two; but I feel the want of a walk myself, and I'll come with you."

"I'm damned if you shall," said Cashel. "Here: let me out; and shut up. I'm not going further than the park. I have no intention of making a night of it in the village, which is what you are afraid of. I know you, you old dodger. If you dont get out of my way, I'll seat you on the fire."

"But duty, Cashel, duty," pleaded Mellish persuasively. "Every man oughter do his duty. Consider your duty to your backers."

"Are you going to get out of my way, or must I put you out of it?" said Cashel, reddening ominously.

Mellish went back to his chair; bowed his head on his hands; and wept. "I'd sooner be a dog nor a trainer," he exclaimed. "Oh! the cussedness of bein' shut up for weeks with a fightin' man! For the fust two days they're as sweet as treacle; and then their contrairyness comes out. Their tempers is pufft 'ell."

Cashel, additionally enraged by a sting of remorse, went out and slammed the door. He made straight towards the Castle, and watched its windows for nearly half an hour, keeping in constant motion so as to avert a chill. At last an exquisitely toned bell struck the hour from one of the minarets. To Cashel, accustomed to the coarse jangling of ordinary English bells, the sound seemed to belong to fairyland. He went slowly back to the Warren Lodge, and found his trainer standing at the open door, smoking, and anxiously awaiting his return. Cashel rebuffed certain conciliatory advances with a haughty reserve more dignified, but much less acceptable to Mr. Mellish, than his former profane familiarity, and went thoughtfully to bed.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

One morning Miss Carew sat on the bank of a great pool in the park, throwing pebbles two by two into the water, and intently watching the intersection of the circles they made on its calm surface. Alice was seated on a campstool a little way off, sketching the Castle, which appeared on an eminence to the south-east. The woodland rose round them like the sides of an amphitheatre; but the trees did not extend to the water's edge, where there was an ample margin of bright greensward, and a narrow belt of gravel, from which Lydia was picking her pebbles.

Presently, hearing a footstep, she looked back, and saw Cashel Byron standing behind Alice, apparently much interested in her drawing. He was dressed as she had last seen him, except that he wore primrose gloves and an Egyptian red scarf. Alice turned, and surveyed him with haughty surprise; but he made nothing of her looks; and she, after glancing at Lydia to re-assure herself that she was not alone, bade him good morning, and resumed her work.

"Queer place," he remarked, after a pause, alluding to the Castle. "Chinese looking, isn't it?"

"It is considered a very fine building," said Alice.

"Oh, hang what it is considered!" said Cashel. "What is it? That is the point to look to."

"It is a matter of taste," said Alice, very coldly.

"Mr. Cashel Byron."

Cashel started and hastened to the bank. "How d'ye do, Miss Carew," he said. "I didn't see you until you called me." She looked at him; and he, convicted of a foolish falsehood, quailed. "There is a splendid view of the Castle from here," he continued, to change the subject. "Miss Goff and I have just been talking about it."

"Yes. Do you admire it?"

"Very much indeed. It is a beautiful place. Everyone must acknowledge that."

"It is considered kind to praise my house to me, and to ridicule it to other people. Mark that, Mr. Cashel Byron; *it is considered so*. You do not say, 'Hang what it is considered,' now."

Cashel, with an unaccustomed sense of getting the worst of an encounter, almost lost heart to reply. Then he brightened, and said, "I can tell you how that is. As far as being a place to sketch, or for another person to look at, it is Chinese enough. But somehow your living in it makes a difference. That is what I meant: upon my soul it is."

Lydia smiled; but he, looking down at her, did not see the smile because of her coronet of red hair, which seemed to flame in the sunlight. The obstruction was unsatisfactory to him: he wanted to see her face. He hesitated, and then sat down on the ground beside her cautiously, as if getting into a very hot bath.

"I hope you won't mind my sitting here," he said timidly. "It seems rude to talk down at you from a height."

She shook her head and threw two more stones into the water. He could think of nothing further to say; and as she did not speak, but gravely watched the circles in the water, he began to stare at them too; and they sat in silence for some minutes, steadfastly regarding the waves, she, as if there were matter for infinite thought in them, and he as though the spectacle wholly confounded him. At last she said,

"Have you ever realized what a vibration is?"

"No," said Cashel, after a blank look at her.

"I am glad to hear you make that admission. Science has reduced everything nowadays to vibration. Light—sound—sensation—all the mysteries of nature are either vibrations or interference of vibrations. There," she said, throwing another pair of pebbles in, and pointing to the two sets of widening rings as they overlapped one another: "the twinkling of a star, and the pulsation in a chord of music, are *that*. But I cannot picture the thing in my own mind. I wonder whether the hundreds of writers of text-books on physics, who talk so glibly of vibrations, realize them any better than I do."

"Not a bit of it. Not one of them. Not half so well," said Cashel cheerfully, replying to the only part of her speech that he understood.

"Perhaps the subject does not interest you," she said, turning to him.

"On the contrary, I like it of all things," said he boldly.

"I can hardly say so much for my own interest in it. I am told that you are a student, Mr. Cashel Byron. What are your favorite studies?—or rather, since that is generally a hard question to answer, what are your pursuits?"

Alice listened.

Cashel looked doggedly at Lydia, and his colour slowly deepened.

"I am a professor," he said.

"A professor of what? I know I should ask of where; but that would only elicit the name of a college, which would convey no real information to me."

"I am a professor of science," said Cashel in a low voice, looking down at his left fist, which he was balancing in the air before him, and stealthily hitting his bent knee as if it were another person's face.

"Physical or moral science?" persisted Lydia.

"Physical science," said Cashel. "But there's more moral science in it than people think."

"Yes," said Lydia seriously. "Though I have no real knowledge of physics, I can appreciate the truth of that. Perhaps all the science that is not at bottom physical science, is only pretentious nescience. I have read much of physics, and have often been tempted to learn something of them—to make the experiments with my own hands—to furnish a laboratory—to wield the scalpel even. For to master science thoroughly, I believe one must take one's gloves off. Is that your opinion?"

Cashel looked hard at her. "You never said a truer word," he said. "But you can become a very respectable amateur by working with the gloves."

"I never should. The many who believe they are the wiser for reading accounts of experiments, deceive themselves. It is as impossible to learn science from hearsay as to gain wisdom from proverbs. Ah, it is so easy to follow a line of argument, and so difficult to grasp the facts that underlie it! Our popular lecturers on physics present us with chains of deductions so highly polished that it is a luxury to let them slip from end to end through our fingers. But they leave nothing behind but a vague memory of the sensation they afforded. Excuse me for talking figuratively. I perceive that you affect the opposite—a reaction on your part, I suppose, against tall talk and fine writing. Pray, should I ever carry out my intention of setting to work in earnest at science, will you give me some lessons?"

"Well," said Cashel with a covert grin, "I would rather you came to me than to another professor; but I don't think it would suit you. I should like to try my hand on your friend there. She's stronger and straighter than nine out of ten men."

"You set a high value on physical qualifications then. So do I."

"Only from a practical point of view, mind you," said Cashel earnestly. "It isn't right to be always looking at men and women as you should at horses. If you want to back them in a race or in a fight, that's one thing; but if you want a friend or a sweetheart, that's another."

"Quite so," said Lydia smiling. "You do not wish to commit yourself to any warmer feeling towards Miss Goff than a critical appreciation of her form and condition."

"Just that," said Cashel, satisfied. "*You* understand me, Miss Carew. There are some people that you might talk to all day, and they'd be no wiser at the end of it than they were at the beginning. You're not one of that sort."

"I wonder do we ever succeed really in communicating our thoughts to one another. A thought must take a new shape to fit itself into a strange mind. You, Mr. Professor, must have acquired special experience of the incommunicability of ideas in the course of your lectures and teaching."

Cashel looked uneasily at the water, and said in a lower voice, "Of course you may call me just whatever you like; but—if its all the same to you—I wish you wouldnt call me Professor."

"I have lived so much in countries where professors expect to be addressed by their titles on all occasions, that I may claim to be excused for having offended on that point. Thank you for telling me. But I am to blame for discussing science with you. Lord Worthington told us that you had come down here expressly to escape from it—to recruit yourself after an excess of work."

"It doesnt matter," said Cashel.

"I have not done harm enough to be greatly concerned; but I will not offend again. To change the subject, let us look at Miss Goff's sketch."

Miss Carew had hardly uttered this suggestion, when Cashel, in a business-like manner, and without the slightest air of gallantry, expertly lifted her and placed her on her feet. This unexpected attention gave her a shock, followed by a thrill which was not disagreeable. She turned to him with a faint mantling in her cheeks; and he stood looking with contracted brow at the sky, as though occupied with some calculation.

"Thank you," she said; "but pray do not do that again. It is a little humiliating to be lifted like a child. You are very strong."

"There is not much strength needed to lift such a feather-weight as you. Seven stone two, I should judge you to be about. But there's a great art in doing these things properly. I have often had to carry off a man of fourteen stone, resting him all the time as if he was in bed."

"Ah," said Lydia: "I see you have had some hospital practice. I have often admired the skill with which trained nurses handle their patients."

Cashel made no reply, but, with a sinister grin, followed her to where Alice sat.

"It is very foolish of me, I know," said Alice presently; "but I never can draw when anyone is looking at me."

"You fancy that everybody is thinking about how you're doing it," said Cashel, encouragingly. "That's always the way with amateurs. But the truth is that not a soul except yourself is a bit concerned about it. *Ex-cuse* me," he added, taking up the drawing, and proceeding to examine it leisurely.

"Please give me my sketch, Mr. Byron," she said, her cheeks red with anger. Puzzled, he turned to Lydia for an explanation, whilst Alice seized the sketch and packed it in her portfolio.

"It is getting rather warm," said Lydia. "Shall we return to the castle?"

"I think we had better," said Alice, trembling with resentment as she walked away quickly, leaving Lydia alone with Cashel, who presently exclaimed,

"What in thunder have I done?"

"You have made an inconsiderate remark with unmistakeable sincerity."

"I only tried to cheer her up. She must have mistaken what I said."

"I think not. Do you believe that young ladies like to be told that there is no occasion for them to be ridiculously self-conscious?"

"I say that! I'll take my oath I never said anything of the sort."

"You worded it differently. But you assured her that she need not object to have her drawing overlooked, as it is of no importance to anyone."

"Well, if she takes offence at that, she must be a born fool. Some people cant bear to be told anything. But they soon get all that thin-skinned nonsense knocked out of them."

"Have you any sisters, Mr. Cashel Byron?"

"No. Why?"

"Or a mother?"

"I have a mother; but I havent seen her for years; and I dont much care if I never see her. It was through her that I came to be what I am."

"Are you then dissatisfied with your profession?"

"No—I dont mean that. I am always saying stupid things."

"Yes. That comes of your ignorance of a sex accustomed to have its silliness respected. You will find it hard to keep on good terms with my friend without some further study of womanly ways."

"As to her, I wont give in that I'm wrong unless I *am* wrong. The truth's the truth."

"Not even to please Miss Goff?"

"Not even to please you. You'd only think the worse of me afterwards."

"Quite true, and quite right," said Lydia cordially. "Good-bye, Mr. Cashel Byron. I must rejoin Miss Goff."

"I suppose you will take her part if she keeps a down on me for what I said to her."

"What is 'a down'? A grudge?"

"Yes. Something of that sort."

"Colonial, is it not?" pursued Lydia, with the air of a philologist.

"Yes. I believe I picked it up in the colonies." Then he added sullenly, "I suppose I shouldnt use slang in speaking to you. I beg your pardon."

"I do not object to it. On the contrary, it interests me. For example, I have just learnt from it that you have been in Australia."

"So I was. But are you out with me because I annoyed Miss Goff?"

"By no means. Nevertheless I sympathize with her annoyance at the manner, if not the matter, of your rebuke."

"I cant, for the life of me, see what there was in what I said to raise such a fuss about. I wish you would give me a nudge whenever you see me making a fool of myself. I will shut up at once and ask no questions."

"So that it will be understood that my nudge means 'Shut up, Mr. Cashel Byron: you are making a fool of yourself'?"

"Just so. *You* understand me. I told you that before, didnt I?"

"I am afraid," said Lydia, her face bright with laughter, "that I cannot take charge of your manners until we are a little better acquainted."

He seemed disappointed. Then his face clouded; and he began, "If you regard it as a liberty——"

"Of course I regard it as a liberty," she said, neatly interrupting him. "Is not my own conduct a sufficient charge upon my attention? Why should I voluntarily assume that of a strong man and learned professor as well?"

"By George!" exclaimed Cashel, with sudden excitement, "I dont care what you say to me. You have a way of giving things a turn that makes it a pleasure to be shut up by you; and if I were a gentleman as I ought to be, instead of a poor devil of a professional pug, I would——" He recollected himself, and turned quite pale. There was a pause.

"Let me remind you," said Lydia composedly, though she too had changed colour at the beginning of his outburst, "that we are both wanted elsewhere at present: I by Miss Goff; and you by your servant, who has been hovering about us and looking at you anxiously for some minutes."

Cashel turned fiercely, and saw Mellish standing a little way off, sulkily watching them. Lydia took the opportunity, and left the place. As she retreated, she could hear that they were at high words together; but she could not distinguish what they were saying. Fortunately so, for their language was villainous.

She found Alice in the library, seated bolt upright in a chair that would have tempted a good-humoured person to recline. Lydia sat down in silence. Alice, presently looking at her, discovered that she was in a fit of noiseless laughter. The effect, in contrast to her habitual self-possession, was so strange that Alice almost forgot to be offended.

"I am glad to see that it is not hard to amuse you," she said.

Lydia waited to recover herself thoroughly, and then replied, "I have not laughed so three times in my life. Now, Alice, put aside your resentment of our neighbour's impudence for the moment; and tell me what you think of him."

"I have not thought about him at all, I assure you," said Alice disdainfully.

"Then think about him for a moment to oblige me; and let me know the result."

"Really, you have had much more opportunity of judging than I. I have hardly spoken to him."

Lydia rose patiently and went to the bookcase. "You have a cousin at one of the universities, have you not?" she said, seeking along the shelf for a volume.

"Yes," said Alice, speaking very sweetly in reparation for her want of amiability on the previous subject.



"Then perhaps you know something of university slang?"

"I never allow him to talk slang to me," replied Alice quickly.

"You may dictate modes of expression to a single man, perhaps, but not to a whole university," said Lydia, with a quiet scorn that brought unexpected tears to Alice's eyes. "Do you know what a pug is?"

"A pug!" said Alice vacantly. "No: I have heard of a bulldog—a proctor's bulldog, but never of a pug."

"I must try my slang dictionary," said Lydia, taking down a book and opening it. "Here it is. 'Pug—A fighting man's idea of the contracted word to be produced from pugilist.' What an extraordinary definition! A fighting man's idea of a contraction! Why should a man have a special idea of a contraction when he is fighting; or why should he think of such a thing at all under such circumstances? Perhaps 'fighting man' is slang too. No: it is not given here. Either I mistook the word, or it has some signification unknown to the compiler of my dictionary."

"It seems quite plain to me," said Alice. "Pug means pugilist."

"But pugilism is boxing: it is not a profession. I suppose all men are more or less pugilists. I want a sense of the word in which it denotes a calling or occupation of some kind. I fancy it means a demonstrator of anatomy. However, it does not matter."

"Where did you meet with it?"

"Mr. Byron used it just now."

"Do you really like that man?" said Alice, returning to the subject more humbly than she had quitted it.

"So far, I do not dislike him. He puzzles me. If the roughness of his manner is an affectation, I have never seen one so successful before."

"Perhaps he does not know any better. His coarseness did not strike me as being affected at all."

"I should agree with you but for one or two remarks which fell from him, and which showed an insight into the real nature of scientific knowledge, and an instinctive sense of the truths underlying words, which I have never met with except in men of considerable culture and experience. I suspect that his manner is deliberately assumed in protest against the selfish vanity which is the common source of social polish. It is partly natural, no doubt. He seems too impatient to choose his words heedfully. Do you ever go to the theatre, Alice?"

"No," said Alice, taken aback by this apparent irrelevance. "My father disapproved of it. But I was there once. I saw the Lady of Lyons."

"There is a famous actress, Adelaide Gisborne——"

"It was she whom I saw as the Lady of Lyons. She did it beautifully."

"Did Mr. Byron remind you of her?"

Alice stared incredulously at Lydia. "I do not think there can be two people in the world less like one another," she said.

"Nor do I," said Lydia meditatively. "But I think their dissimilarity owes its emphasis to some lurking likeness. Otherwise how could he have reminded me of her?" Lydia, as she spoke, sat down with a troubled expression, as if trying to unravel her

thoughts. "And yet," she added presently, "my theatrical associations are so complex that——" A long silence ensued, during which Alice, conscious of some unusual stir in her patroness, watched her furtively and wondered what would happen next.

"Alice."

"Yes."

"My mind is exercising itself in spite of me on small and impertinent matters—a sure symptom of failing mental health. My presence here is only one of several attempts that I have made to live idly since my father's death. They have all failed. Work has become necessary to me. I will go to London to-morrow."

Alice looked up in dismay; for this seemed equivalent to a dismissal. But her face expressed nothing but polite indifference.

"We shall have time to run through all the follies of the season before June, when I hope to return here and set to work at a book I have planned. I must collect the material for it in London. If I leave town before the season is over, and you are unwilling to come away with me, I can easily find someone who will take care of you as long as you please to stay. I wish it were June already!"

Alice preferred Lydia's womanly impatience to her fatalistic calm. It relieved her sense of inferiority, which familiarity had increased rather than diminished. Yet she was beginning to persuade herself with some success that the propriety of Lydia's manners was at least questionable. That morning she had congratulated herself on being too well bred to ask a man what his profession was, as Miss Carew had not scrupled to do. She had quite lost her awe of the servants; and had begun to address them with an unconscious haughtiness and a conscious politeness that were making the word "upstart" common in the servants' hall. Bashville, the footman, had risked his popularity there by opining that Miss Goff was a fine young woman.

Bashville was in his twenty-fourth year, and stood five feet ten in his stockings. At the sign of the Green Man in the village he was known as a fluent orator and keen political debater. In the stables he was deferred to as an authority on sporting affairs, and an expert wrestler in the Cornish fashion. The women servants regarded him with undissembled admiration. They vied with one another in inventing expressions of delight when he recited before them, which, as he had a good memory and was fond of poetry, he often did. They were proud to go out walking with him. But his attentions never gave rise to jealousy; for it was an open secret in the servants' hall that he loved his mistress. He had never said anything to that effect; and no one dared allude to it in his presence, much less rally him on his weakness; but his passion was well known for all that, and it seemed by no means so hopeless to the younger members of the domestic staff as it did to the cook, the butler, and Bashville himself. Miss Carew, who knew the value of good servants, appreciated her footman's smartness, and paid him accordingly; but she had no suspicion that she was waited on by a versatile young student of poetry and public affairs, distinguished for his gallantry, his personal prowess, his eloquence, and his influence on local politics.

It was Bashville who now entered the library with a salver,

which he proffered to Alice, saying, "The gentleman is waiting in the round drawing-room, Miss."

Alice took the gentleman's card, and read, "Mr. Wallace Parker."

"Oh!" she said, with vexation, glancing at Bashville as if to divine his impression of the visitor. "My cousin from Cambridge has come to see me."

"How fortunate!" said Lydia. "He will tell me the meaning of pug. Ask him to lunch with us."

"You would not care for him," said Alice. "He is not much used to society. I suppose I had better go and see him."

Miss Carew did not reply, being plainly at a loss to understand how there could be any doubt about the matter. Alice went to the round drawing-room, where she found Mr. Parker examining a trophy of Indian armour, and presenting a back view of a short gentleman in a spruce blue frock-coat. A new hat and pair of gloves were also visible as he stood looking upward with his hands behind him. When he turned to greet Alice, he displayed a face expressive of resolute self-esteem, with eyes whose watery brightness, together with the bareness of his temples, from which the hair was worn away, suggested late hours and either very studious or very dissipated habits. He advanced confidently; pressed Alice's hand warmly for several seconds; and placed a chair for her, without noticing the marked coldness with which she received his attentions.

"I was surprised, Alice," he said, when he had seated himself opposite to her, "to learn from Aunt Emily that you had come to live here without consulting me. I——"

"Consult you!" she said, contemptuously interrupting him. "I never heard of such a thing! Why should I consult you as to my movements?"

"Well, I should not have used the word consult, particularly to such an independent little lady as sweet Alice Goff. Still, I think you might—merely as a matter of form, you know—have informed me of the step you were taking. The relations that exist between us give me a right to your confidence."

"What relations, pray?"

"What relations!" he repeated, with reproachful emphasis.

"Yes. What relations?"

He rose, and addressed her with tender solemnity. "Alice," he began, "I have proposed to you at least six times——"

"And have I accepted you once?"

"Hear me to the end, Alice. I know that you have never explicitly accepted me; but it has always been understood that my needy circumstances were the only obstacle to our happiness. We—— Don't interrupt me, Alice: you little know what's coming. That obstacle no longer exists. I have been made second master at Sunbury College, with £350 a year, a house, coals, and gas. In the course of time, I shall undoubtedly succeed to the head mastership—a splendid position, worth £800 a year. You are now free from the troubles that have pressed so hard upon you since your father's death, and you can quit at once—now—instantly, your dependent position here."

"Thank you: I am very comfortable here. I am staying on a visit with Miss Carew."

Silence ensued; and he sat down slowly. Then she added, "I am exceedingly glad that you have got something good at last. It must be a great relief to your poor mother."

"I fancied, Alice—though it may have been only fancy—I fancied that *your* mother was colder than usual in her manner this morning. I hope that the luxuries of this palatial mansion are powerless to corrupt your heart. I cannot lead you to a castle and place crowds of liveried servants at your beck and call; but I can make you mistress of an honorable English home, independent of the bounty of strangers. You can never be more than a lady, Alice."

"It is very good of you to lecture me, I am sure."

"You might be serious with me," he said, rising in ill humor, and walking a little way down the room. "I think the offer of a man's hand ought to be received with respect."

"Oh! I did not quite understand. I thought we agreed that you are not to make me that offer every time we meet."

"It was equally understood that the subject was only deferred until I should be in a position to resume it without binding you to a long engagement. That time has come now; and I expect a favourable answer at last. I am entitled to one, considering how patiently I have waited for it."

"For my part, Wallace, I must say I do not think it wise for you to think of marrying with only £350 a year."

"With a house: remember that; and coals, and gas! You are becoming very prudent, now that you live with Miss Whatsher-name here. I fear you no longer love me, Alice."

"I never said I loved you at any time."

"Pshaw! You never said so, perhaps; but you always gave me to understand that——"

"I did nothing of the sort, Wallace; and I won't have you say so."

"In short," he retorted bitterly, "you think you will pick up some swell here who will be a better bargain than I am."

"Wallace! How dare you?"

"You hurt my feelings, Alice; and I speak out. I know how to behave myself quite as well as those who have the *entrée* here; but when my entire happiness is at stake I do not stand on punctilio. Therefore I insist on a straightforward answer to my fair, honourable proposal."

"Wallace," said Alice, with dignity: "I will not be forced into giving an answer against my will. I regard you as a cousin."

"I do not wish to be regarded as a cousin. Have I ever regarded you as a cousin?"

"And do you suppose, Wallace, that I should permit you to call me by my Christian name, and be as familiar as we have always been together, if you were not my cousin. If so, you must have a very strange opinion of me."

"I did not think that luxury could so corrupt——"

"You said that before," said Alice pettishly. "Do not keep repeating the same thing over and over. You know it is one of your bad habits. Will you stay to lunch? Miss Carew told me to ask you."

"Indeed! Miss Carew is very kind. Please inform her that I am deeply honoured, and that I feel quite disturbed at being unable to accept her patronage."

Alice poised her head disdainfully. "No doubt it amuses you to make yourself ridiculous," she said; "but I must say I do not see any occasion for it."

"I am sorry that my behaviour is not sufficiently good for you. You never found any cause to complain of it when our surroundings were less aristocratic. I am quite ashamed of taking so much of your valuable time. *Good morning.*"

"Good morning. But I do not see why you are in such a rage."

"I am not in a rage. I am only grieved to find that you are corrupted by luxury. I thought your principles were higher. Good morning, Miss Goff. I shall not have the pleasure of seeing you again in this very choice mansion."

"Are you really going, Wallace?" said Alice, rising.

"Yes. Why should I stay?"

She rang the bell, greatly disconcerting him; for he had expected her to detain him and make advances for a reconciliation. Before they could exchange more words, Bashville entered.

"Good-bye," said Alice politely.

"Good-bye," he replied, through his teeth. He walked loftily out, passing Bashville with marked scorn.

He had left the house, and was descending the terrace steps, when he was overtaken by the footman, who said civilly,

"Beg your pardon, sir. You've forgotten this, I think." And he handed him a walking stick.

Parker's first idea was that his stick had attracted the man's attention by the poor figure it made in the castle hall, and that Bashville was requesting him, with covert superciliousness, to remove his property. On second thoughts, his self-esteem rejected this suspicion as too humiliating; but he resolved to show Bashville that he had a gentleman to deal with. So he took the stick, and, instead of thanking Bashville, handed him five shillings.

Bashville smiled and shook his head. "Oh no, sir," he said, "thank you all the same. Those are not my views."

"The more fool you," said Parker, pocketing the coins, and turning away.

Bashville's countenance changed. "Come come, sir," he said, following Parker to the foot of the steps: "fair words deserve fair words. I am no more a fool than you are. A gentleman should know his place as well as a servant."

"Oh, go to the devil," muttered Parker, turning very red, and hurrying away.

"If you werent my mistress's guest," said Bashville, looking menacingly after him, "I'd send you to bed for a week for sending me to the devil."

*(To be continued).*



## A Confession of Saith.

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“OF genius in the Fine Arts,” wrote Wordsworth, “the only infallible sign is the widening the sphere of human sensibility for the delight, honour, and benefit of human nature. Genius is the introduction of a new element into the intellectual universe, or, if that be not allowed, it is the application of powers to objects on which they had not before been exercised, or the employment of them in such a manner as to produce effects hitherto unknown. What is all this but an advance or conquest made by the soul of the poet? Is it to be supposed that the reader can make progress of this kind like an Indian prince or general stretched on his palanquin and borne by slaves? No; he is invigorated and inspirited by his leader in order that he may exert himself, for he cannot proceed in quiescence, he cannot be carried like a dead weight. Therefore to create taste is to call forth and bestow power.”

A great poet, then, is “a challenge and summons”; and the question first of all is not whether we like or dislike him, but whether we are capable of meeting that challenge, of stepping out of our habitual selves to answer that summons. He works on Nature’s plan: Nature, who teaches nothing but supplies infinite material to learn from; who never preaches but drives home her meanings by the resistless eloquence of effects. Therefore the poet makes greater demands upon his reader than any other man. For it is not a question of swallowing his ideas or admiring his handiwork merely but of seeing, feeling, enjoying, as he sees, feels, enjoys. “The messages of great poems to each man and woman are,” says Walt Whitman, “come to us on equal terms, only then can you understand us. We are no better than you; what we enclose you enclose, what we enjoy you may enjoy”—no better than you potentially, that is; but if you would understand us the potential must become the actual, the dormant sympathies must awaken and broaden, the dulled perceptions clear themselves and let in undreamed of delights, the wonder-working imagination must respond, the ear attune itself, the languid soul inhale large draughts of love and hope and courage, those “empyrean airs” that vitalize the poet’s world. No wonder the poet is long in finding his audience; no wonder he has to abide the “inexorable tests of Time,” which, if indeed he be great, slowly turns the handful into

hundreds, the hundreds into thousands and, at last having done its worst, grudgingly passes him on into the ranks of the Immortals.

Meanwhile let not the handful who believe that such a destiny awaits a man of our time cease to give a reason for the faith that is in them.

So far as the suffrages of his own generation go Walt Whitman may, like Wordsworth, tell of the "love, the admiration, the indifference, the slight, the aversion and even the contempt" with which his poems have been received; but the love and admiration are from even a smaller number, the aversion, the contempt more vehement, more universal and persistent than Wordsworth ever encountered. For the American is a more daring innovator; he cuts loose from precedent, is a very Columbus who has sailed forth alone on perilous seas to seek new shores, to seek a new world for the soul, a world that shall give scope and elevation and beauty to the changed and changing events, aspirations, conditions of modern life. To new aims, new methods; therefore let not the reader approach these poems as a judge, comparing, testing, measuring by what has gone on before, but as a willing learner, an unprejudiced seeker for whatever may delight and nourish and exalt the soul. Neither let him be abashed nor daunted by the weight of adverse opinion, the contempt and denial which have been heaped upon the great American even though it be the contempt and denial of the capable, the cultivated, the recognized authorities; for such is the usual lot of the pioneer in whatever field. In religion it is above all to the earnest and conscientious believer that the Reformer has appeared a blasphemer, and in the world of literature it is equally natural that the most careful student, that the warmest lover of the accepted masterpieces, should be the most hostile to one who forsakes the methods by which, or at any rate, in company with which, those triumphs have been achieved. "But," said the wise Goethe, "I will listen to any man's convictions; you may keep your doubts, your negations to yourself, I have plenty of my own." For heartfelt convictions are rare things. Therefore I make bold to indicate the scope and source of power in Walt Whitman's writings, starting from no wider ground than their effect upon an individual mind. It is not criticism I have to offer; least of all any discussion of the question of form or formlessness in these poems, deeply convinced as I am that when great meanings and great emotions are expressed with corresponding power, literature has done its best, call it what you please. But my aim is rather to suggest such trains of thought, such experience of life as having served to put me *en rapport* with this poet may haply find here and there a reader who is thereby helped to the same end. Hence I quote just as freely from the prose (especially from "Democratic Vistas" and the preface to the first issue of "Leaves of Grass," 1855) as from his poems, and more freely, perhaps, from those parts that have proved a stumbling block than from those whose conspicuous beauty assures them acceptance.

Fifteen years ago, with feelings partly of indifference, partly of antagonism,—for I had heard none but ill words of them—I first opened Walt Whitman's poems. But as I read I became conscious

of receiving the most powerful influence that had ever come to me from any source. What was the spell? It was that in them humanity has, in a new sense, found itself; for the first time has dared to accept itself without disparagement, without reservation. For the first time an unrestricted faith in all that is and in the issues of all that happens has burst forth triumphantly into song.

. . . . . The rapture of the hallelujah sent  
From all that breathes and is . . . . .

rings through these poems. They carry up into the region of Imagination and Passion those vaster and more profound conceptions of the universe and of man reached by centuries of that indomitably patient organized search for knowledge, that "skilful cross-questioning of things" called science.

O truth of the earth I am determined to press my way toward you.  
Sound your voice! I scale the mountains, I dive in the sea after you,

cried science; and the earth and the sky have answered, and continue inexhaustibly to answer her appeal. And now at last the day dawns which Wordsworth prophesied of: "The man of science," he wrote, "seeks truth as a remote and unknown benefactor; he cherishes and loves it in his solitude. The Poet, singing a song in which all human beings join with him, rejoices in the presence of truth as our visible friend and hourly companion. Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science, it is the first and last of all knowledge; it is immortal as the heart of man. If the labours of men of science should ever create any material revolution, direct or indirect, in our condition, and in the impressions which we habitually receive, the Poet will then sleep no more than at present; he will be ready to follow the steps of the man of science not only in those general indirect effects, but he will be at his side carrying sensation into the midst of the objects of science itself. If the time should ever come when what is now called science, thus familiarized to man, shall be ready to put on as it were, a form of flesh and blood, the Poet will lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration, and will welcome the being thus produced as a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man." That time approaches: a new heavens and a new earth await us when the knowledge grasped by science is realized, conceived as a whole, related to the world within us by the shaping spirit of imagination. Not in vain, already, for this Poet have they pierced the darkness of the past, and read here and there a word of the earth's history before human eyes beheld it; each word of infinite significance, because involving in it secrets of the whole. A new anthem of the slow, vast, mystic dawn of life he sings in the name of humanity:—

I am an acme of things accomplished, and I am an encloser of things to be

My feet strike an apex of the apices of the stars;  
On every step bunches of ages, and larger bunches between the steps;  
All below duly travell'd and still I mount and mount.

Rise after rise bow the phantoms behind me:  
Afair down I see the huge first No-thing



I know I was even there ;  
I waited unseen and always, and slept through the lethargic mist.  
And took my time, and took no hurt from the fetid carbon.

Long I was hugg'd close—long and long.

Immense have been the preparations for me,  
Faithful and friendly the arms that have help'd me.

Cycles ferried my cradle, rowing and rowing like cheerful boatmen ;  
For room to me stars kept aside in their own rings,  
They sent influences to look after what was to hold me.

Before I was born out of my mother generations guided me.  
My embryo has never been torpid—nothing could overlay it.

For it the nebula cohered to an orb,  
The long slow strata piled to rest it on,  
Vast vegetables gave it sustenance,  
Monstrous sauroids transported it in their mouths and deposited it with care.

All forces have been steadily employ'd to complete and delight me ;  
Now on this spot I stand with my robust soul.

Not in vain have they pierced space as well as time and found  
“ a vast similitude interlocking all.”

I open my scuttle at night and see the far-sprinkled systems,  
And all I see multiplied as high as I can cypher ; edge but the rim of the farther  
systems.

Wide and wider they spread, expanding, always expanding,  
Outward, and outward, and forever outward.

My sun has his sun, and round him obediently wheels,  
He joins with his partners a group of superior circuit,  
And greater sets follow, making specks of the greatest inside them.

There is no stoppage, and never can be stoppage ;  
If I, you, and the worlds and all beneath or upon their surfaces were this  
moment reduced back to a pallid float it would not avail in the long run ;  
We should surely bring up again where we now stand,  
And as surely go as much farther, and then farther and farther.

Not in vain for him have they penetrated into the substances of  
things to find that what we thought poor, dead, inert matter is  
(in Clerk Maxwell's words), “ a very sanctuary of minuteness and  
power where molecules obey the laws of their existence, and clash  
together in fierce collision, or grapple in yet more fierce embrace,  
building up in secret the forms of visible things ;” each stock and  
stone a busy group of Ariels plying obediently their hidden tasks.

Why who makes much of a miracle ?  
As to me, I know of nothing else but miracles,

\* \* \*

To me every hour of the light and dark is a miracle,  
Every cubic inch of space is a miracle,  
Every square yard of the surface of the earth is spread with the same ;  
Every spear of grass—the frames, limbs, organs of men and women, and all  
that concerns them,  
All these to me are unspeakably perfect miracles.

The natural is the supernatural, says Carlyle. It is the message  
that comes to our time from all quarters alike ; from poetry, from  
science, from the deep brooding of the student of human history.

Science materialistic? Rather it is the current theology that is materialistic in comparison. Science may truly be said to have annihilated our gross and brutish conceptions of matter, and to have revealed it to us as subtle, spiritual, energetic beyond our powers of realization. It is for the Poet to increase these powers of realization. He it is who must awaken us to the perception of a new heavens and a new earth here where we stand on this old earth. He it is who must in Walt Whitman's words indicate the path between reality and the soul.

Above all is every thought and feeling in these poems touched by the light of the great revolutionary truth that man, unfolded through vast stretches of time out of lowly antecedents, is a rising, not a fallen creature; emerging slowly from purely animal life; as slowly as the strata are piled and the ocean beds hollowed; whole races still barely emerged, countless individuals in the foremost races barely emerged; "the wolf, the snake, the hog" yet lingering in the best; but new ideals achieved, and others come in sight, so that what once seemed fit is fit no longer, is adhered to uneasily and with shame; the conflicts and antagonisms between what we call good and evil, at once the sign and the means of emergence, and needing to account for them no supposed primeval disaster, no outside power thwarting and marring the Divine handiwork, the perfect fitness to its time and place of all that has proceeded from the Great Source. In a word that Evil is relative; is that which the slowly developing reason and conscience bid us leave behind. The prowess of the lion, the subtlety of the fox are cruelty and duplicity in man.

Silent and amazed when a little boy,  
I remember I heard the preacher every Sunday put God in his statements,  
As contending against some being or influence,

says the poet. And elsewhere, "Faith, very old now, scared away by science"—by the daylight science lets in upon our miserable inadequate, idolatrous conceptions of God and of his works, and on the sophistications, subterfuges, moral impossibilities, by which we have endeavoured to reconcile the irreconcilable—the co-existence of omnipotent Goodness and an absolute Power of Evil,—“Faith must be brought back by the same power that caused her departure: restored with new sway, deeper, wider, higher than ever.” And what else, indeed, at bottom, is science so busy at? For what is Faith? “Faith,” to borrow venerable and unsurpassed words, “is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.” And how obtain evidence of things not seen but by a knowledge of things seen? And how know what we may hope for but by knowing the truth of what is, here and now? For seen and unseen are parts of the Great Whole: all the parts interdependent, closely related; all alike have proceeded from and are manifestations of the Divine Source. Nature is not the barrier between us and the unseen but the link, the communication; she too has something behind appearances, has an unseen soul; she too is made of “innumerable energies.” Knowledge is not faith, but it is faith's indispensable preliminary and starting ground. Faith runs ahead to fetch glad tidings for us; but if she start from a basis of ignorance and

illusion, how can she but run in the wrong direction? "Suppose" said that impetuous lover and seeker of truth, Clifford, "Suppose all moving things to be suddenly stopped at some instant, and that we could be brought fresh, without any previous knowledge, to look at the petrified scene. The spectacle would be immensely absurd. Crowds of people would be senselessly standing on one leg in the street looking at one another's backs; others would be wasting their time by sitting in a train in a place difficult to get at, nearly all with their mouths open, and their bodies in some contorted, unrestful posture. Clocks would stand with their pendulums on one side. Everything would be disorderly, conflicting, in its wrong place. But once remember that the world is in motion, is going somewhere, and everything will be accounted for and found just as it should be. Just so great a change of view, just so complete an explanation is given to us when we recognize that the nature of man and beast and of all the world is *going somewhere*. The maladaptions in organic nature are seen to be steps toward the improvement or discarding of imperfect organs. The *baneful strife which lurketh inborn in us, and goeth on the way with us to hurt us*, is found to be the relic of a time of savage or even lower condition." "Going somewhere!" That is the meaning then of all our perplexities! That changes a mystery which stultified and contradicted the best we knew into a mystery which teaches, allures, elevates; which harmonises what we know with what we hope. By it we begin to

see by the glad light,  
And breathe the sweet air of futurity.

The scornful laughter of Carlyle as he points with one hand to the baseness, ignorance, folly, cruelty around us, and with the other to the still unsurpassed poets, sages, heroes, saints of antiquity, whilst he utters the words "progress of the species!" touches us no longer when we have begun to realize "the amplitude of time;" when we know something of the scale by which Nature measures out the years to accomplish her smallest essential modification or development; know that to call a few thousands or tens of thousands of years antiquity, is to speak as a child, and that in her chronology the great days of Egypt and Syria, of Greece and Rome are affairs of yesterday.

Each of us inevitable;  
Each of us limitless—each of us with his or her rights upon the earth;  
Each of us allow'd the eternal purports of the earth;  
Each of us here as divinely as any are here,

You Hottentot with clicking palate! You woolly hair'd hordes!  
You own'd persons dropping sweat-drops or blood-drops!  
You human forms with the fathomless ever-impressive countenances of brutes!  
I dare not refuse you—the scope of the world and of time and space are upon me.

\* \* \* \* \*

I do not prefer others so very much before you either;  
I do not say one word against you, away back there, where you stand;  
(You will come forward in due time to my side).  
My spirit has pass'd in compassion and determination around the whole earth;  
I have look'd for equals and lovers, and found them ready for me in all lands;  
I think some divine rapport has equalized me with them.

O vapors! I think I have risen with you, and moved away to distant continents  
and fallen down there for reasons;  
I think I have blown with you, O winds;  
O waters, I have finger'd every shore with you.

I have run through what any river or strait of the globe has run through;  
I have taken my stand on the bases of peninsulas and on the high embedded  
rocks to cry thence,

*Salut au monde!*

What cities the light or warmth penetrates, I penetrate those cities myself;  
All islands to which birds wing their way I wing my way myself.

Toward all,

I raise high the perpendicular hand, I make the signal  
To remain after me in sight forever,  
For all the haunts and homes of men.

But "Hold!" says the reader, especially if he be one who loves science, who loves to feel the firm ground under his feet, "That the species has a great future before it we may well believe; already we see the indications. But that the individual has is quite another matter. We can but balance probabilities here, and the probabilities are very heavy on the wrong side; the poets must throw in weighty matter indeed to turn the scale the other way!" Be it so: but ponder a moment what science herself has to say bearing on this theme; what are the widest, deepest facts she has reached down to. INDESTRUCTIBILITY: Amidst ceaseless change and seeming decay all the elements, all the forces (if indeed they be not one and the same) which operate and substantiate those changes, imperishable; neither matter nor force capable of annihilation. Endless transformations, disappearances, new combinations, but diminution of the total amount never; missing in one place or shape to be found in another, disguised ever so long, ready always to re-emerge. "A particle of oxygen," wrote Faraday, "is ever a particle of oxygen; nothing can in the least wear it. If it enters into combination and disappears as oxygen, if it pass through a thousand combinations, animal, vegetable, mineral,—if it lie hid for a thousand years and then be evolved, it is oxygen with its first qualities neither more nor less." So then out of the universe is no door. CONTINUITY again is one of Nature's irrevocable words; everything the result and outcome of what went before; no gaps, no jumps; always a connecting principle which carries forward the great scheme of things as a related whole, which subtly links past and present, like and unlike. Nothing breaks with its past. "It is not," says Helmholtz, "the definite mass of substance which now constitutes the body to which the continuance of the individual is attached. Just as the flame remains the same in appearance and continues to exist with the same form and structure although it draws every moment fresh combustible vapour and fresh oxygen from the air into the vortex of its ascending current; and just as the wave goes on in unaltered form and is yet being reconstructed every moment from fresh particles of water, so is it also in the living being. For the material of the body like that of flame is subject to continuous and comparatively rapid change,—a change the more rapid the livelier the activity of the organs in question. Some constituents are renewed from day to day, some from month to month, and others only after years.

That which continues to exist as a particular individual is, like the wave and the flame, only the *form of motion* which continually attracts fresh matter into its vortex and expels the old. The observer with a deaf ear recognizes the vibration of sound as long as it is visible and can be felt, bound up with other heavy matter. Are our senses in reference to life like the deaf ear in this respect?"

You are not thrown to the winds—you gather certainly and safely around yourself;

\* \* \* \* \*

It is not to diffuse you that you were born of your father and mother—it is to identify you;

It is not that you should be undecided, but that you should be decided;  
Something long preparing and formless is arriv'd and form'd in you.

You are henceforth secure whatever comes or goes.

\* \* \* \* \*

O Death! the voyage of Death!

The beautiful touch of Death, soothing and benumbing a few moments for reasons;

Myself discharging my excrementitious body to be burn'd or reduced to powder or buried,

My real body doubtless left me for other spheres,

My voided body, nothing more to me, returning to the purifications, farther offices, eternal uses of the earth."

Yes, they go their way, those dismissed atoms with all their energies and affinities unimpaired. But they are not all; the will, the affections, the intellect are just as real as those affinities and energies, and there is strict account of all; nothing slips through; there is no door out of the universe. But they are qualities of a personality, of a self, not of an atom but of what uses and dismisses those atoms. If the qualities are indestructible so must the self be. The little heap of ashes, the puff of gas, do you pretend that is all that was Shakspeare? The rest of him lives in his works, you say? But he lived and was just the same man after those works were produced. The world gained, but he lost nothing of himself, rather grew and strengthened in the production of them.

Still farther, those faculties with which we seek for knowledge are only a part of us, there is something behind which wields them, something that those faculties cannot turn themselves in upon and comprehend; for the part cannot compass the whole. Yet there it is with the irrefragable proof of consciousness. Who should be the mouthpiece of this whole? Who but the poet, the man most fully "possessed of his own soul," the man of the largest consciousness; fullest of love and sympathy which gather into his own life the experiences of others, fullest of imagination; that quality whereof Wordsworth says that it

. . . . in truth  
Is but another name for absolute power,  
And clearest insight, amplitude of mind  
And reason in her most exalted mood."

Let Walt Whitman speak for us :—

I know I am solid and sound,

To me the converging objects of the universe perpetually flow;

All are written to me and I must get what the writing means.

I know I am deathless ;  
 I know this orbit of mine cannot be swept by the carpenter's compass ;  
 I know I shall not pass like a child's carlacue cut with a burnt stick at night.

I know I am august ;  
 I do not trouble my spirit to vindicate itself or be understood ;  
 I see that the elementary laws never apologize ;  
 (I reckon I behave no prouder than the level I plant my house by, after all.)

I exist as I am—that is enough ;  
 If no other in the world be aware I sit content,  
 And if each one and all, be aware, I sit content

One world is aware and by far the largest to me, and that is myself ;  
 And whether I come to my own to-day, or in ten thousand or ten million years,  
 I can cheerfully take it now, or with equal cheerfulness I can wait.

My foothold is tenon'd and mortis'd in granite,  
 I laugh at what you call dissolution,  
 And I know the amplitude of time.

What lies through the portal of death is hidden from us ; but the laws that govern that unknown land are not all hidden from us, for they govern here and now ; they are immutable, eternal.

"Of and in all these things  
 I have dream'd that we are not to be changed so much, nor the law of us changed,  
 I have dream'd that heroes and good doers shall be under the present and  
 past law,  
 And that murderers, drunkards, liars, shall be under the present and past law.  
 For I have dream'd that the law they are under now is enough."

And the law not to be eluded is the law of consequences, the law of silent teaching. That is the meaning of disease, pain, remorse. Slow to learn are we ; but success is assured with limitless Beneficence as our teacher, with limitless time as our opportunity. Already we begin—

To know the Universe itself as a road—as many roads  
 As roads for travelling souls.  
 For ever alive ; for ever forward.  
 Stately, solemn, sad, withdrawn, baffled, mad, turbulent, feeble, dissatisfied ;  
 Desperate, proud, fond, sick ;  
 Accepted by men, rejected by men.  
 They go ! they go ! I know that they go, but I know not where they go.  
 But I know they go toward the best, toward something great ;  
 The whole Universe indicates that it is good.

Going somewhere ! And if it is impossible for us to see whither, as in the nature of things it must be, how can we be adequate judges of the way ? how can we but often grope and be full of perplexity ? But we know that a smooth path, a paradise of a world could only nurture fools, cowards, sluggards. "Joy is the great unfolders," but pain is the great enlightener, the great stimulus in certain directions, alike of man and beast. How else could the self-preserving instincts, and all that grows out of them, have been evoked ? How else those wonders of the moral world, fortitude, patience, sympathy ? And if the lesson be too hard comes Death, come "the sure-enwinding arms of Death" to end it, and speed us to the unknown land.

Man is only weak  
 Through his mistrust and want of hope,

wrote Wordsworth. But man's mistrust of himself is, at bottom, mistrust of the central Fount of power and goodness whence he has issued. Here comes one who plucks out of religion its heart of fear, and puts into it a heart of boundless faith and joy; a faith that beggars previous faiths because it sees that All is good, not part bad and part good; that there is no flaw in the scheme of things, no primeval disaster, no counteracting power; but orderly and sure growth and development, and that infinite Goodness and Wisdom embrace and ever lead forward all that exists. Are you troubled that He is an unknown God; that we cannot by searching find Him out? Why, it would be a poor prospect for the Universe if otherwise; if, embryos that we are, we could compass Him in our thoughts:

"I hear and behold God in every object, yet understand God not in the least."

It is the double misfortune of the churches that they do not study God in his works—man and Nature and their relations to each other; and that they do profess to set Him forth; that they worship therefore a God of man's devising, an idol made by men's minds it is true, not by their hands, but none the less an idol. "Leaves are not more shed out of trees than Bibles are shed out of you," say the poet. They were the best of their time, but not of all time; they need renewing as surely as there is such a thing as growth, as surely as knowledge nourishes and sustains to further development; as surely as time unrolls new pages of the mighty scheme of existence. Nobly has George Sand, too, written "Everything is divine, even matter; everything is superhuman, even man. God is everywhere: he is in me in a measure proportioned to the little that I am. My present life separates me from Him just in the degree determined by the actual state of childhood of our race. Let me content myself in all my seeking to feel after Him, and to possess of him as much as this imperfect soul can take in with the intellectual sense I have. The day will come when we shall no longer talk about God idly; nay, when we shall talk about Him as little as possible. We shall cease to set Him forth dogmatically, to dispute about His nature. We shall put compulsion on no one to pray to Him, we shall leave the whole business of worship within the sanctuary of each man's conscience. And this will happen when we are really religious."

In what sense may Walt Whitman be called the Poet of Democracy? It is as giving utterance to this profoundly religious faith in man. He is rather the prophet of what is to be than the celebrator of what is. "Democracy," he writes, "is a word, the real gist of which still sleeps quite unawakened, notwithstanding the resonance and the many angry tempests out of which its syllables have come from pen or tongue. It is a great word whose history, I suppose, remains unwritten because that history has yet to be enacted. It is in some sort younger brother of another great and often used word, Nature, whose history also waits unwritten." Political democracy, now taking shape, is the house to live in, and whilst what we demand of it is room for all, fair chances for all, none disregarded or left out as of no account, the main question, the shall of life that is to be led in that house is altogether

beyond the ken of the statesmen as such, and is involved in those deepest facts of the nature and destiny of man which are the themes of Walt Whitman's writings. The practical outcome of that exalted and all accepting faith in the scheme of things, and in man, toward whom all has led up and in whom all concentrates as the manifestation, the revelation of Divine Power is a changed estimate of himself; a higher reverence for, a loftier belief in the heritage of himself; a perception that pride, not humility, is the true homage to his Maker; that "noblesse oblige" is for the Race, not for a handful; that it is manhood and womanhood and their high destiny which constrain to greatness, which can no longer stoop to meanness and lies and base aims, but must needs clothe themselves in "the majesty of honest dealing" (majestic because demanding courage as good as the soldier's, self-denial as good as the saint's for ever-day affairs), and walk erect and fearless, a law to themselves, sternest of all law givers. Looking back to the palmy days of feudalism, especially as immortalized in Shakspeare's plays, what is it we find most admirable? what is it that fascinates? It is the noble pride, the lofty self-respect; the dignity, the courage and audacity of its great personages. But this pride, this dignity rested half upon a true, half upon a hollow foundation; half upon intrinsic qualities, half upon the ignorance and brutishness of the great masses of the people, whose helpless submission and easily dazzled imaginations made stepping-stones to the elevation of the few, and "hedged round kings," with a specious kind of "divinity." But we have our faces turned towards a new day, and toward heights on which there is room for all.

"By God, I will accept nothing which all cannot have their counterpart of on the same terms"

is the motto of the great personages, the great souls of to-day. *On the same terms*, for that is Nature's law and cannot be abrogated, the reaping as you sow. But all shall have the chance to sow well. This is pride indeed! Not a pride that isolates, but that can take no rest till our common humanity is lifted out of the mire everywhere, "a pride that cannot stretch too far because sympathy stretches with it":—

"Whoever you are! claim your own at any hazard,  
These shows of the east and west are tame compared to you;  
These immense meadows, these interminable rivers—  
You are immense and interminable as they;  
These furies, elements, storms, motions of nature, throes of apparent dissolution  
—you are he or she who is master or mistress over them.  
Master or mistress in your own right over nature, elements, pain, passion, dissolution.  
The hobbles fall from your ankles, you find an unfailing sufficiency;  
Old or young, male or female, rude, low, rejected by the rest, whatever you are promulgates itself;  
Through birth, life, death, burial, the means are provided, nothing is scant; ;  
Through angers, losses, ambition, ignorance and ennui  
What you are picks its way."

This is indeed a pride that is "calming and excellent to the soul"; that "dissolves poverty from its need and riches from its conceit."

And humility? Is there, then, no place for that virtue so much praised by the haughty? Humility is the sweet spontaneous grace



of an aspiring, finely developed nature which sees always heights a-head still unclimbed, which outstrips itself in eager longing for excellence still unattained. Genuine humility takes good care of itself as men rise in the scale of being; for every height climbed discloses still new heights beyond. Or it is a wise caution in fortune's favourites lest they themselves should mistake, as the unthinking crowd around do, the glitter reflected back upon them by their surroundings for some superiority inherent in themselves. It befits them well if there be also due pride, pride of humanity behind. But to say to a man 'Be humble' is like saying to one who has a battle to fight, a race to run 'You are a poor, feeble creature; you are not likely to win and you do not deserve to.' Say rather to him, 'Hold up your head! You were not made for failure, you were made for victory: go forward with a joyful confidence in that result sooner or later, and the sooner or the later depends mainly on yourself.'

"What Christ appeared for in the moral-spiritual field for humankind, namely, that in respect to the absolute soul there is in the possession of such by each single individual something so transcendent, so incapable of gradations (like life) that to that extent it places all beings on a common level, utterly regardless of the distinctions of intellect, virtue, station, or any height or lowliness whatever" is the secret source of that deathless sentiment of Equality which how many able heads imagine themselves to have slain with ridicule and contempt, as Johnson, kicking a stone, imagined he had demolished Idealism when he had simply attributed to the word an impossible meaning. True, *Inequality* is one of Nature's words: she moves forward always by means of the exceptional. But the moment the move is accomplished, then all her efforts are towards equality, towards bringing up the rear to that standpoint. But social inequalities, class distinctions, do not stand for, or represent Nature's inequalities. Precisely the contrary in the long run. They are devices for holding up many that would else gravitate down and keeping down many who would else rise up; for providing that some should reap who have not sown, and many sow without reaping. But literature tallies the ways of Nature; for though itself the product of the exceptional, its aim is to draw all men up to its own level. The great writer is "hungry for equals day and night," for so only can he be fully understood. "The meal is equally set"; all are invited. Therefore is literature whether consciously or not, the greatest of all forces on the side of Democracy.

Carlyle has said there is no grand poem in the world but is at bottom a biography—the life of a man. Walt Whitman's poems are not the biography of a man, but they are his actual presence. It is no vain boast when he exclaims,

Camerado ! this is no book ;  
Who touches this touches a man.

He has infused himself into words in a way that had not before seemed possible; and he causes each reader to feel that he himself or herself has an actual relationship to him, is a reality full of inexhaustible significance and interest to the poet. The power of

his book, beyond even its great intellectual force, is the power with which he makes this felt; his words lay more hold than the grasp of a hand, strike deeper than the gaze or the flash of an eye; to those who comprehend him he stands "nigher than nighest."

America has had the shaping of Walt Whitman, and he repays the filial debt with a love that knows no stint. Her vast lands with their varied, brilliant climes and rich products, her political scheme, her achievements and her failures, all have contributed to make these poems what they are both directly and indirectly. Above all has that great conflict, the Secession War, found voice in him. And if the reader would understand the true causes and nature of that war, ostensibly waged between North and South, but underneath a tussle for supremacy between the good and the evil genius of America (for there were just as many secret sympathisers with the secession-slave-power in the North as in the South) he will find the clue in the pages of Walt Whitman. Rarely has he risen to a loftier height than in the poem which heralds that volcanic upheaval:—

Rise, O days, from your fathomless deeps, till you loftier and fiercer sweep!  
 Long for my soul, hungering gymnastic, I devour'd what the earth gave.  
 Long I roam'd the woods of the north—long I watch'd Niagara pouring;  
 I travell' the prairies over, and slept on their breast—  
 I cross'd the Nevadas, I cross'd the plateaus;  
 I ascended the towering rocks along the Pacific, I sail'd out to sea;  
 I sail'd through the storm, I was refresh'd by the storm;  
 I watch'd with joy the threatening maws of the waves;  
 I mark'd the white combs where they career'd so high curling over;  
 I heard the wind piping, I saw the black clouds;  
 Saw from below what arose and mounted. (O superb! O wild as my heart  
 and powerfull!);  
 Heard the continuous thunder, as it bellow'd after the lightning;  
 Noted the slender and jagged threads of lightning, as sudden and fast amid the  
 din they chased each other across the sky;  
 —These and such as these, I, elate, saw—saw with wonder, yet pensive and  
 masterful;  
 All the menacing might of the globe uprisen around me;  
 Yet there with my soul I fed—I fed content, supercilious.

'Twas well, O soul! 'twas a good preparation you gave me!  
 Now we advance our latent and ampler hunger to fill;  
 Now we go forth to receive what the earth and the sea never gave us;  
 Not through the mighty woods we go, but through the mightier cities.  
 Something for us is pouring now, more than Niagara pouring;  
 Torrents of men (sources and rills of the north-west, are you indeed inex-  
 haustible?)  
 What to pavements and homesteads here—what were those storms of the  
 mountains and sea?  
 What to passions I witness around me to-day, was the sea risen?  
 Was the wind piping the pipe of death under the black clouds?  
 Lo! from deeps more unfathomable something more deadly and savage;  
 Manhattan rising, advancing with menacing front—  
 Cincinnati, Chicago, unchain'd;  
 —What was that swell I saw on the ocean? behold what comes here!  
 How it climbs with daring feet and hands! how it dashes!  
 How the true thunder bellows after the lightning! how bright the flashes of  
 lightning!  
 How Democracy with vengeful port strides on, shown through the dark by  
 those flashes of lightning!  
 (Yet a mournful wail and low sob I fancied I heard through the dark,  
 In a lull of the deafening confusion.)

Thunder on! stride on, Democracy! stride with vengeful stroke!  
 And do you rise higher than ever yet, O days, O cities!  
 Crash heavier, heavier yet O storms! you have done me good;  
 My soul, prepared in the mountains, absorbs your immortal strong nutriment:  
 —Long had I walk'd my cities, my country roads, only half satisfied;  
 One doubt, nauseous, undulating like a snake, crawl'd on the ground before me,  
 Continually preceding my steps, turning upon me oft, ironically hissing low;  
 —The cities I lov'd so well, I abandon'd and left—I sped to the certainties  
   suitable to me;  
 Hungering, hungering, hungering for primal energies, and nature's daunt-  
   lessness;  
 I refresh'd myself with it only, I could relish it only;  
 I waited the bursting forth of the pent fire—on the water and the air I waited  
   long;  
 —But now I no longer wait—I am fully satisfied, I am glutt'd;  
 I have witness'd the true lightning—I have witnessed my cities electric;  
 I have lived to behold man burst forth and warlike America rise;  
 Hence I will seek no more the food of the northern solitary wilds,  
 No more on the mountains roam or sail the stormy sea.

But not for the poet a soldier's career. "To sit by the wounded and soothe them, or silently watch the dead" was the part he chose. During the whole war he remained with the army, but only to spend the days and nights, saddest, happiest of his life, in the hospital tents. It was a beautiful destiny for this lover of men, and a proud triumph for this believer in the People; for it was the People that he beheld, tried by severest tests. He saw them "of their own choice, fighting, dying for their own idea, insolently attacked by the secession-slave-power." From the workshop, the farm, the store, the desk, they poured forth, officered by men who had to blunder into knowledge at the cost of the wholesale slaughter of their troops. He saw them "tried long and long by hopelessness, mismanagement, defeat; advancing unhesitatingly through incredible slaughter; sinewy with unconquerable resolution. He saw them by tens of thousands in the hospitals tried by yet drearier, more fearful tests—the wound, the amputation, the shattered face, the slow hot fever, the long impatient anchorage in bed; he marked their fortitude, decorum, their religious nature and sweet affection." Finally, newest, most significant sight of all, victory achieved, the Cause, the Union safe, he saw them return back to the workshop, the farm, the desk," the store, instantly reabsorbed into the peaceful industries of the land:—

A pause—the armies wait.  
 A million flush'd embattled conquerors wait.  
 The world, too, waits, then soft as breaking night and sure as dawn  
 They melt, they disappear.

"Plentifully supplied, last-needed proof of Democracy in its personalities!" ratifying on the broadest scale Wordsworth's haughty claim for average man—"Such is the inherent dignity of human nature that there belong to it sublimities of virtue which all men may attain, and which no man can transcend."

But, aware that peace and prosperity may be even still severer tests of national as of individual virtue and greatness of mind, Walt Whitman scans with anxious, questioning eye the America

of to-day. He is no smooth-tongued prophet of easy greatness.

I am he that walks the States with a barb'd tongue questioning every one I meet.

Who are you that wanted only to be told what you knew before?

Who are you that wanted only a book to join you in your nonsense?

He sees clearly as any the incredible flippancy, the blind fury of parties, the lack of great leaders, the plentiful meanness and vulgarity; the labour question beginning to open like a yawning gulf. . . . "We sail a dangerous sea of seething currents, all so dark and untried. . . . It seems as if the Almighty had spread before this nation charts of imperial destinies, dazzling as the sun, yet with many a deep intestine difficulty, and human aggregate of cankerous imperfection, saying lo! the roads! The only plans of development, long and varied, with all terrible balks and ebullitions! You said in your soul, I will be empire of empires, putting the history of old-world dynasties, conquests, behind me as of no account—making a new history, a history of democracy . . . I alone inaugurating largeness, culminating time. If these, O lands of America, are indeed the prizes, the determinations of your soul, be it so. But behold the cost, and already specimens of the cost. Thought you greatness was to ripen for you like a pear? If you would have greatness, know that you must conquer it through ages . . . must pay for it with proportionate price. For you, too, as for all lands, the struggle, the traitor, the wily person in office, scrofulous wealth, the surfeit of prosperity, the demonism of greed, the hell of passion, the decay of faith, the long postponement, the fossil-like lethargy, the ceaseless need of revolutions, prophets, thunderstorms, deaths, new projections and invigoration of ideas and men."

"Yet I have dreamed, merged in that hidden-tangled problem of our fate, whose long unravelling stretches mysteriously through time—dreamed, portrayed hinted already—a little or a larger band, a band of brave and true, unprecedented yet, arm'd and equipt at every point, the members separated, it may be by different dates and states, or south or north, or east or west, a year, a century here, and other centuries there, but always one, compact in soul, conscience-conserving, God-inculcating, inspired achievers, not only in literature, the greatest art, but achievers in all art—a new undying order, dynasty from age to age transmitted, a band, a class at least as fit to cope with current years, our dangers, needs, as those who, for their time, so long, so well, in armour or in cowl, upheld and made illustrious that far-back-feudal, priestly world,"

Of that band, is not Walt Whitman the pioneer? Of that New World literature, say, are not his poems the beginning? A rude beginning if you will. He claims no more and no less. But whatever else they may lack they do not lack vitality, initiative, sublimity. They do not lack that which makes life great and death, with its "transfers and promotions, its superb vistas," exhilarating,—a resplendent faith in God and man which will kindle anew the faith of the world:—

Poets to come! Orators, singers, musicians to come!

Not to-day is to justify me and answer what I am for;

But you, a new brood, native, athletic, continental, greater than before known

Arouse! Arouse, for you must justify me, you must answer.

I myself but write one or two indicative words for the future,

I but advance a moment only to hurry back in the darkness.

I am a man who, sauntering along without fully stopping turns a casual look  
upon you and then averts his face,

Leaving it to you to prove and define it,

Expecting the main things from you.

ANNE GILCHRIST.











